ALL BRAND NEW FEATURES!

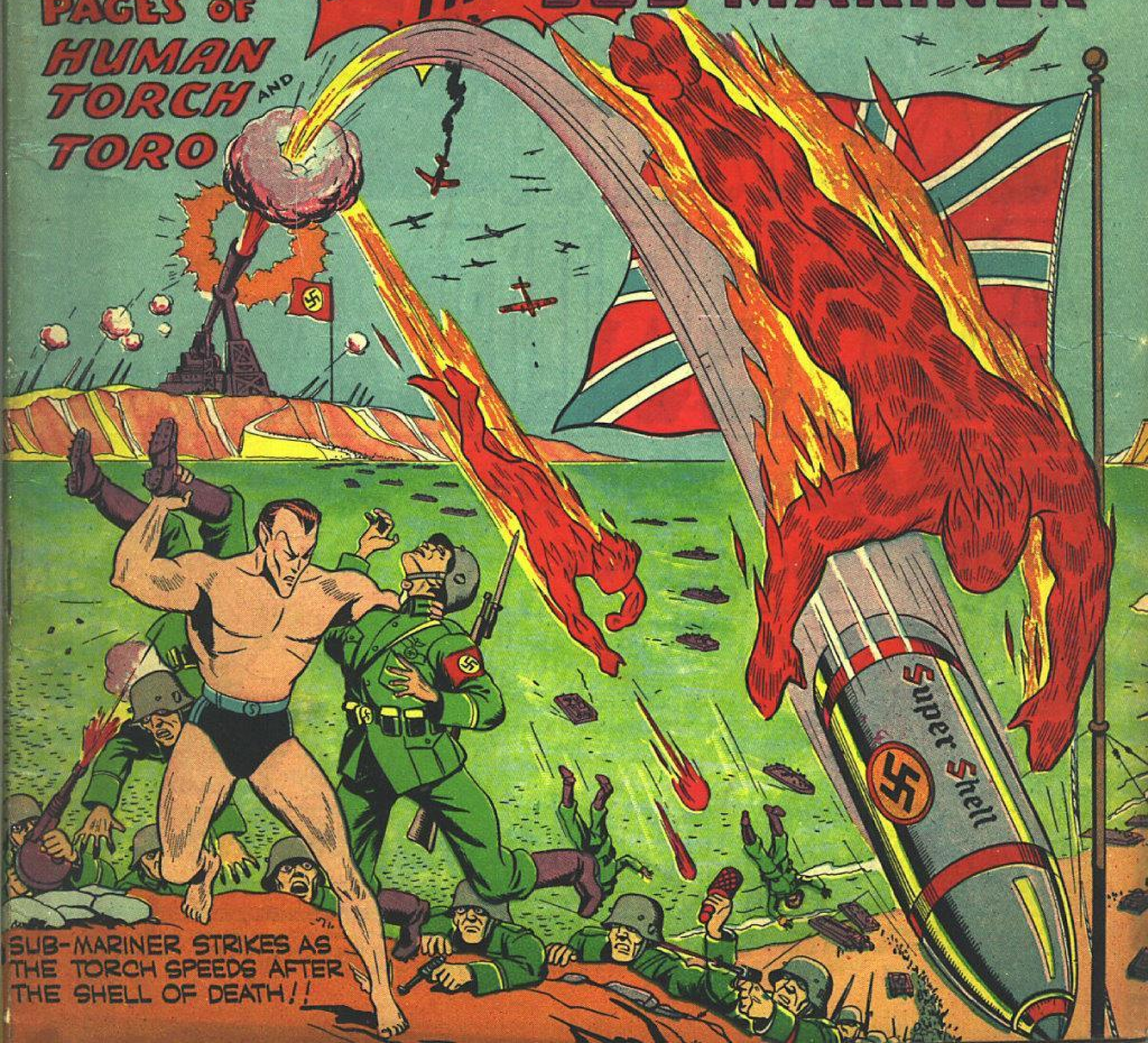
THE HUMAN TORCH

SUMMER NUMBER

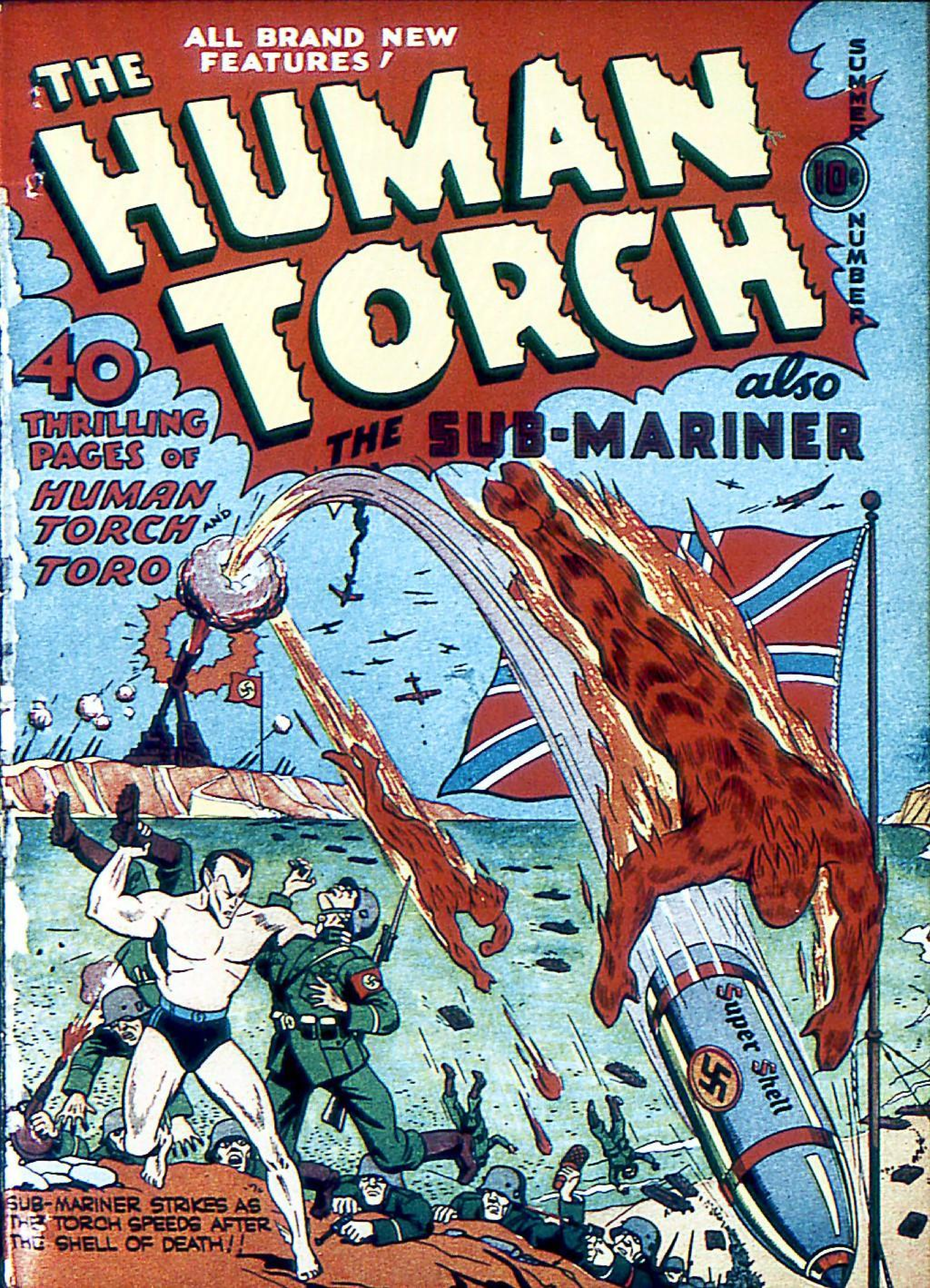
10¢

40 THRILLING PAGES OF HUMAN TORCH AND TORO

also THE SUB-MARINER



SUB-MARINER STRIKES AS THE TORCH SPEEDS AFTER THE SHELL OF DEATH!!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THE HUMAN TORCH
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Super Shell
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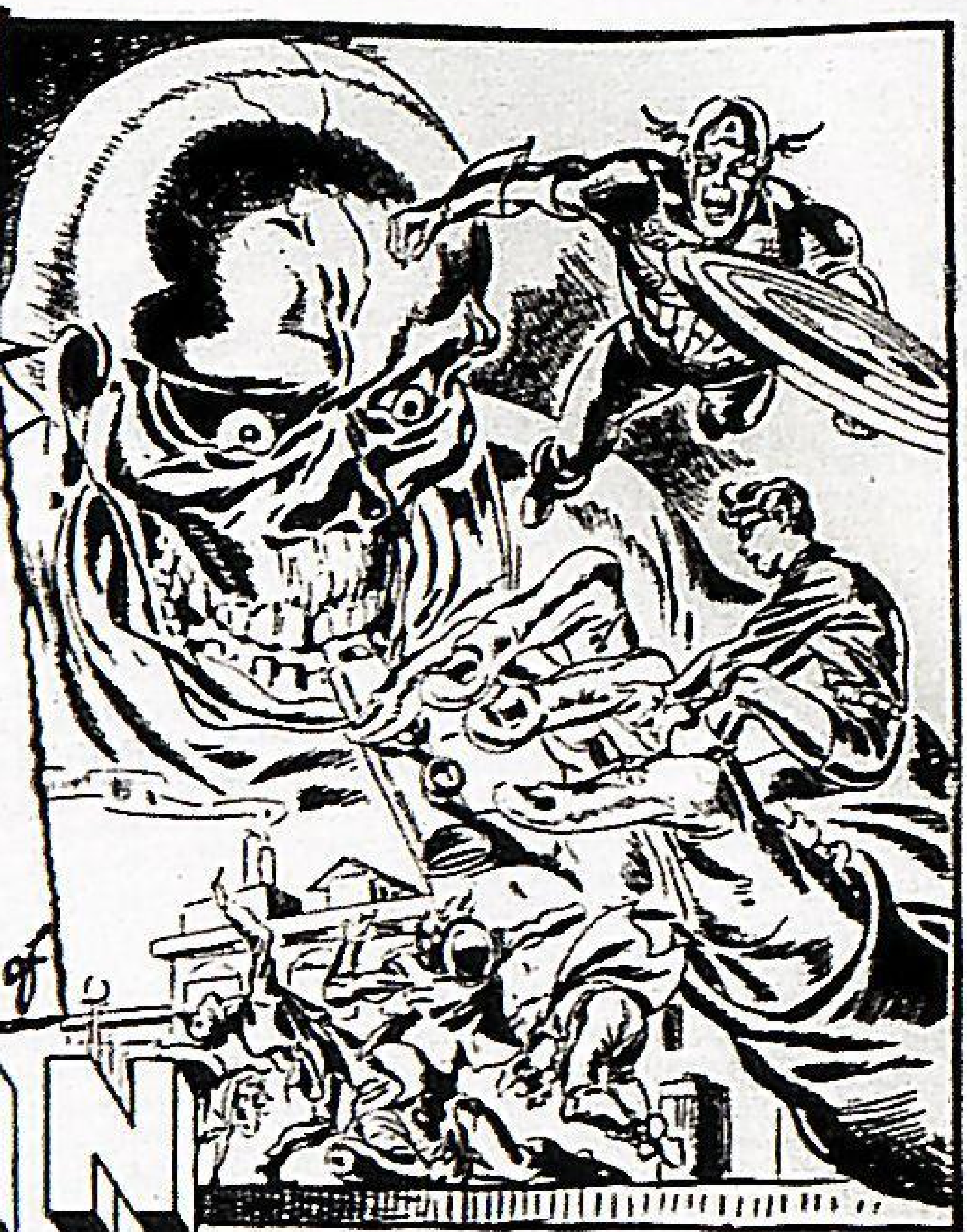
BACK COMES THE DREADED

RED SKULL

BACK FROM THE REALM OF DEFEAT--- CRYING FOR REVENGE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!--- WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE STRANGE, LOW WHISTLE.... THAT IS ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY GRIM DEATH?



CAPTAIN AMERICA DARES TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE NEWEST AND MOST TERRIFYING CREATION OF DESTRUCTION EVER INVENTED BY

the **RED SKULL**

IN THE SPINE-CHILLING MYSTERY OF

the **WHISTLING DEATH---**

JUST ONE OF THE MANY SMASH-ACTION FILLED CASES FROM THE PERSONAL FILES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA IN THE

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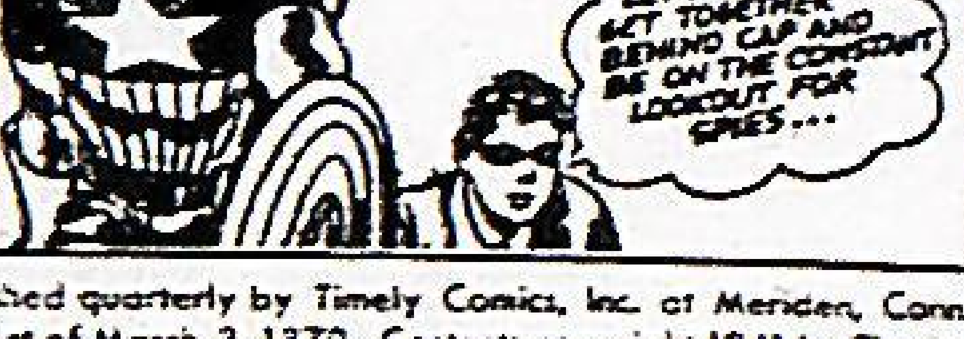
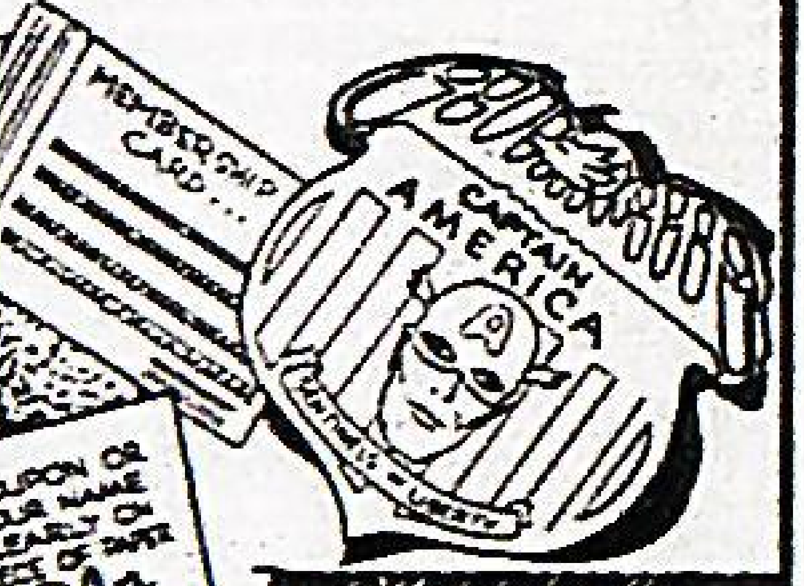
NOW-- ...YOU TOO...CAN JOIN CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS *of* LIBERTY *and*

THEREBY HELP CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY IN THEIR GREAT WAR AGAINST SPIES IN OUR COUNTRY!


LET'S ALL GET TOGETHER BEHIND CAP AND BE ON THE CONSTANT LOOKOUT FOR SPIES...

THIS BADGE IS OF HIGH QUALITY METAL—THE SAME AS USED BY G-MEN AND POLICE OFFICERS; IT IS NOT A PICTURE BUTTON NOVELTY-



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NAME AND ADDRESS:

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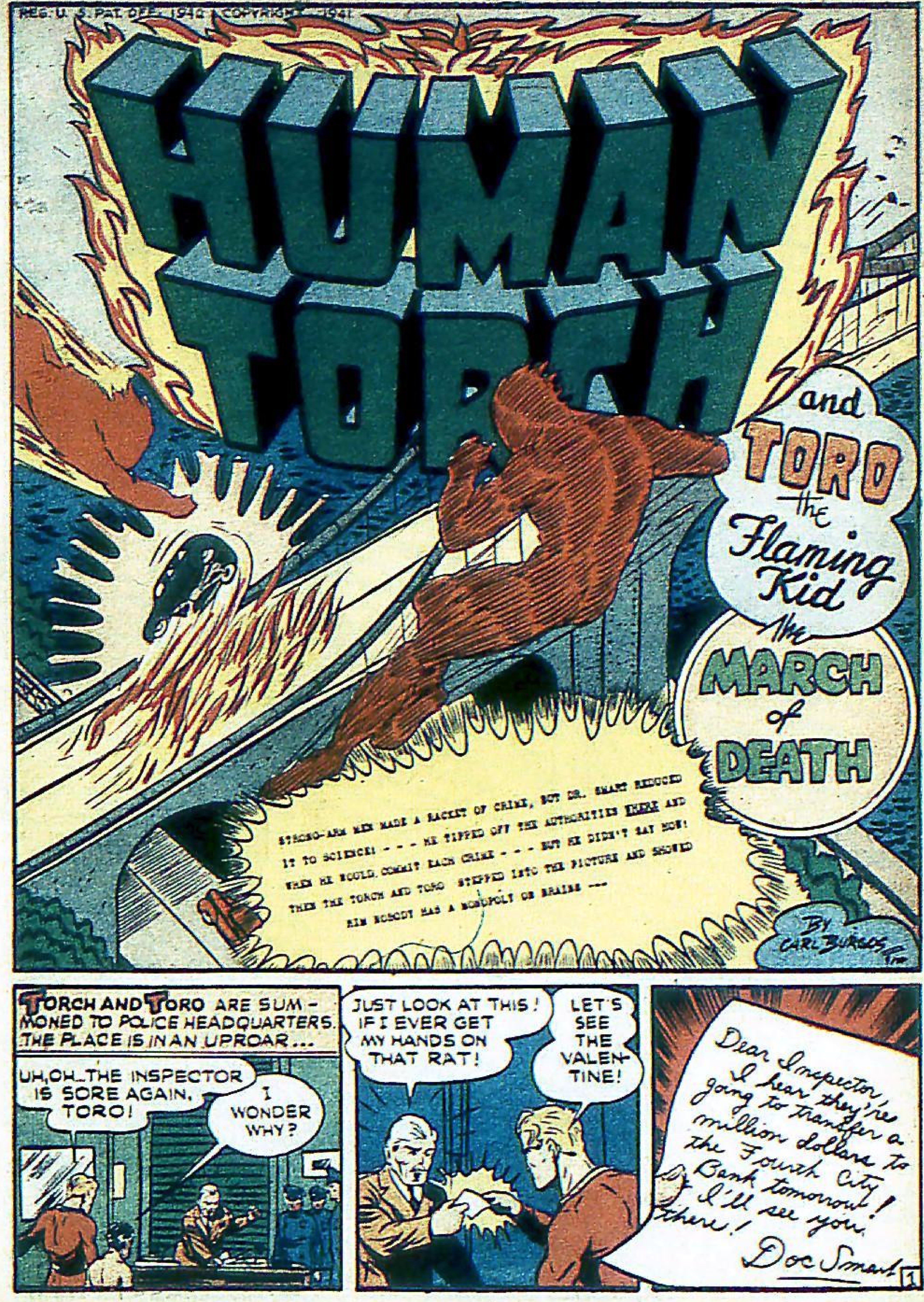
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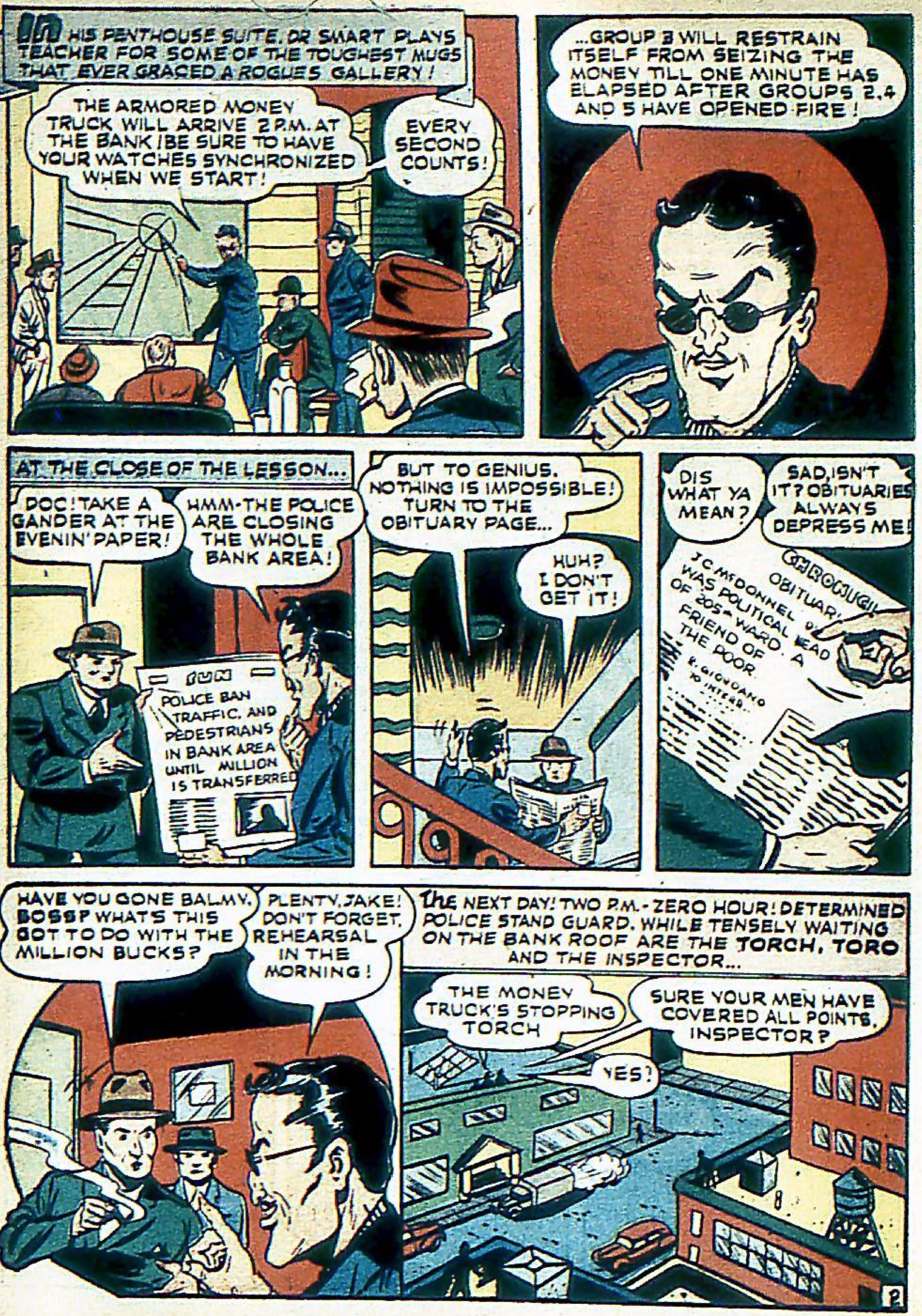
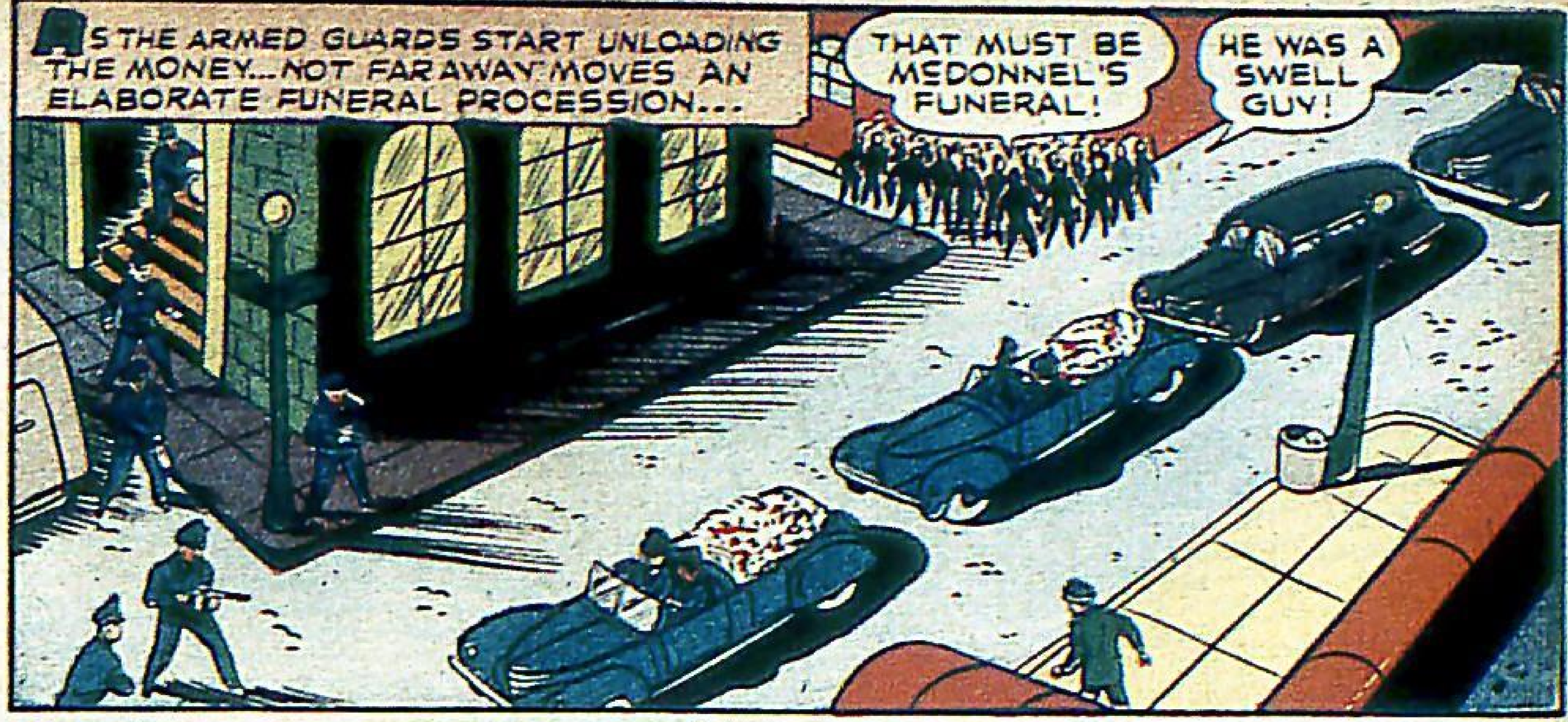
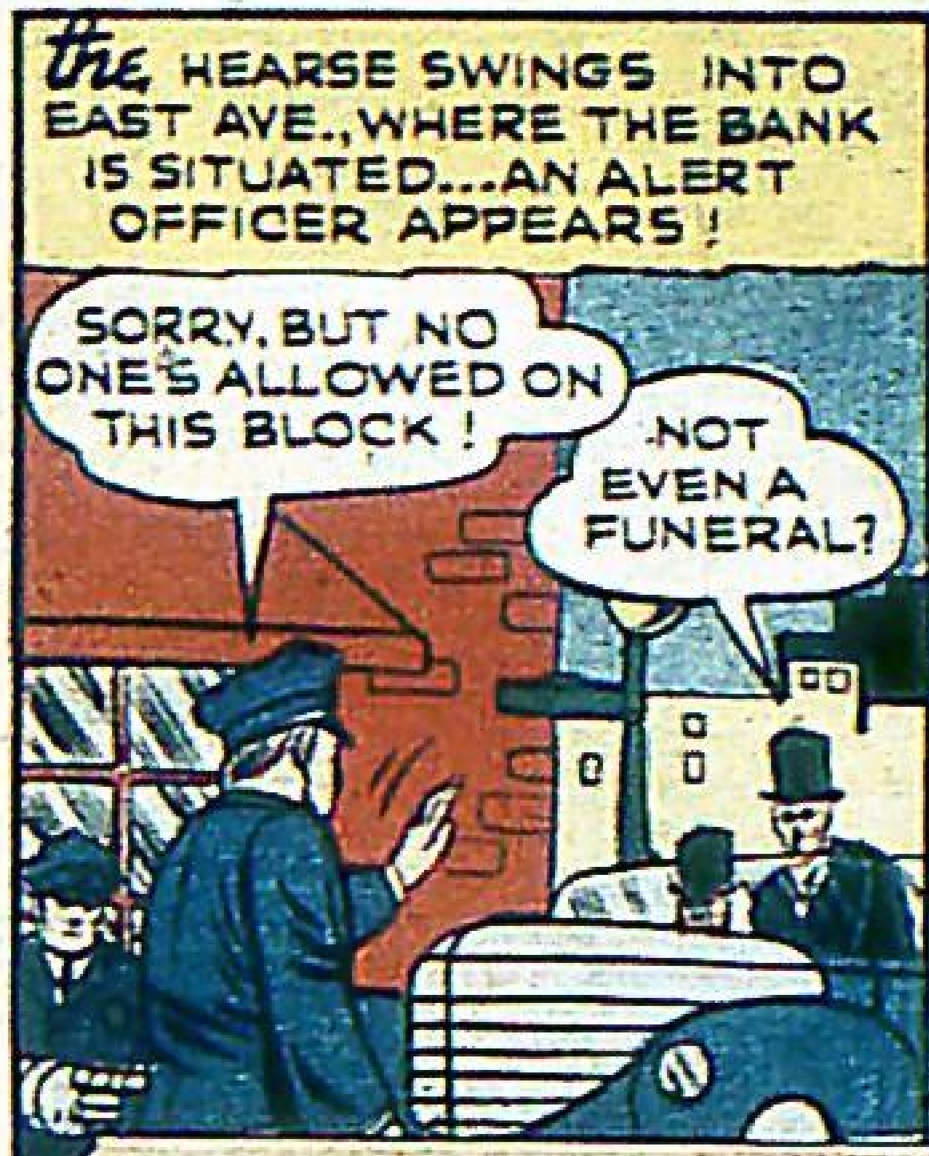
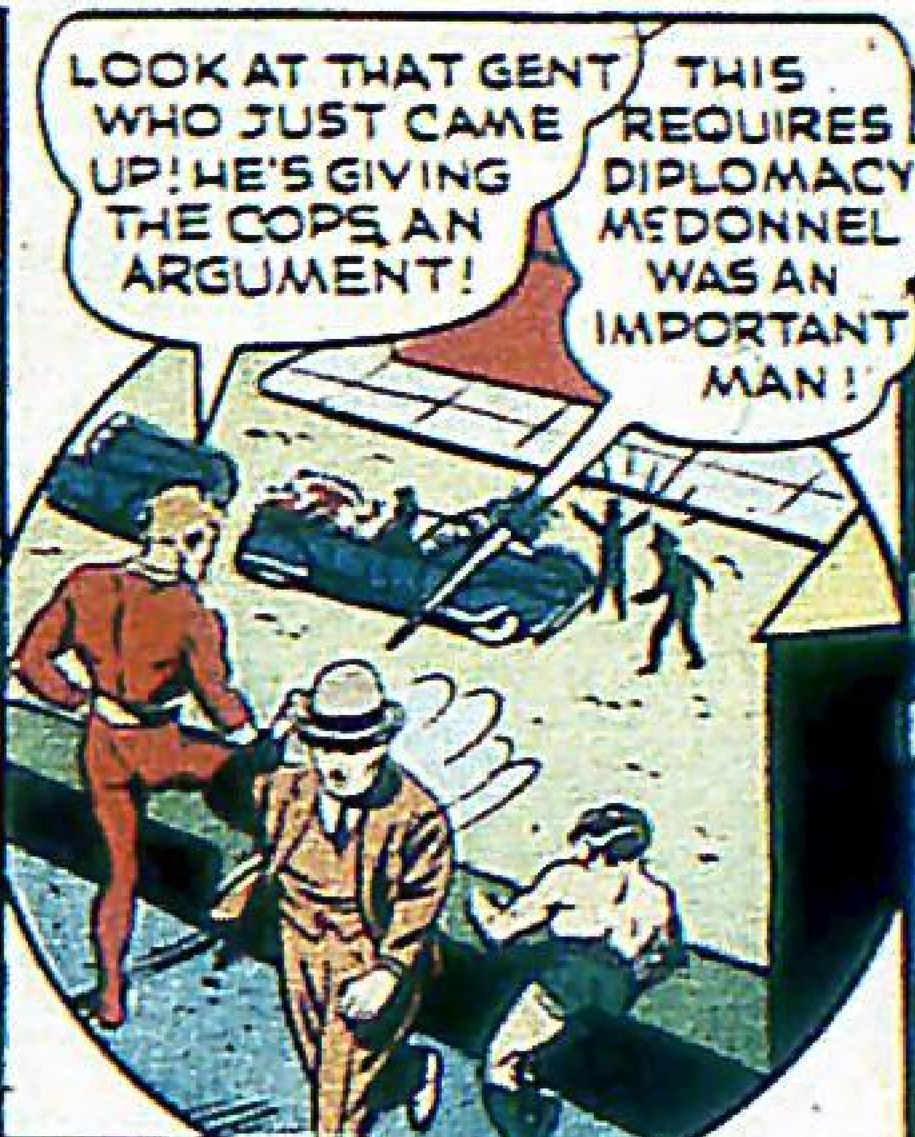
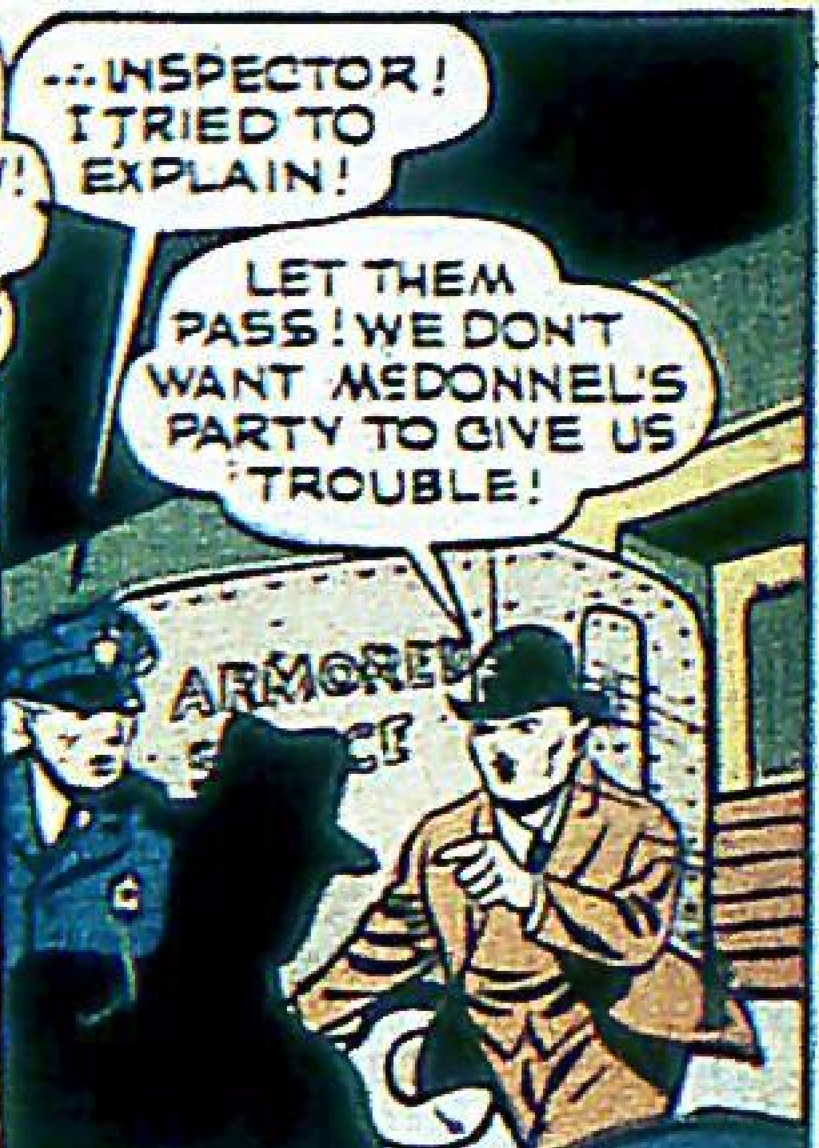
HUMAN TORCH
and TORO the Flaming Kid
the MARCH of DEATH
STRONG-ARM MEN MADE A RACKET OF CRIME, BUT DR. SMART REDUCED IT TO SCIENCE! - - - HE TIPPED OFF THE AUTHORITIES WHERE AND WHEN HE WOULD COMMIT EACH CRIME - - - BUT HE DIDN'T SAY HOW! THEN THE TORCH AND TORO STEPPED INTO THE PICTURE AND SHOWED HIM NOBODY HAS A MONOPOLY ON BRAINS ---
BY CARL BURGOS
TORCH AND TORO ARE SUMMONED TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS. THE PLACE IS IN AN UPROAR...
UH, OH_THE INSPECTOR IS SORE AGAIN, TORO!
I WONDER WHY?
JUST LOOK AT THIS! IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THAT RAT!
LET'S SEE THE VALENTINE!
Dear Inspector, I hear they're going to transfer a million dollars to the Fourth City Bank tomorrow! I'll see you there! Doc Smart
1

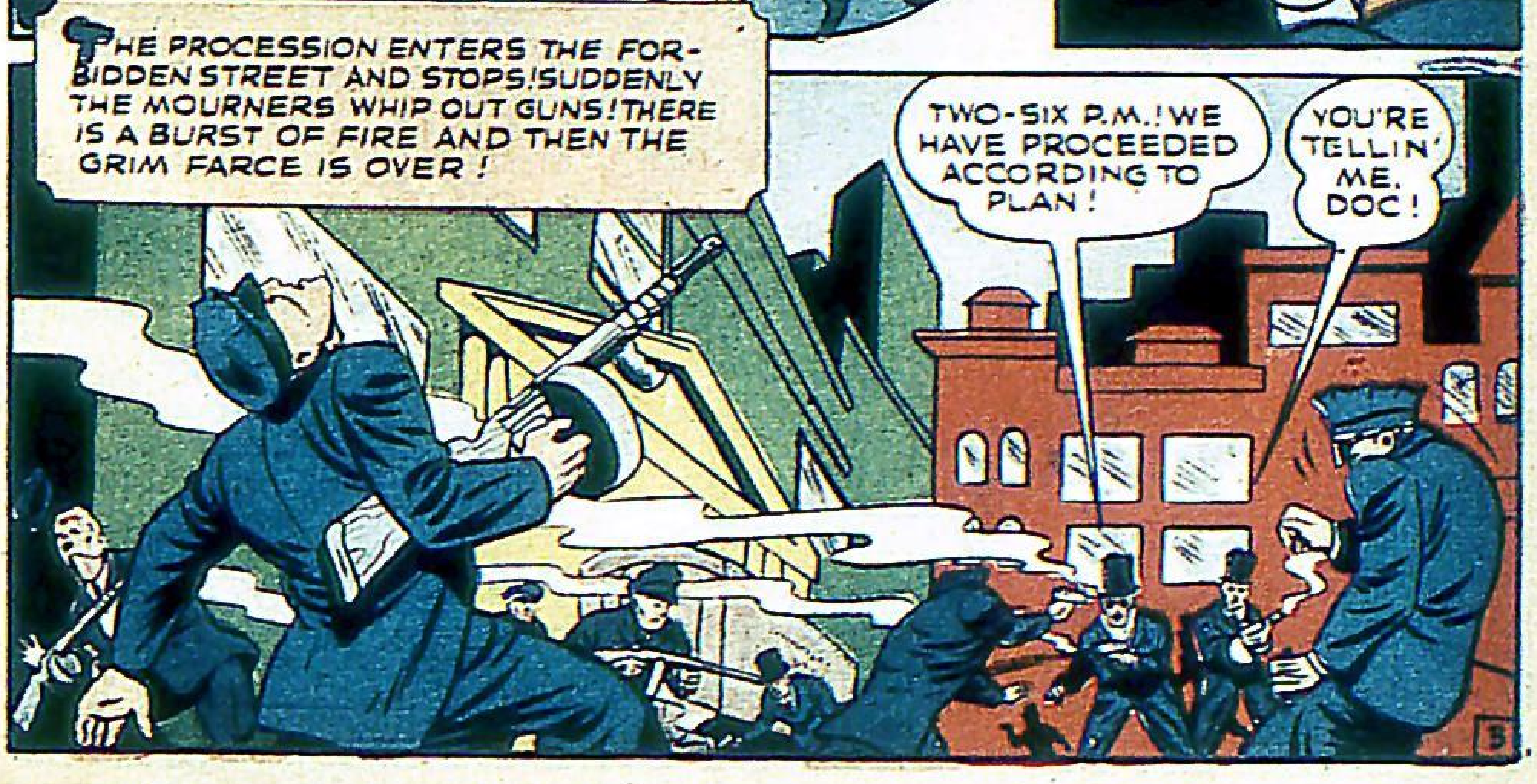

IN HIS PENTHOUSE SUITE, DR SMART PLAYS TEACHER FOR SOME OF THE TOUGHEST MUGS THAT EVER GRACED A ROGUES GALLERY!
THE ARMORED MONEY TRUCK WILL ARRIVE 2 P.M. AT THE BANK! BE SURE TO HAVE YOUR WATCHES SYNCHRONIZED WHEN WE START!
EVERY SECOND COUNTS!
...GROUP 3 WILL RESTRAIN ITSELF FROM SEIZING THE MONEY TILL ONE MINUTE HAS ELAPSED AFTER GROUPS 2, 4 AND 5 HAVE OPENED FIRE!
AT THE CLOSE OF THE LESSON...
DOC! TAKE A GANDER AT THE EVENIN' PAPER!
HMM-THE POLICE ARE CLOSING THE WHOLE BANK AREA!
SUN
POLICE BAN TRAFFIC, AND PEDESTRIANS IN BANK AREA UNTIL MILLION IS TRANSFERRED
BUT TO GENIUS, NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE! TURN TO THE OBITUARY PAGE...
HUH? I DON'T GET IT!
DIS WHAT YA MEAN?
SAD, ISN'T IT? OBITUARIES ALWAYS DEPRESS ME!
CHRONICLE
OBITUARY
J.C. McDONNEL DIES
WAS POLITICAL LEAD
OF 20th WARD. A
FRIEND OF
THE POOR
R. GIORDANO
TO INTER
HAVE YOU GONE BALMY, BOSS? WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH THE MILLION BUCKS?
PLENTY, JAKE! DON'T FORGET, REHEARSAL IN THE MORNING!
THE NEXT DAY! TWO P.M.-ZERO HOUR! DETERMINED POLICE STAND GUARD, WHILE TENSELY WAITING ON THE BANK ROOF ARE THE TORCH, TORO AND THE INSPECTOR...
THE MONEY TRUCK'S STOPPING TORCH
SURE YOUR MEN HAVE COVERED ALL POINTS, INSPECTOR?
YES!

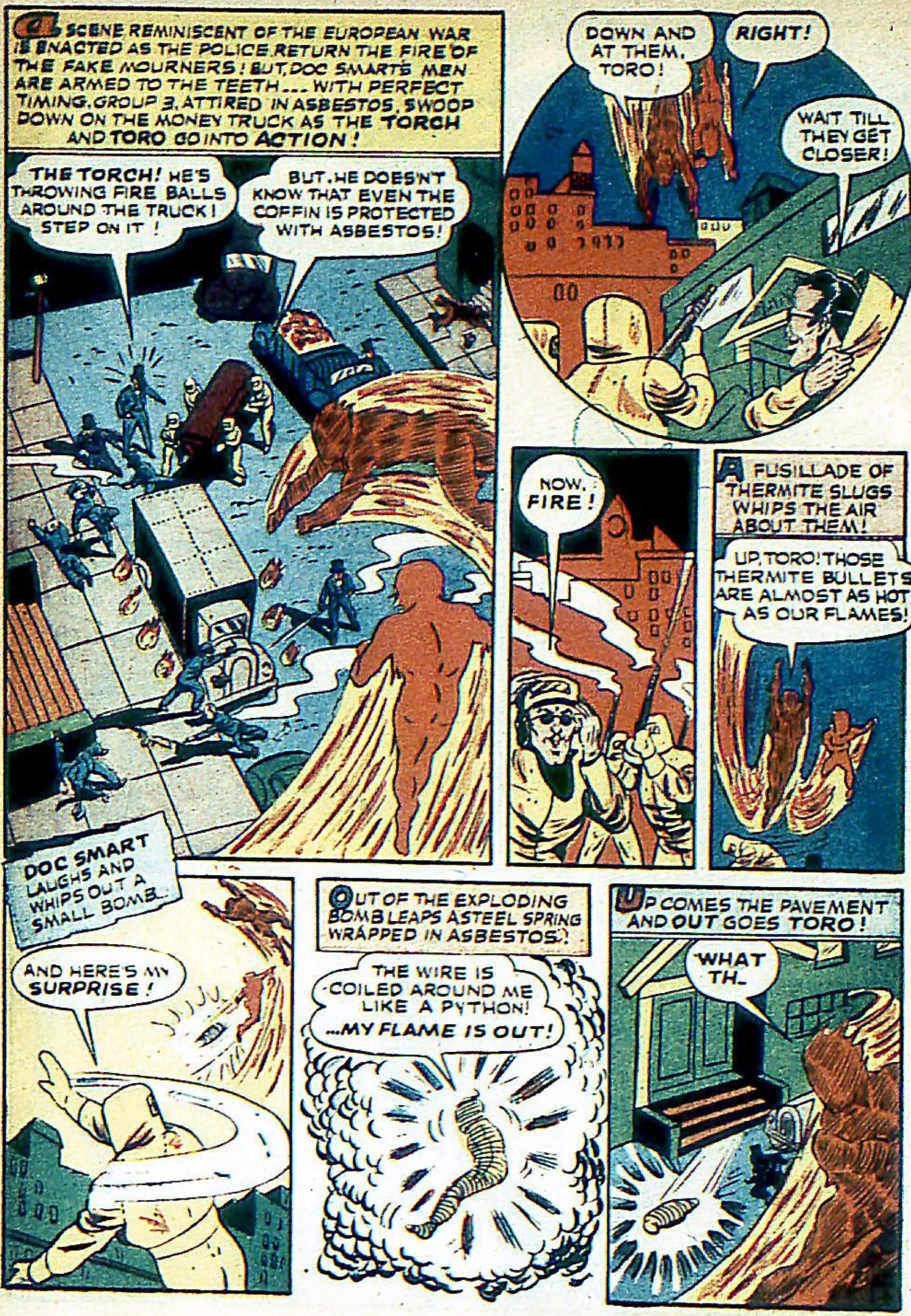

AS THE ARMED GUARDS START UNLOADING THE MONEY...NOT FAR AWAY MOVES AN ELABORATE FUNERAL PROCESSION...
THAT MUST BE McDONNEL'S FUNERAL!
HE WAS A SWELL GUY!

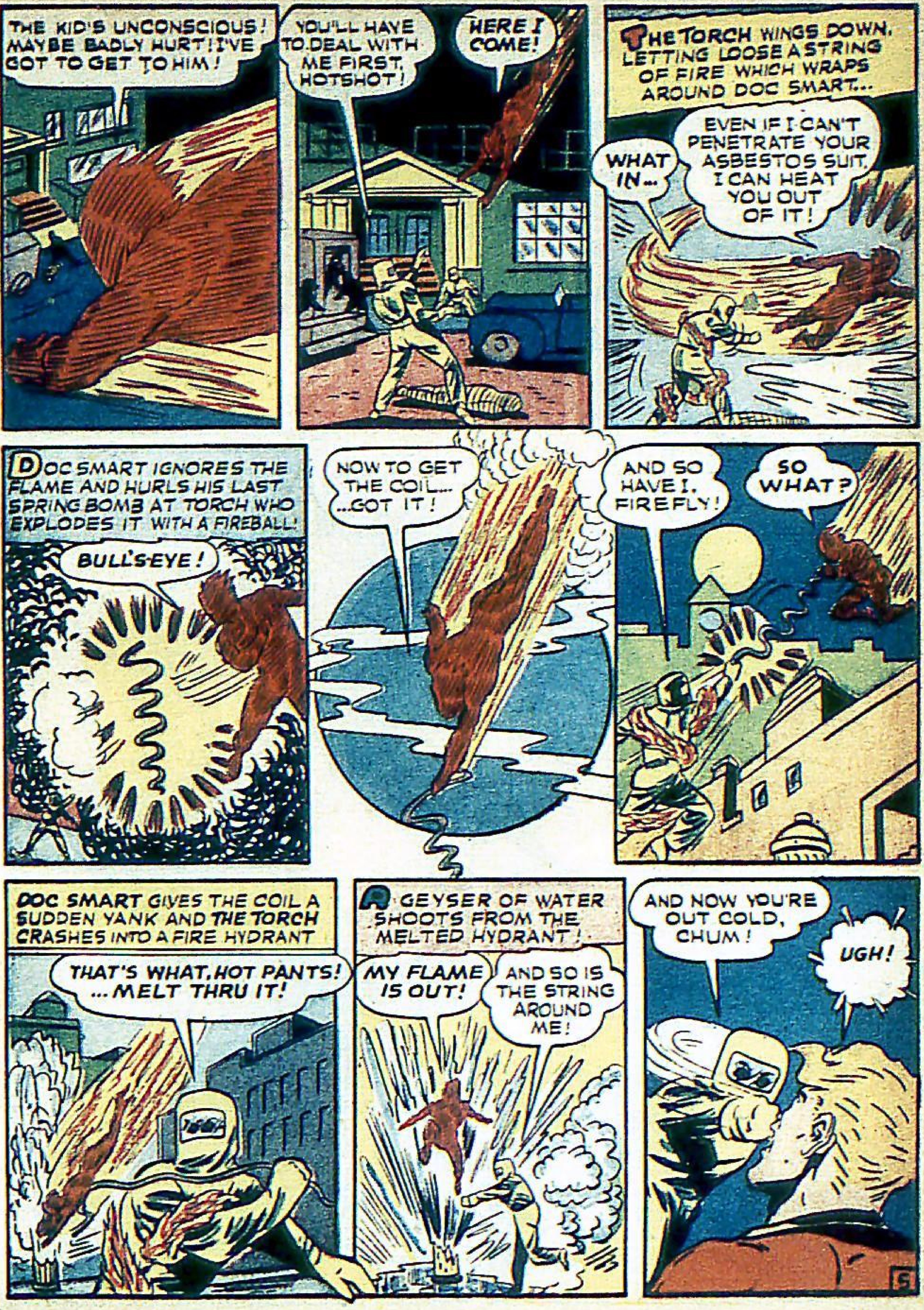

THE HEARSE SWINGS INTO EAST AVE., WHERE THE BANK IS SITUATED...AN ALERT OFFICER APPEARS!
SORRY, BUT NO ONE'S ALLOWED ON THIS BLOCK!
NOT EVEN A FUNERAL?

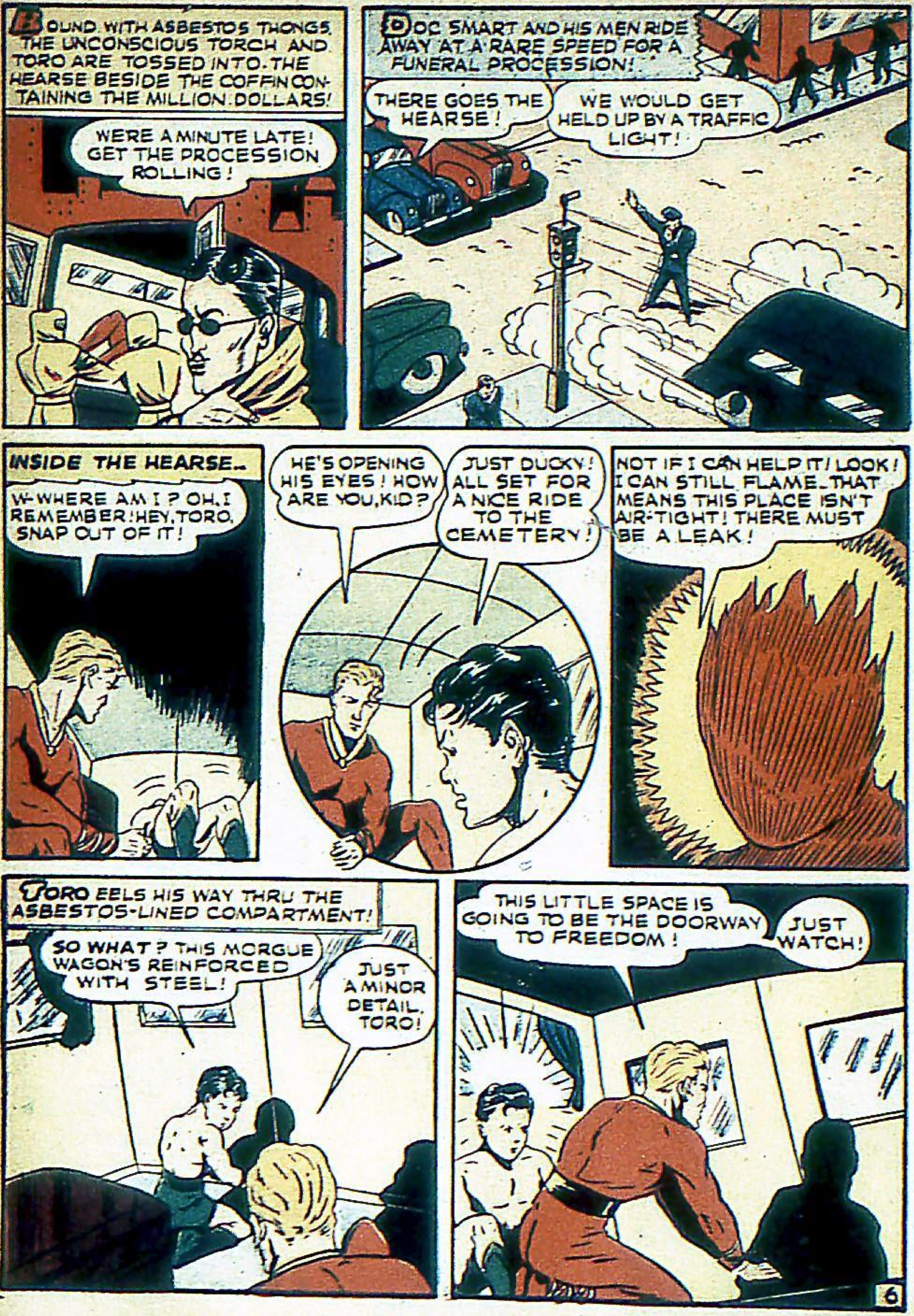

LOOK AT THAT GENT WHO JUST CAME UP! HE'S GIVING THE COPS AN ARGUMENT!
THIS REQUIRES DIPLOMACY! McDONNEL WAS AN IMPORTANT MAN!

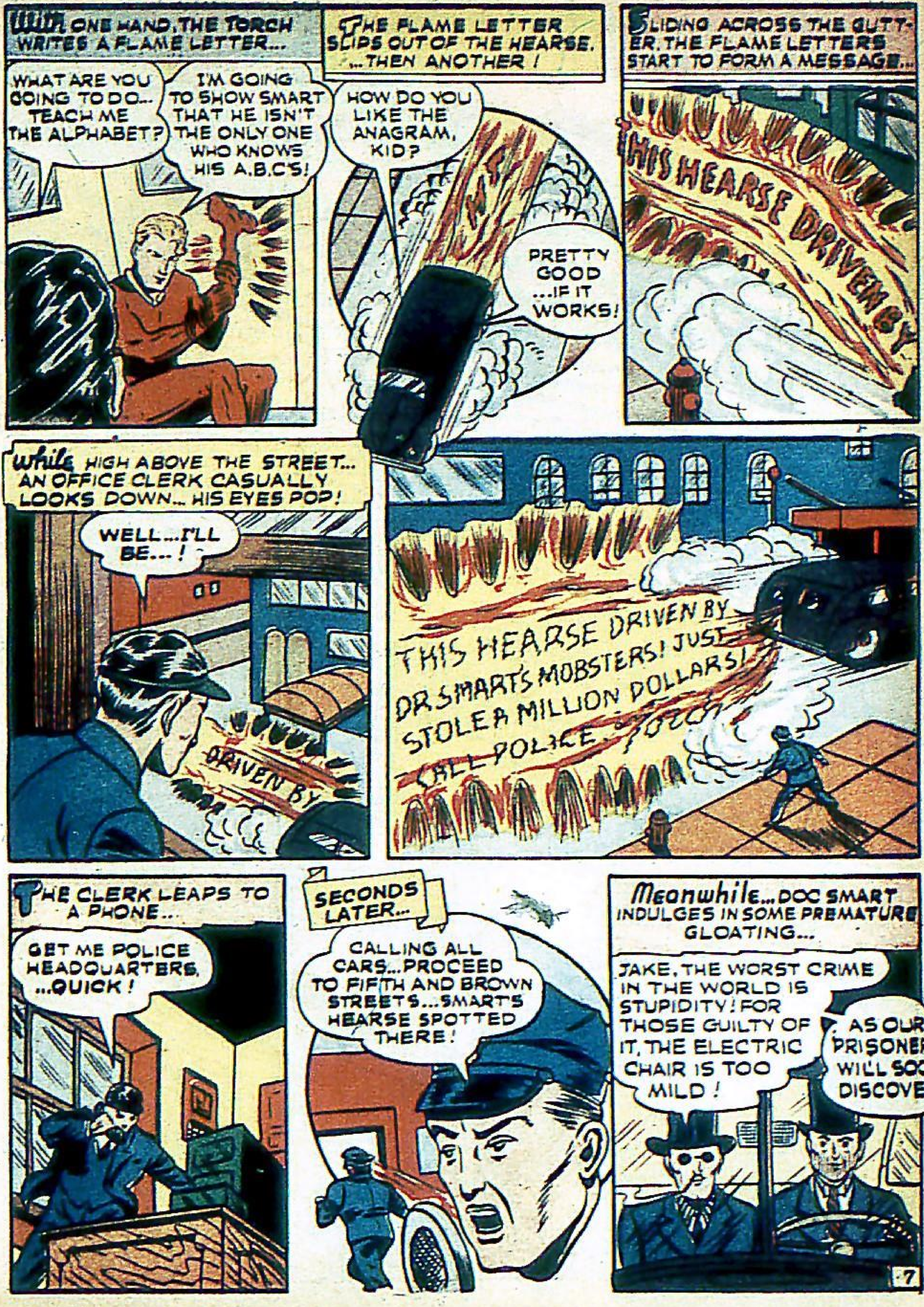

...INSPECTOR! I TRIED TO EXPLAIN!
LET THEM PASS! WE DON'T WANT McDONNEL'S PARTY TO GIVE US TROUBLE!
ARMORED SERVICE

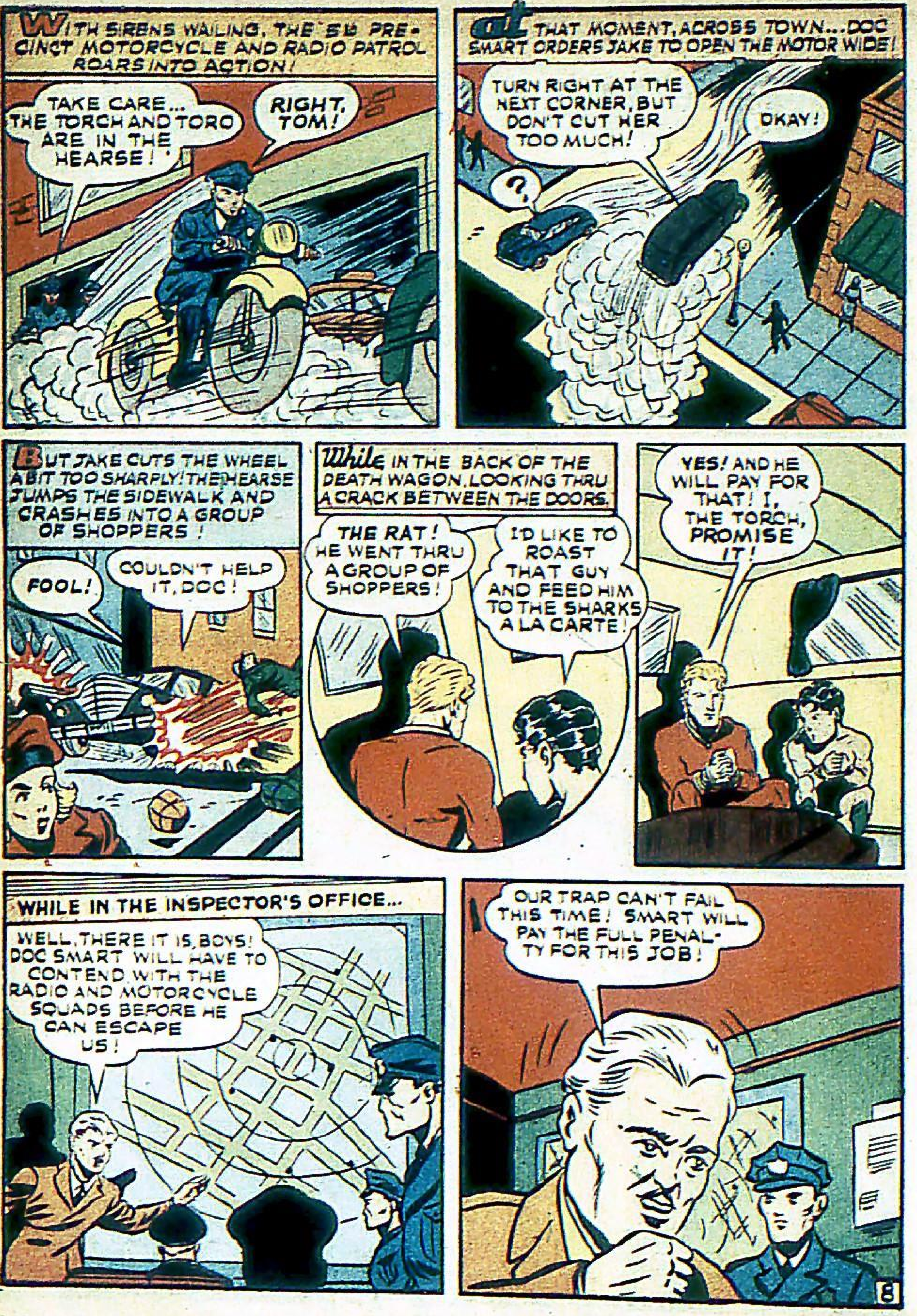

THE PROCESSION ENTERS THE FORBIDDEN STREET AND STOPS! SUDDENLY THE MOURNERS WHIP OUT GUNS! THERE IS A BURST OF FIRE AND THEN THE GRIM FARCE IS OVER!
TWO-SIX P.M.! WE HAVE PROCEEDED ACCORDING TO PLAN!
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME, DOC!

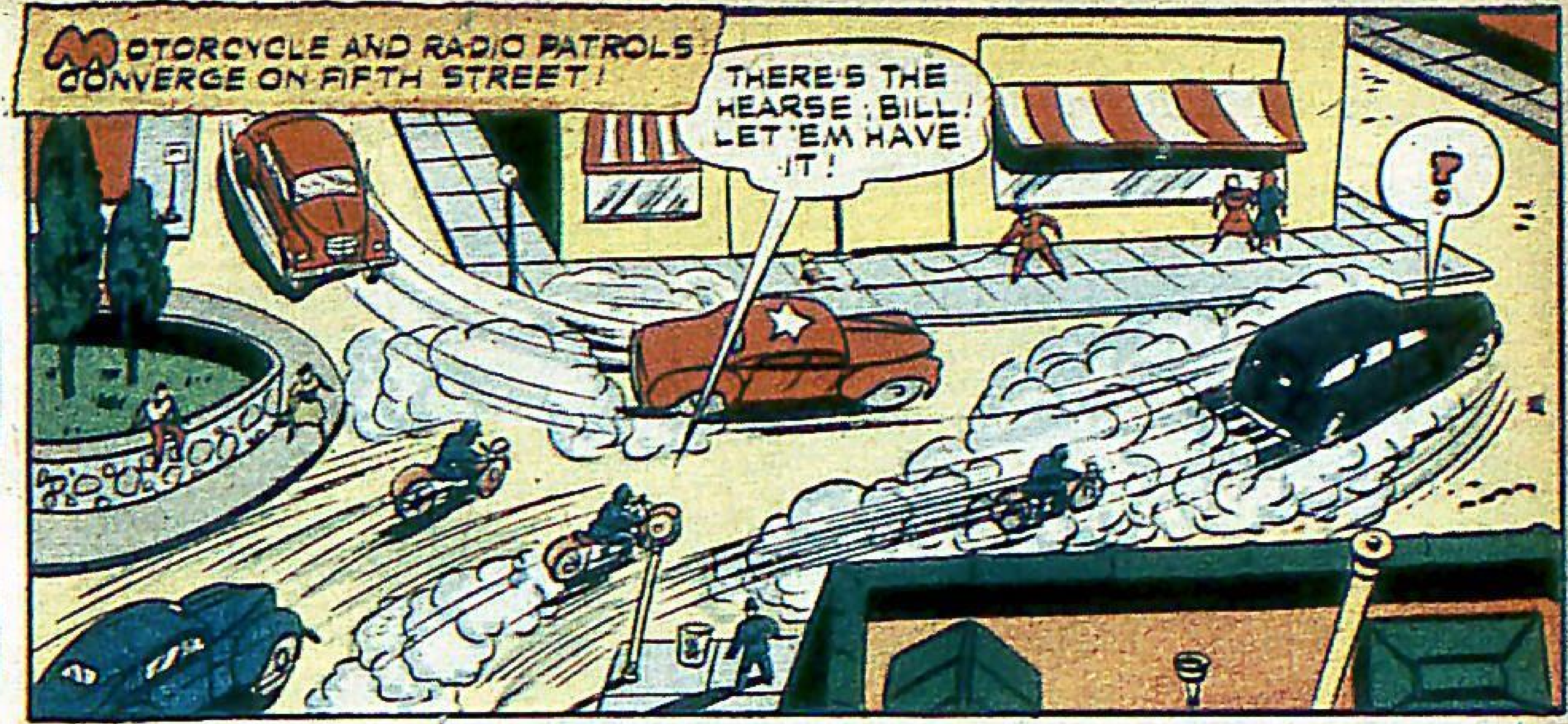

A SCENE REMINISCENT OF THE EUROPEAN WAR IS ENACTED AS THE POLICE RETURN THE FIRE OF THE FAKE MOURNERS! BUT, DOC SMART'S MEN ARE ARMED TO THE TEETH... WITH PERFECT TIMING, GROUP 3, ATTIRED IN ASBESTOS, SWOOP DOWN ON THE MONEY TRUCK AS THE TORCH AND TORO GO INTO ACTION!
THE TORCH! HE'S THROWING FIRE BALLS AROUND THE TRUCK! STEP ON IT!
BUT, HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT EVEN THE COFFIN IS PROTECTED WITH ASBESTOS!
DOWN AND AT THEM, TORO!
RIGHT!
WAIT TILL THEY GET CLOSER!
NOW, FIRE!
A FUSILLADE OF THERMITE SLUGS WHIPS THE AIR ABOUT THEM!
UP, TORO! THOSE THERMITE BULLETS ARE ALMOST AS HOT AS OUR FLAMES!
DOC SMART LAUGHS AND WHIPS OUT A SMALL BOMB.
AND HERE'S MY SURPRISE!
OUT OF THE EXPLODING BOMB LEAPS A STEEL SPRING WRAPPED IN ASBESTOS.
THE WIRE IS COILED AROUND ME LIKE A PYTHON! ...MY FLAME IS OUT!
UP COMES THE PAVEMENT AND OUT GOES TORO!
WHAT TH-

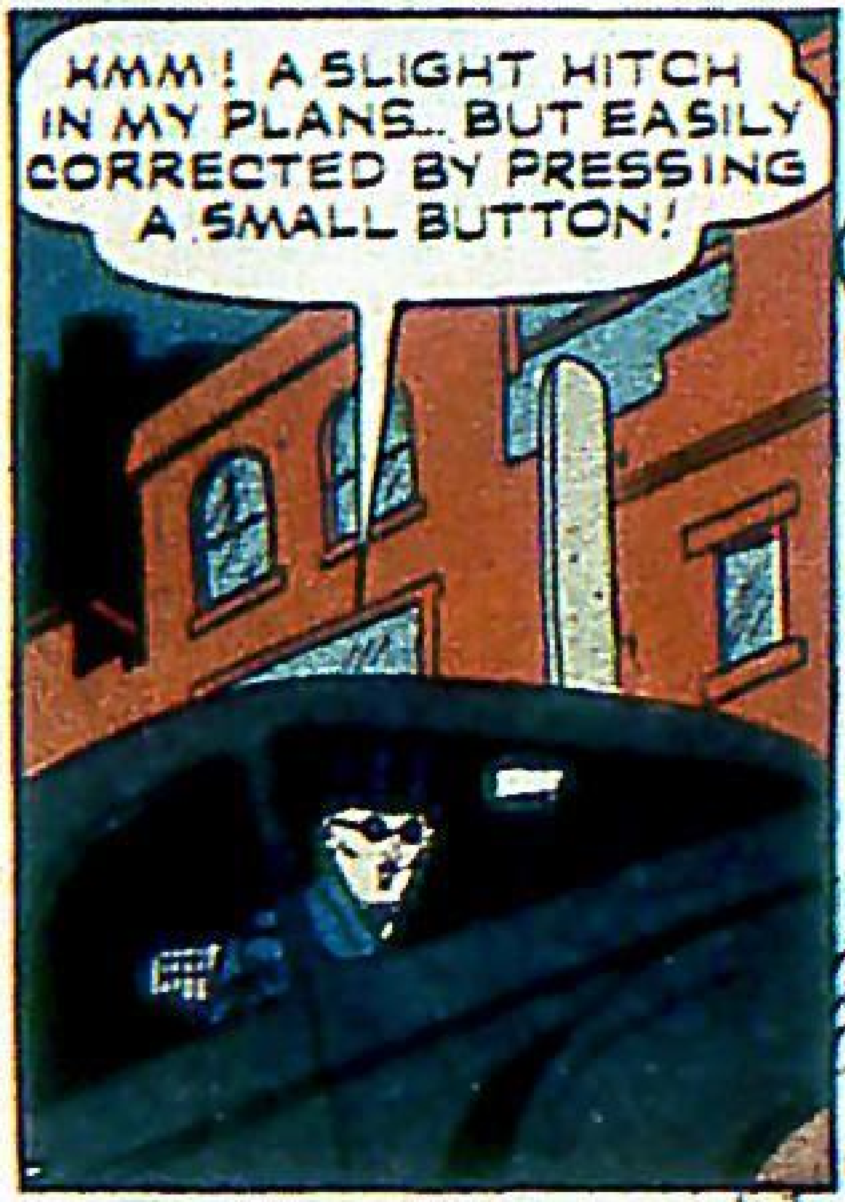

THE KID'S UNCONSCIOUS! MAYBE BADLY HURT! I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM!
YOU'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH ME FIRST, HOTSHOT!
HERE I COME!
THE TORCH WINGS DOWN, LETTING LOOSE A STRING OF FIRE WHICH WRAPS AROUND DOC SMART...
WHAT IN...
EVEN IF I CAN'T PENETRATE YOUR ASBESTOS SUIT, I CAN HEAT YOU OUT OF IT!
DOC SMART IGNORES THE FLAME AND HURLS HIS LAST SPRING BOMB AT TORCH WHO EXPLODES IT WITH A FIREBALL!
BULL'S-EYE!
NOW TO GET THE COIL... ...GOT IT!
AND SO HAVE I, FIREFLY!
SO WHAT?
DOC SMART GIVES THE COIL A SUDDEN YANK AND THE TORCH CRASHES INTO A FIRE HYDRANT
THAT'S WHAT, HOT PANTS! ...MELT THRU IT!
A GEYSER OF WATER SHOOTS FROM THE MELTED HYDRANT!
MY FLAME IS OUT!
AND SO IS THE STRING AROUND ME!
AND NOW YOU'RE OUT COLD, CHUM!
UGH!

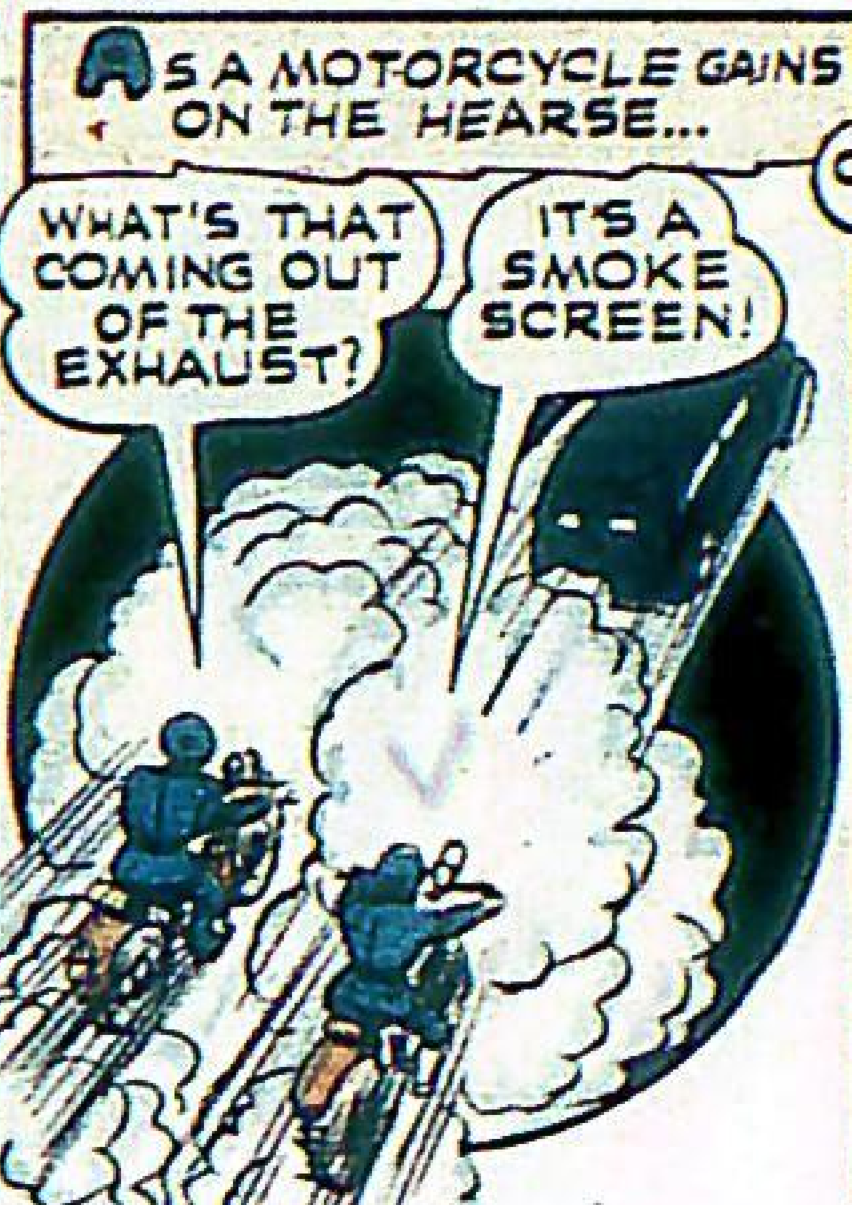

BOUND WITH ASBESTOS THONGS, THE UNCONSCIOUS TORCH AND TORO ARE TOSSED INTO THE HEARSE BESIDE THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE MILLION DOLLARS!
WERE A MINUTE LATE! GET THE PROCESSION ROLLING!
DOC SMART AND HIS MEN RIDE AWAY AT A RARE SPEED FOR A FUNERAL PROCESSION!
THERE GOES THE HEARSE!
WE WOULD GET HELD UP BY A TRAFFIC LIGHT!
INSIDE THE HEARSE..
W-WHERE AM I? OH, I REMEMBER! HEY, TORO, SNAP OUT OF IT!
HE'S OPENING HIS EYES! HOW ARE YOU, KID?
JUST DUCKY! ALL SET FOR A NICE RIDE TO THE CEMETERY!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! LOOK! I CAN STILL FLAME-THAT MEANS THIS PLACE ISN'T AIR-TIGHT! THERE MUST BE A LEAK!
TORO EELS HIS WAY THRU THE ASBESTOS-LINED COMPARTMENT!
SO WHAT? THIS MORGUE WAGON'S REINFORCED WITH STEEL!
JUST A MINOR DETAIL, TORO!
THIS LITTLE SPACE IS GOING TO BE THE DOORWAY TO FREEDOM!
JUST WATCH!

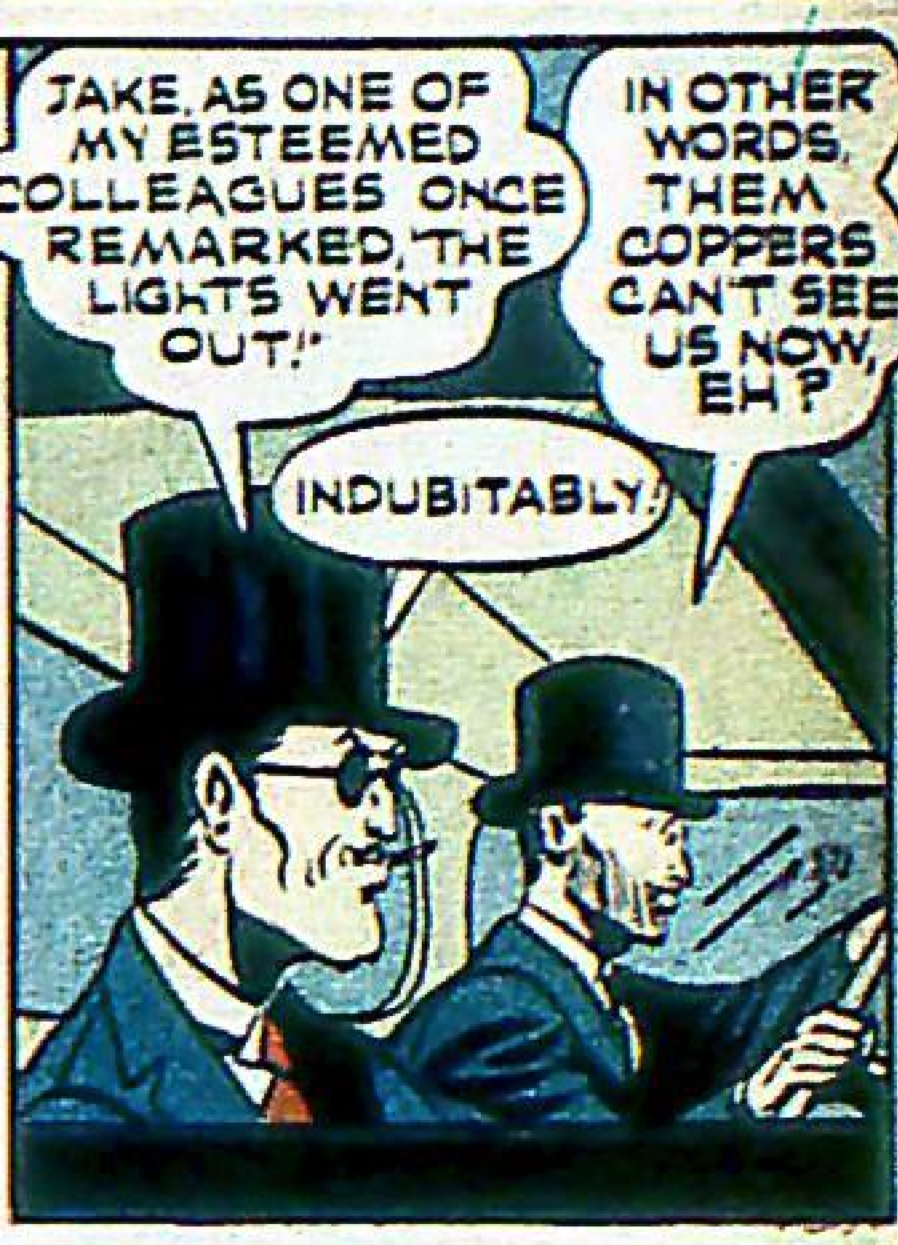

WITH ONE HAND, THE TORCH WRITES A FLAME LETTER...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO... TEACH ME THE ALPHABET?
I'M GOING TO SHOW SMART THAT HE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS HIS A.B.C'S!
THE FLAME LETTER SLIPS OUT OF THE HEARSE. ...THEN ANOTHER!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE ANAGRAM, KID?
PRETTY GOOD ...IF IT WORKS!
SLIDING ACROSS THE GUTTER, THE FLAME LETTERS START TO FORM A MESSAGE...
THIS HEARSE DRIVEN BY
WHILE HIGH ABOVE THE STREET... AN OFFICE CLERK CASUALLY LOOKS DOWN... HIS EYES POP!
WELL...I'LL BE...!
DRIVEN BY
THIS HEARSE DRIVEN BY DR. SMART'S MOBSTERS! JUST STOLE A MILLION DOLLARS! CALL POLICE. TORCH
THE CLERK LEAPS TO A PHONE...
GET ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS, ...QUICK!
SECONDS LATER...
CALLING ALL CARS...PROCEED TO FIFTH AND BROWN STREETS...SMART'S HEARSE SPOTTED THERE!
MEANWHILE... DOC SMART INDULGES IN SOME PREMATURE GLOATING...
JAKE, THE WORST CRIME IN THE WORLD IS STUPIDITY! FOR THOSE GUILTY OF IT, THE ELECTRIC CHAIR IS TOO MILD!
AS OUR PRISONERS WILL SOON DISCOVER!

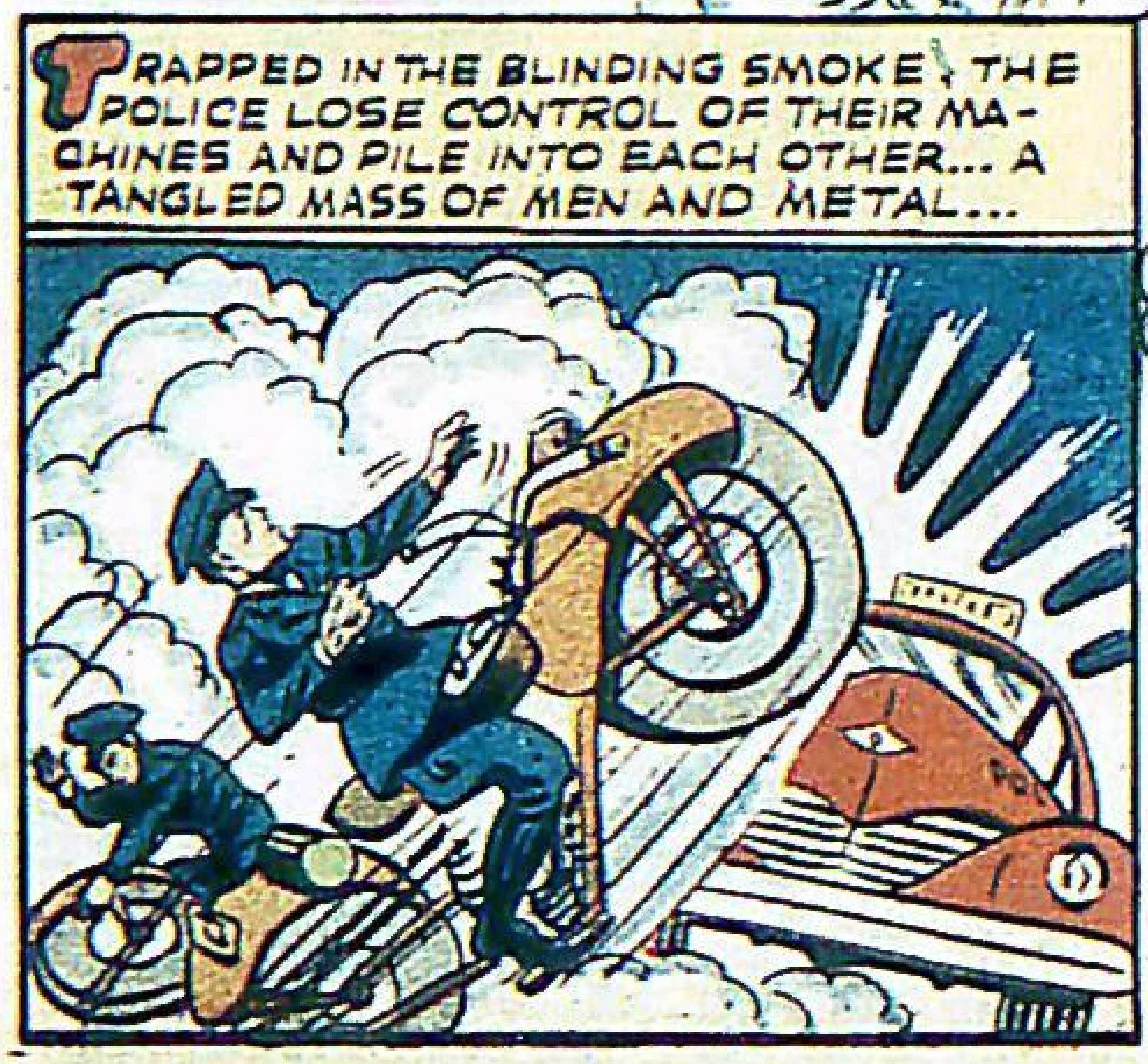

WITH SIRENS WAILING, THE 5th PRECINCT MOTORCYCLE AND RADIO PATROL ROARS INTO ACTION!
TAKE CARE... THE TORCH AND TORO ARE IN THE HEARSE!
RIGHT, TOM!
AT THAT MOMENT, ACROSS TOWN... DOC SMART ORDERS JAKE TO OPEN THE MOTOR WIDE!
TURN RIGHT AT THE NEXT CORNER, BUT DON'T CUT HER TOO MUCH!
OKAY!
?
BUT JAKE CUTS THE WHEEL A BIT TOO SHARPLY! THE HEARSE JUMPS THE SIDEWALK AND CRASHES INTO A GROUP OF SHOPPERS!
FOOL!
COULDN'T HELP IT, DOC!
WHILE IN THE BACK OF THE DEATH WAGON, LOOKING THRU A CRACK BETWEEN THE DOORS.
THE RAT! HE WENT THRU A GROUP OF SHOPPERS!
I'D LIKE TO ROAST THAT GUY AND FEED HIM TO THE SHARKS A LA CARTE!
YES! AND HE WILL PAY FOR THAT! I, THE TORCH, PROMISE IT!
WHILE IN THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE...
WELL, THERE IT IS, BOYS! DOC SMART WILL HAVE TO CONTEND WITH THE RADIO AND MOTORCYCLE SQUADS BEFORE HE CAN ESCAPE US!
OUR TRAP CAN'T FAIL THIS TIME! SMART WILL PAY THE FULL PENALTY FOR THIS JOB!

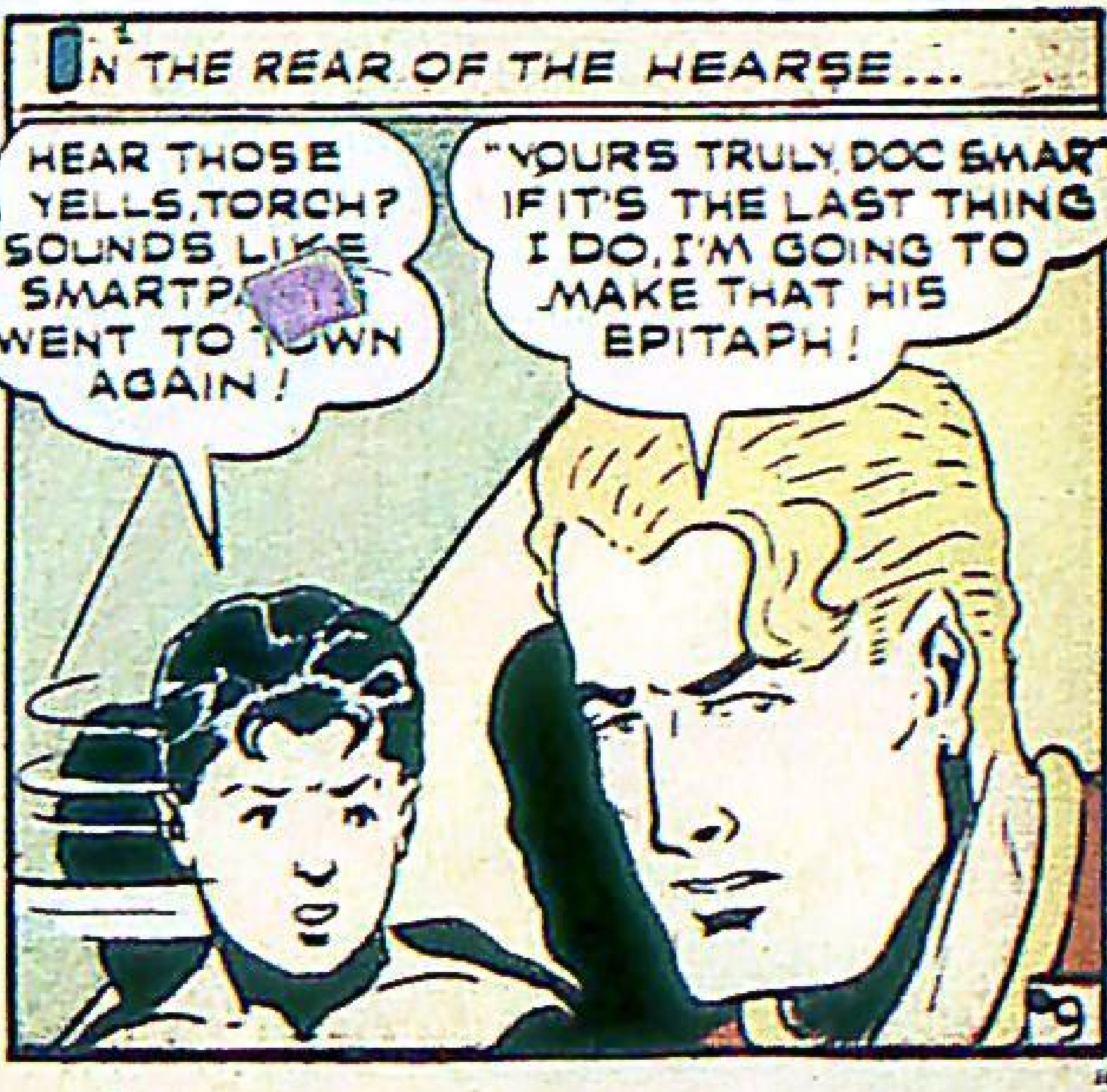

MOTORCYCLE AND RADIO PATROLS CONVERGE ON FIFTH STREET!
THERE'S THE HEARSE, BILL! LET 'EM HAVE IT!
?

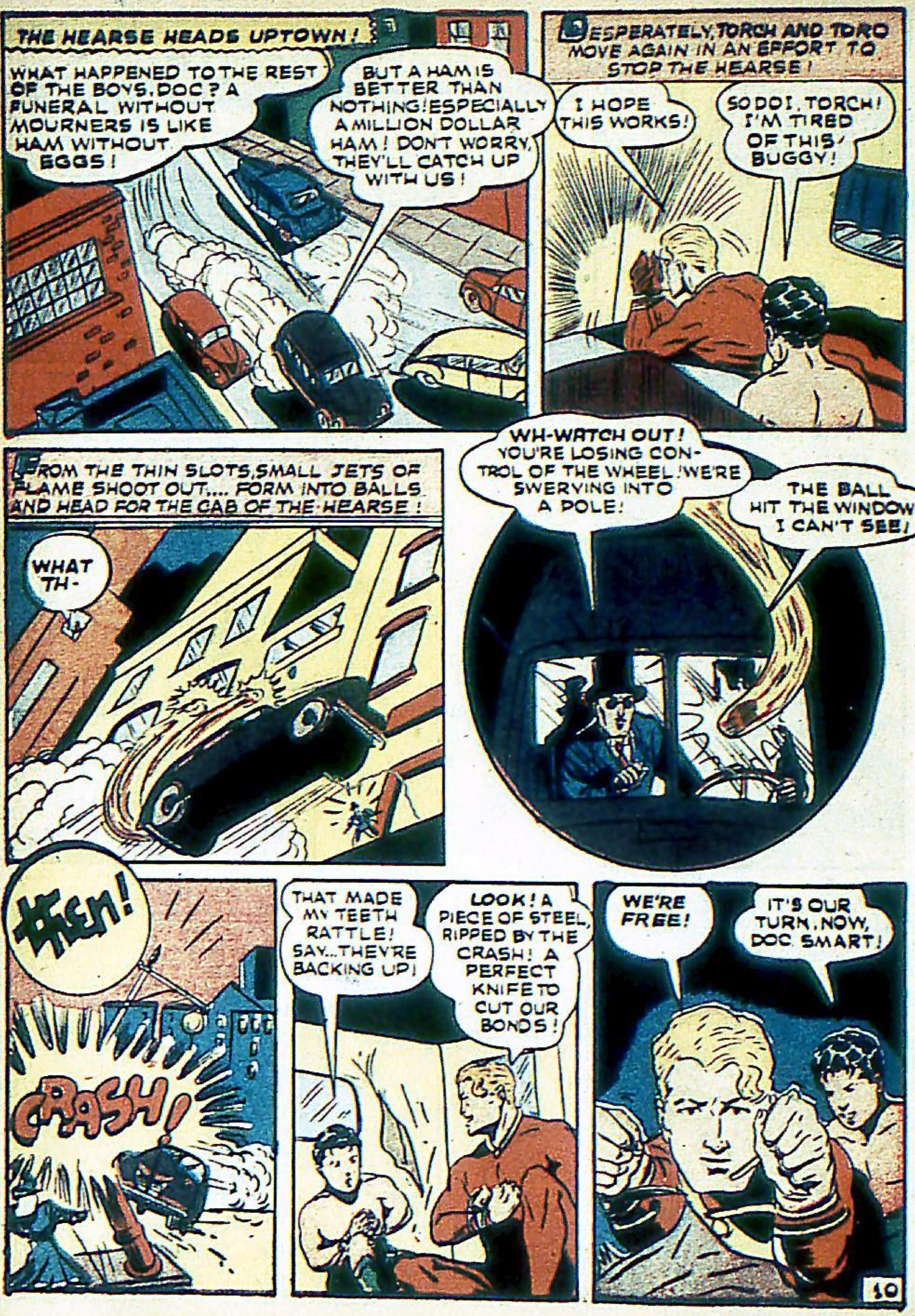

HMM! A SLIGHT HITCH IN MY PLANS... BUT EASILY CORRECTED BY PRESSING A SMALL BUTTON!

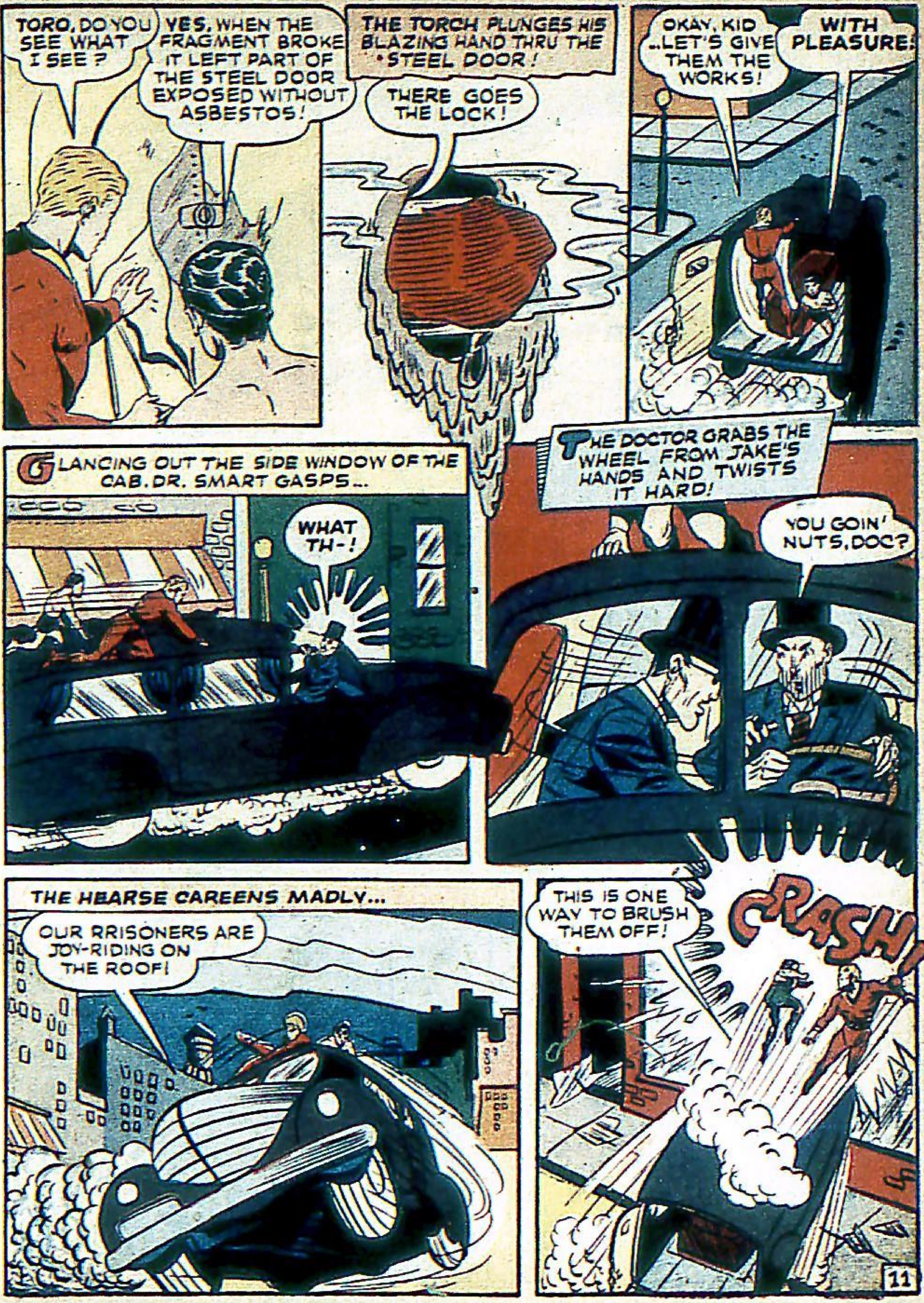

AS A MOTORCYCLE GAINS ON THE HEARSE...
WHAT'S THAT COMING OUT OF THE EXHAUST?
IT'S A SMOKE SCREEN!

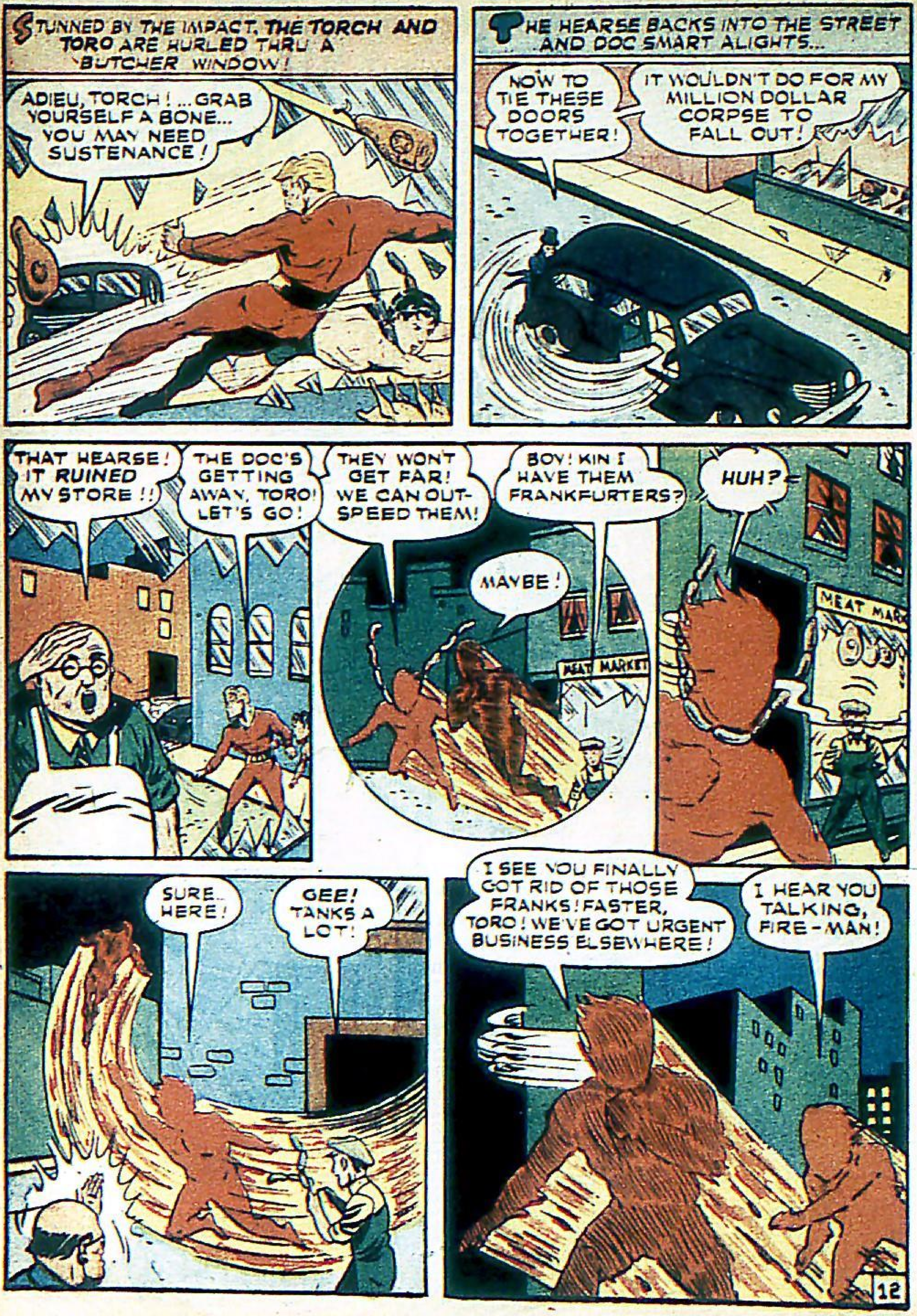

JAKE, AS ONE OF MY ESTEEMED COLLEAGUES ONCE REMARKED, "THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!"
IN OTHER WORDS, THEM COPPERS CAN'T SEE US NOW, EH?
INDUBITABLY!

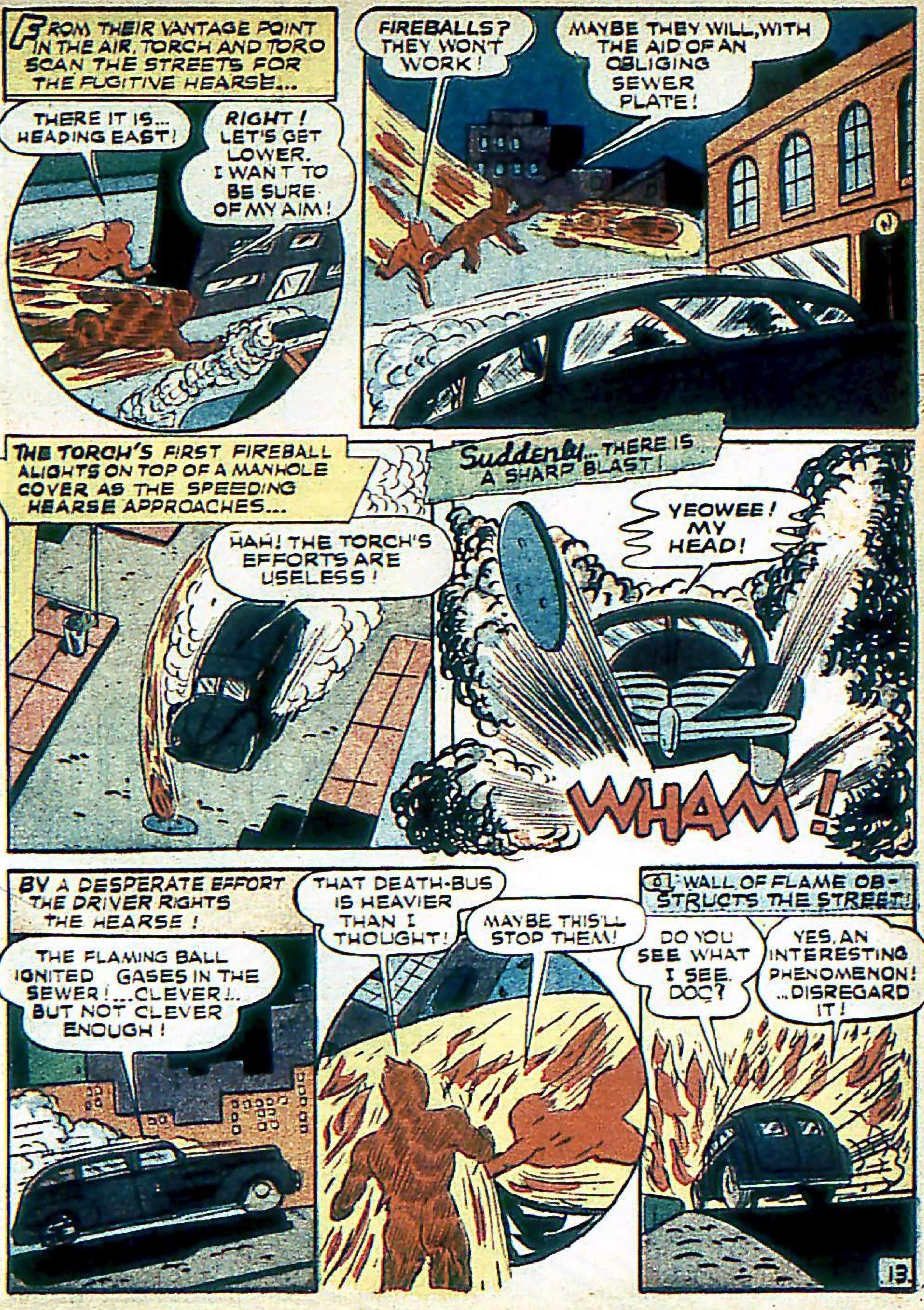

TRAPPED IN THE BLINDING SMOKE, THE POLICE LOSE CONTROL OF THEIR MACHINES AND PILE INTO EACH OTHER... A TANGLED MASS OF MEN AND METAL...

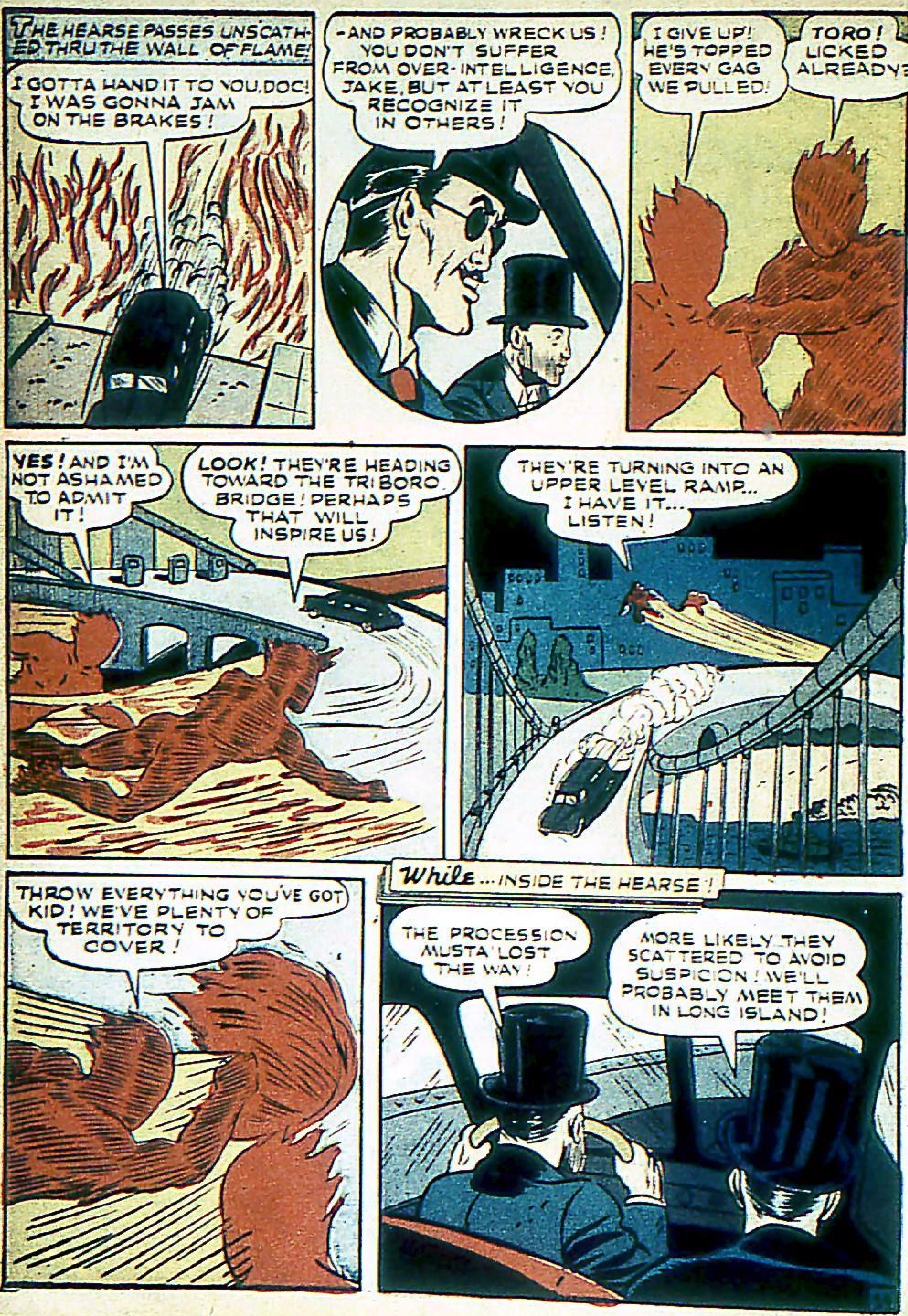

IN THE REAR OF THE HEARSE...
HEAR THOSE YELLS, TORCH? SOUNDS LIKE SMARTP[illegible]S WENT TO TOWN AGAIN!
"YOURS TRULY, DOC SMART" IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO, I'M GOING TO MAKE THAT HIS EPITAPH!

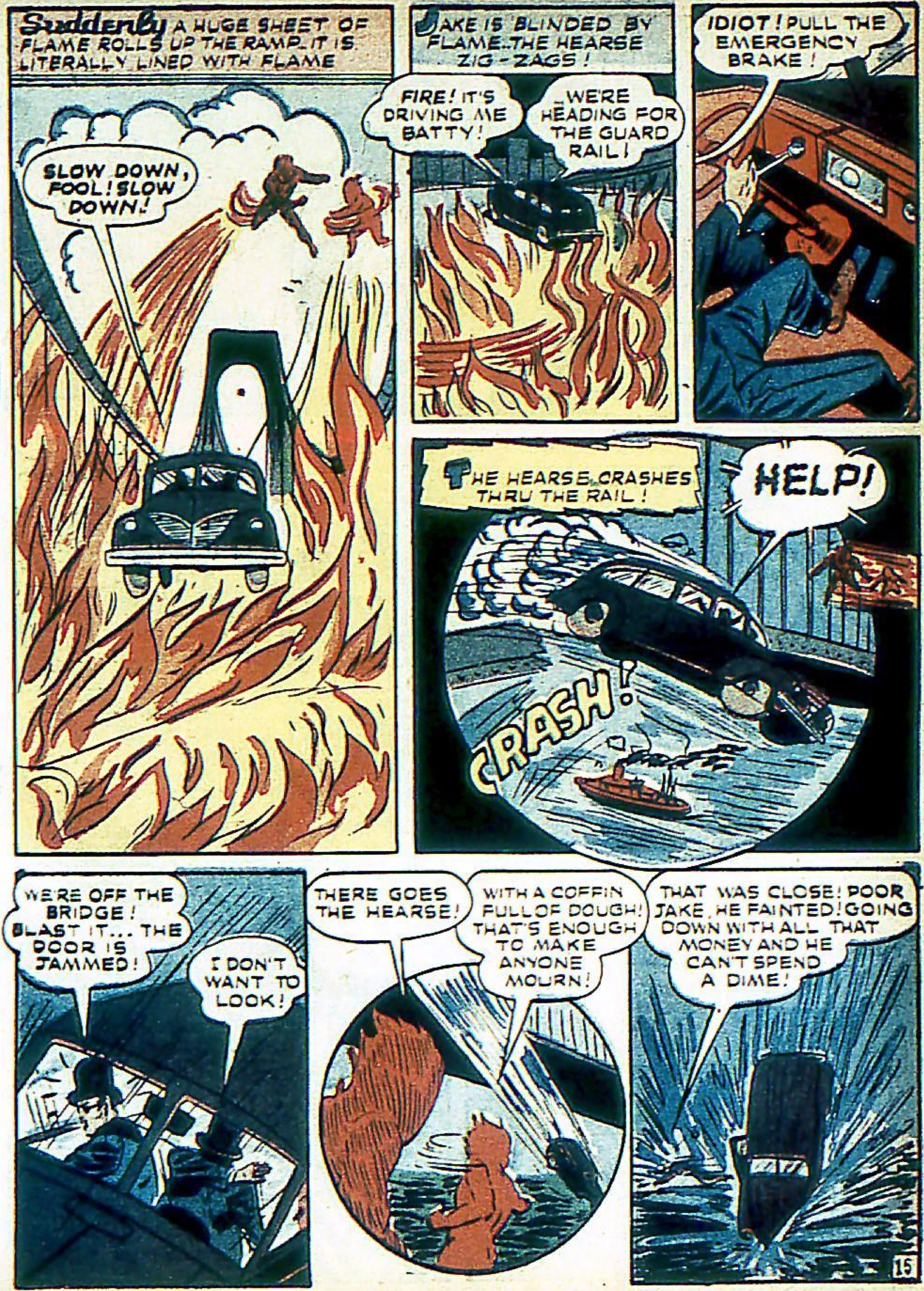

THE HEARSE HEADS UPTOWN!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THE BOYS, DOC? A FUNERAL WITHOUT MOURNERS IS LIKE HAM WITHOUT EGGS!
BUT A HAM IS BETTER THAN NOTHING! ESPECIALLY A MILLION DOLLAR HAM! DON'T WORRY, THEY'LL CATCH UP WITH US!
DESPERATELY, TORCH AND TORO MOVE AGAIN IN AN EFFORT TO STOP THE HEARSE!
I HOPE THIS WORKS!
SO DO I, TORCH! I'M TIRED OF THIS BUGGY!
FROM THE THIN SLOTS, SMALL JETS OF FLAME SHOOT OUT.... FORM INTO BALLS AND HEAD FOR THE CAB OF THE HEARSE!
WHAT TH-
WH-WATCH OUT! YOU'RE LOSING CONTROL OF THE WHEEL! WE'RE SWERVING INTO A POLE!
THE BALL HIT THE WINDOW! I CAN'T SEE!
KREN!
CRASH!
THAT MADE MY TEETH RATTLE! SAY...THEY'RE BACKING UP!
LOOK! A PIECE OF STEEL, RIPPED BY THE CRASH! A PERFECT KNIFE TO CUT OUR BONDS!
WE'RE FREE!
IT'S OUR TURN, NOW, DOC SMART!

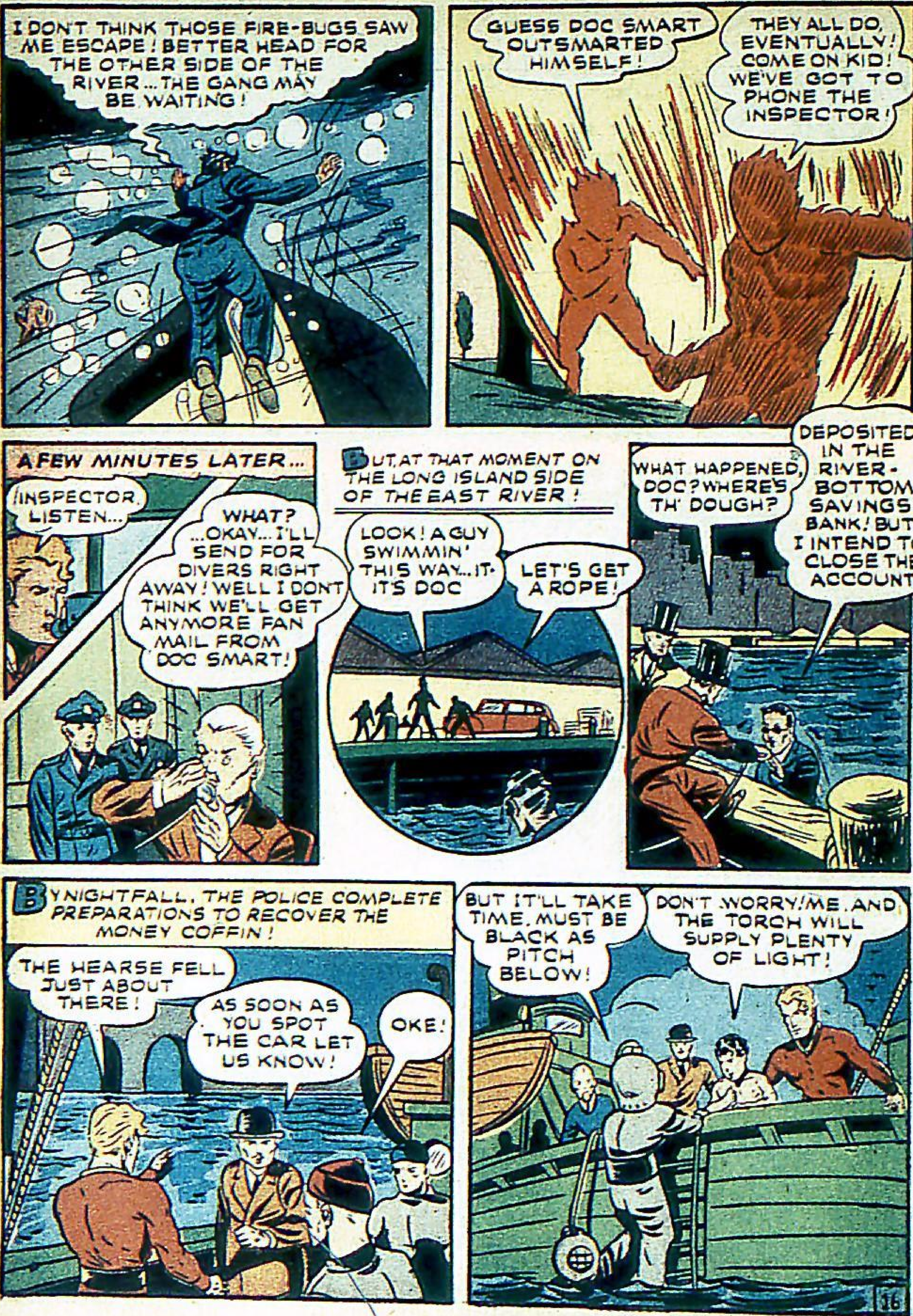

TORO, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
YES, WHEN THE FRAGMENT BROKE IT LEFT PART OF THE STEEL DOOR EXPOSED WITHOUT ASBESTOS!
THE TORCH PLUNGES HIS BLAZING HAND THRU THE STEEL DOOR!
THERE GOES THE LOCK!
OKAY, KID ..LET'S GIVE THEM THE WORKS!
WITH PLEASURE!
GLANCING OUT THE SIDE WINDOW OF THE CAB, DR. SMART GASPS...
WHAT TH-!
THE DOCTOR GRABS THE WHEEL FROM JAKE'S HANDS AND TWISTS IT HARD!
YOU GOIN' NUTS, DOC?
THE HBARSE CAREENS MADLY...
OUR RRISONERS ARE JOY-RIDING ON THE ROOF!
THIS IS ONE WAY TO BRUSH THEM OFF!
CRASH!

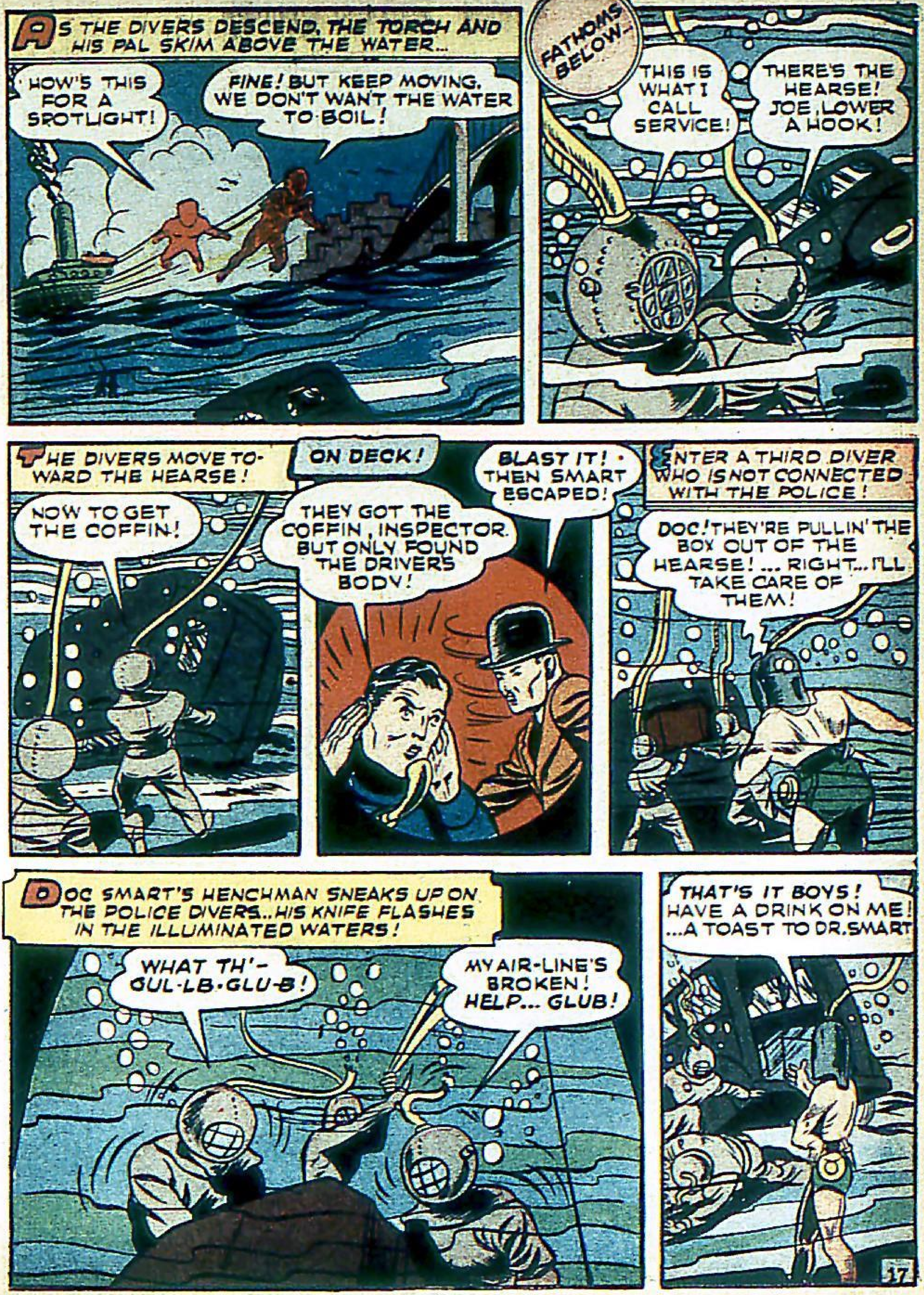

STUNNED BY THE IMPACT, THE TORCH AND TORO ARE HURLED THRU A BUTCHER WINDOW!
ADIEU, TORCH! ...GRAB YOURSELF A BONE... YOU MAY NEED SUSTENANCE!
THE HEARSE BACKS INTO THE STREET AND DOC SMART ALIGHTS...
NOW TO TIE THESE DOORS TOGETHER!
IT WOULDN'T DO FOR MY MILLION DOLLAR CORPSE TO FALL OUT!
THAT HEARSE! IT RUINED MY STORE!!
THE DOC'S GETTING AWAY, TORO! LET'S GO!
THEY WON'T GET FAR! WE CAN OUT-SPEED THEM!
MAYBE!
MEAT MARKET
BOY! KIN I HAVE THEM FRANKFURTERS?
HUH?
MEAT MAR
SURE.. HERE!
GEE! TANKS A LOT!
I SEE YOU FINALLY GOT RID OF THOSE FRANKS! FASTER, TORO! WE'VE GOT URGENT BUSINESS ELSEWHERE!
I HEAR YOU TALKING, FIRE-MAN!

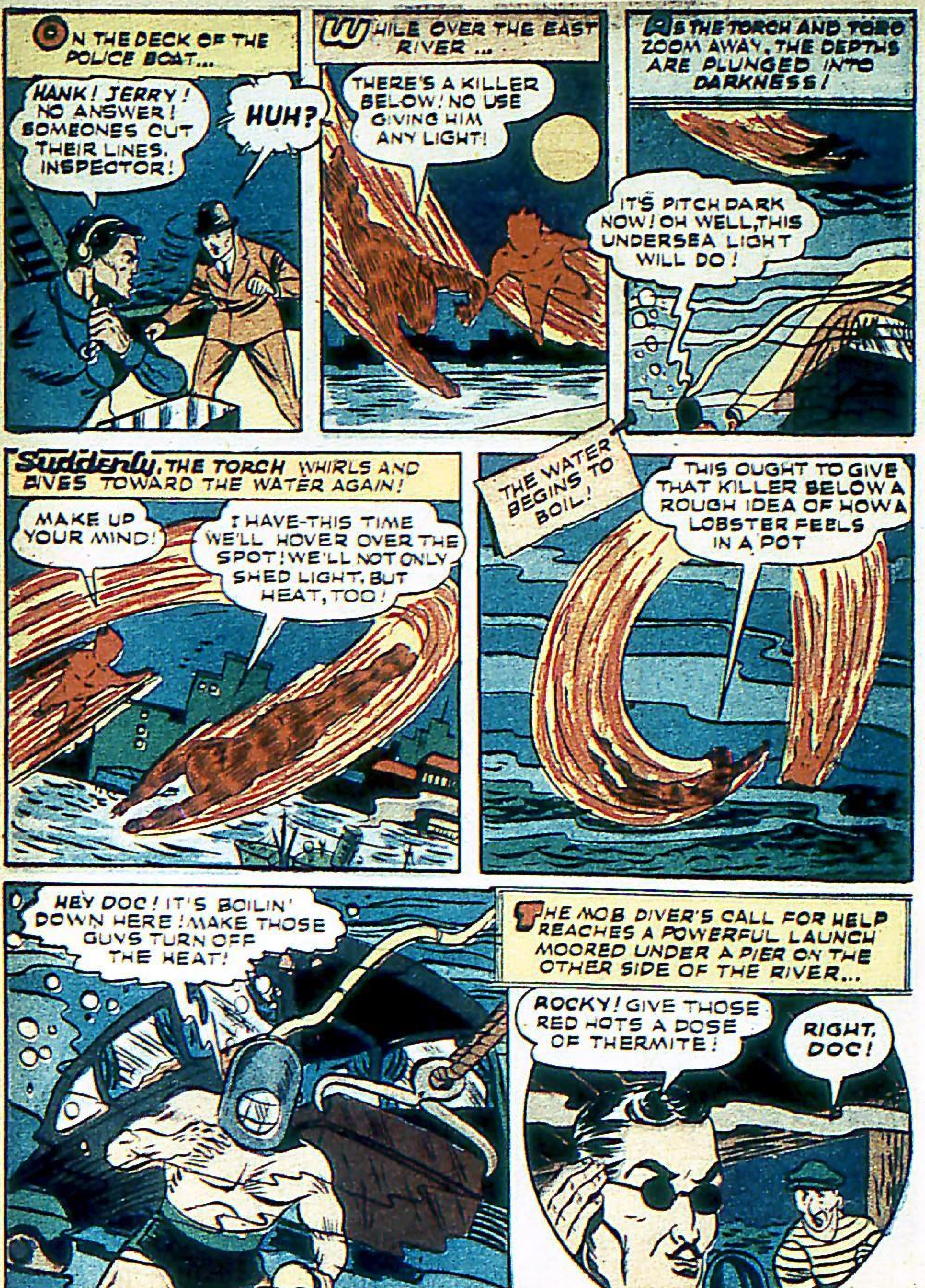

FROM THEIR VANTAGE POINT IN THE AIR, TORCH AND TORO SCAN THE STREETS FOR THE FUGITIVE HEARSE...
THERE IT IS... HEADING EAST!
RIGHT! LET'S GET LOWER. I WANT TO BE SURE OF MY AIM!
FIREBALLS? THEY WON'T WORK!
MAYBE THEY WILL, WITH THE AID OF AN OBLIGING SEWER PLATE!
THE TORCH'S FIRST FIREBALL ALIGHTS ON TOP OF A MANHOLE COVER AS THE SPEEDING HEARSE APPROACHES...
HAH! THE TORCH'S EFFORTS ARE USELESS!
Suddenly... THERE IS A SHARP BLAST!
YEOWEE! MY HEAD!
WHAM!
BY A DESPERATE EFFORT THE DRIVER RIGHTS THE HEARSE!
THE FLAMING BALL IGNITED GASES IN THE SEWER!... CLEVER!... BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH!
THAT DEATH-BUS IS HEAVIER THAN I THOUGHT!
MAYBE THIS'LL STOP THEM!
A WALL OF FLAME OBSTRUCTS THE STREET!
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, DOC?
YES, AN INTERESTING PHENOMENON! ...DISREGARD IT!

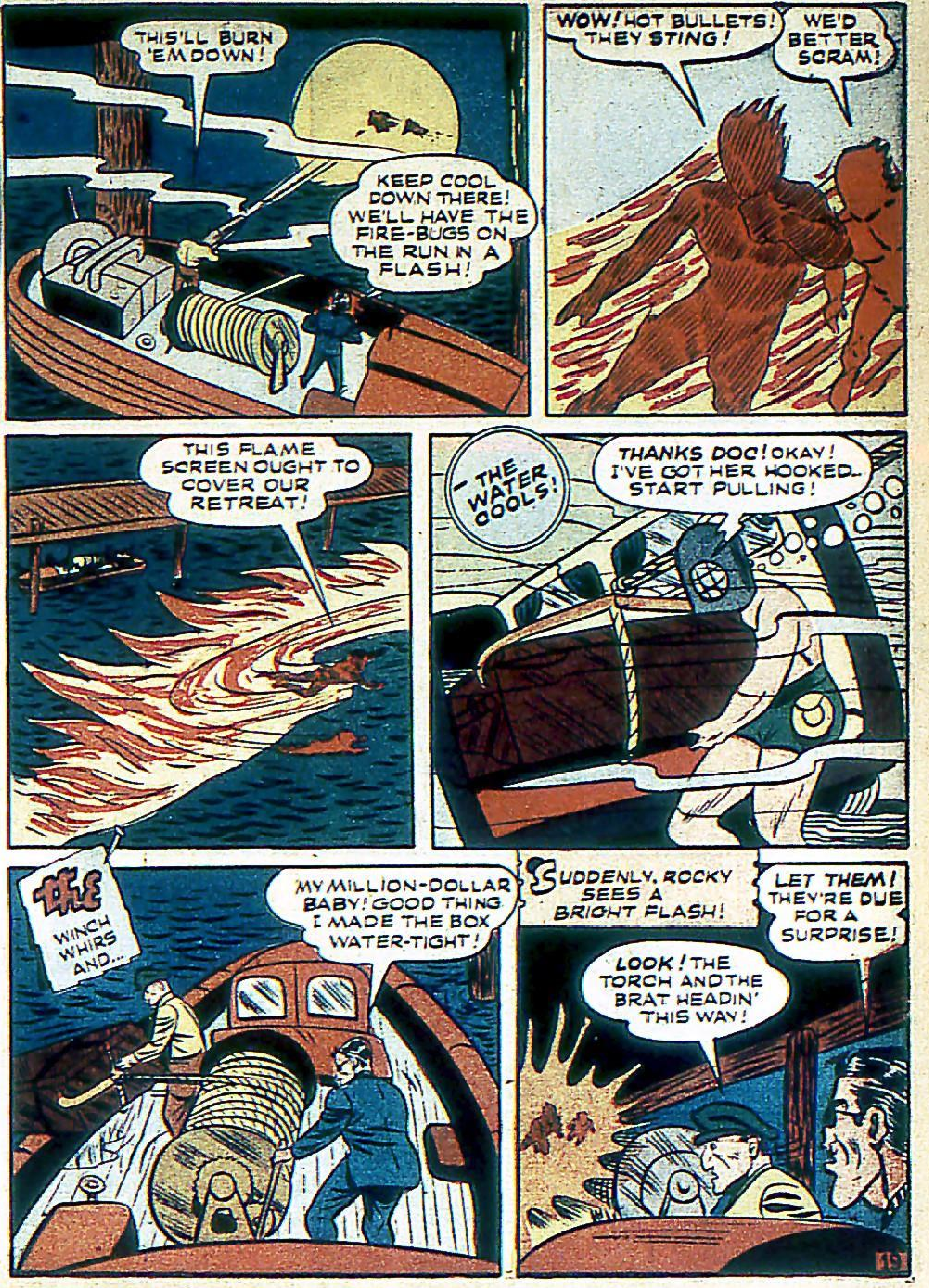

THE HEARSE PASSES UNSCATHED THRU THE WALL OF FLAME!
I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, DOC! I WAS GONNA JAM ON THE BRAKES!
-AND PROBABLY WRECK US! YOU DON'T SUFFER FROM OVER-INTELLIGENCE, JAKE, BUT AT LEAST YOU RECOGNIZE IT IN OTHERS!
I GIVE UP! HE'S TOPPED EVERY GAG WE PULLED!
TORO! LICKED ALREADY?
YES! AND I'M NOT ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT!
LOOK! THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD THE TRIBORO BRIDGE! PERHAPS THAT WILL INSPIRE US!
THEY'RE TURNING INTO AN UPPER LEVEL RAMP... I HAVE IT... LISTEN!
THROW EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT KID! WE'VE PLENTY OF TERRITORY TO COVER!
While... INSIDE THE HEARSE!
THE PROCESSION MUSTA' LOST THE WAY!
MORE LIKELY THEY SCATTERED TO AVOID SUSPICION! WE'LL PROBABLY MEET THEM IN LONG ISLAND!

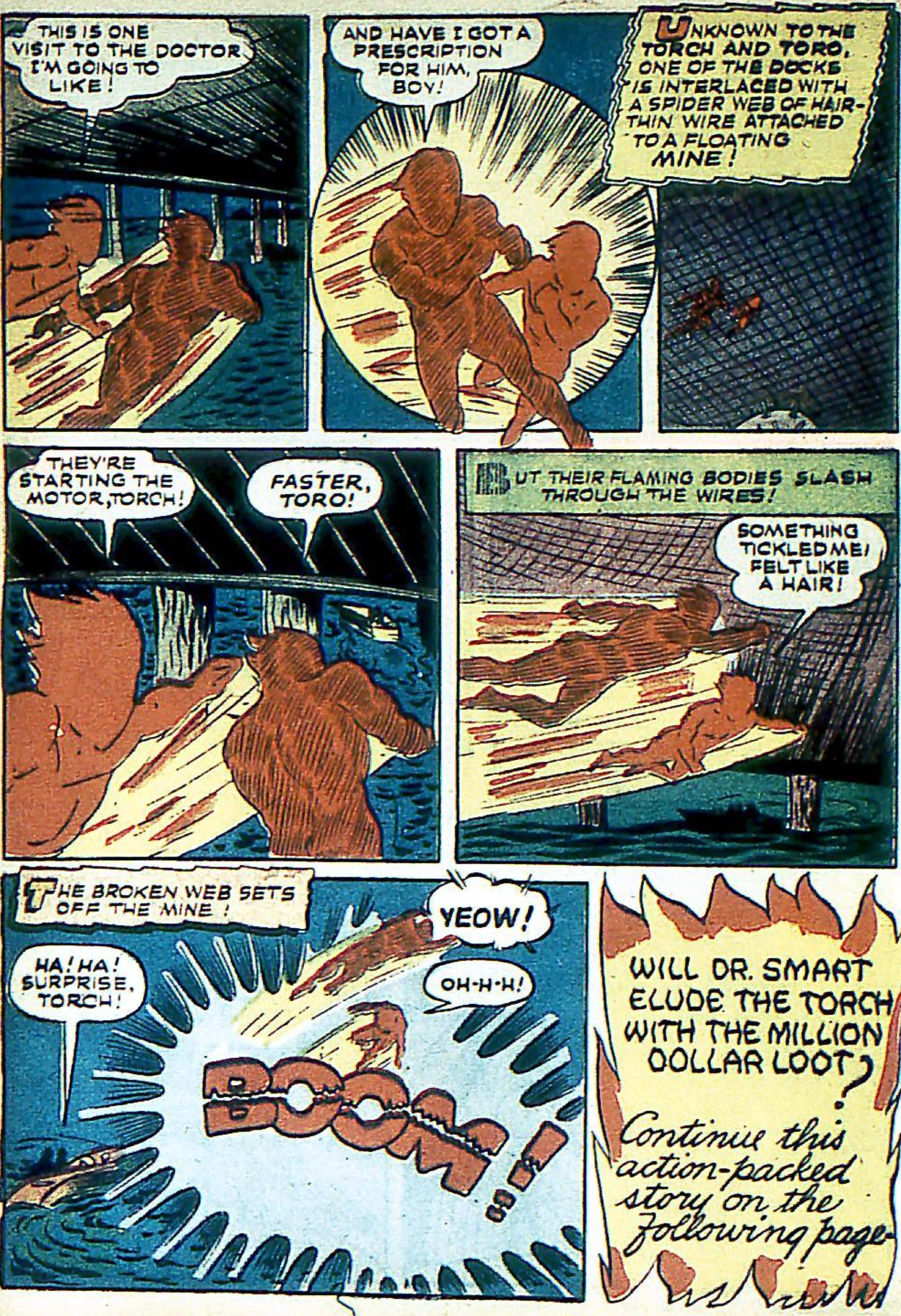

Suddenly a huge sheet of flame rolls up the ramp. It is literally lined with flame
SLOW DOWN, FOOL! SLOW DOWN!
JAKE IS BLINDED BY FLAME..THE HEARSE ZIG-ZAGS!
FIRE! IT'S DRIVING ME BATTY!
..WE'RE HEADING FOR THE GUARD RAIL!
IDIOT! PULL THE EMERGENCY BRAKE!
THE HEARSE CRASHES THRU THE RAIL!
HELP!
CRASH!
WE'RE OFF THE BRIDGE! BLAST IT... THE DOOR IS JAMMED!
I DON'T WANT TO LOOK!
THERE GOES THE HEARSE!
WITH A COFFIN FULL OF DOUGH! THAT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE MOURN!
THAT WAS CLOSE! POOR JAKE, HE FAINTED! GOING DOWN WITH ALL THAT MONEY AND HE CAN'T SPEND A DIME!


I DON'T THINK THOSE FIRE-BUGS SAW ME ESCAPE! BETTER HEAD FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER ... THE GANG MAY BE WAITING!
GUESS DOC SMART OUTSMARTED HIMSELF!
THEY ALL DO, EVENTUALLY! COME ON KID! WE'VE GOT TO PHONE THE INSPECTOR!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
INSPECTOR. LISTEN...
WHAT? ...OKAY... I'LL SEND FOR DIVERS RIGHT AWAY! WELL I DONT THINK WE'LL GET ANYMORE FAN MAIL FROM DOC SMART!
BUT, AT THAT MOMENT ON THE LONG ISLAND SIDE OF THE EAST RIVER!
LOOK! A GUY SWIMMIN' THIS WAY... IT- IT'S DOC
LET'S GET A ROPE!
WHAT HAPPENED, DOC? WHERE'S TH' DOUGH?
DEPOSITED IN THE RIVER-BOTTOM SAVINGS BANK! BUT I INTEND TO CLOSE THE ACCOUNT!
BY NIGHTFALL, THE POLICE COMPLETE PREPARATIONS TO RECOVER THE MONEY COFFIN!
THE HEARSE FELL JUST ABOUT THERE!
AS SOON AS YOU SPOT THE CAR LET US KNOW!
OKE!
BUT IT'LL TAKE TIME, MUST BE BLACK AS PITCH BELOW!
DON'T WORRY! ME AND THE TORCH WILL SUPPLY PLENTY OF LIGHT!


AS THE DIVERS DESCEND, THE TORCH AND HIS PAL SKIM ABOVE THE WATER...
HOW'S THIS FOR A SPOTLIGHT!
FINE! BUT KEEP MOVING. WE DON'T WANT THE WATER TO BOIL!
FATHOMS BELOW...
THIS IS WHAT I CALL SERVICE!
THERE'S THE HEARSE! JOE, LOWER A HOOK!
THE DIVERS MOVE TOWARD THE HEARSE!
NOW TO GET THE COFFIN!
ON DECK!
THEY GOT THE COFFIN, INSPECTOR. BUT ONLY FOUND THE DRIVER'S BODY!
BLAST IT! THEN SMART ESCAPED!
ENTER A THIRD DIVER WHO IS NOT CONNECTED WITH THE POLICE!
DOC! THEY'RE PULLIN' THE BOX OUT OF THE HEARSE! ... RIGHT... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!
DOC SMART'S HENCHMAN SNEAKS UP ON THE POLICE DIVERS...HIS KNIFE FLASHES IN THE ILLUMINATED WATERS!
WHAT TH'-GUL-LB-GLU-B!
MY AIR-LINE'S BROKEN! HELP... GLUB!
THAT'S IT BOYS! HAVE A DRINK ON ME! ...A TOAST TO DR.SMART
17


ON THE DECK OF THE POLICE BOAT...
HANK! JERRY! NO ANSWER! SOMEONES CUT THEIR LINES, INSPECTOR!
HUH?
WHILE OVER THE EAST RIVER...
THERE'S A KILLER BELOW! NO USE GIVING HIM ANY LIGHT!
AS THE TORCH AND TORO ZOOM AWAY, THE DEPTHS ARE PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS!
IT'S PITCH DARK NOW! OH WELL, THIS UNDERSEA LIGHT WILL DO!
Suddenly, THE TORCH WHIRLS AND DIVES TOWARD THE WATER AGAIN!
MAKE UP YOUR MIND!
I HAVE-THIS TIME WE'LL HOVER OVER THE SPOT! WE'LL NOT ONLY SHED LIGHT, BUT HEAT, TOO!
THE WATER BEGINS TO BOIL!
THIS OUGHT TO GIVE THAT KILLER BELOW A ROUGH IDEA OF HOW A LOBSTER FEELS IN A POT
HEY DOC! IT'S BOILIN' DOWN HERE! MAKE THOSE GUYS TURN OFF THE HEAT!
THE MOB DIVER'S CALL FOR HELP REACHES A POWERFUL LAUNCH MOORED UNDER A PIER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER...
ROCKY! GIVE THOSE RED HOTS A DOSE OF THERMITE!
RIGHT, DOC!


THIS'LL BURN 'EM DOWN!
KEEP COOL DOWN THERE! WE'LL HAVE THE FIRE-BUGS ON THE RUN IN A FLASH!
WOW! HOT BULLETS! THEY STING!
WE'D BETTER SCRAM!
THIS FLAME SCREEN OUGHT TO COVER OUR RETREAT!
— THE WATER COOLS!
THANKS DOC! OKAY! I'VE GOT HER HOOKED. START PULLING!
THE WINCH WHIRS AND...
MY MILLION-DOLLAR BABY! GOOD THING I MADE THE BOX WATER-TIGHT!
SUDDENLY, ROCKY SEES A BRIGHT FLASH!
LET THEM! THEY'RE DUE FOR A SURPRISE!
LOOK! THE TORCH AND THE BRAT HEADIN' THIS WAY!


THIS IS ONE VISIT TO THE DOCTOR I'M GOING TO LIKE!
AND HAVE I GOT A PRESCRIPTION FOR HIM, BOY!
UNKNOWN TO THE TORCH AND TORO, ONE OF THE DOCKS IS INTERLACED WITH A SPIDER WEB OF HAIR-THIN WIRE ATTACHED TO A FLOATING MINE!
THEY'RE STARTING THE MOTOR, TORCH!
FASTER, TORO!
BUT THEIR FLAMING BODIES SLASH THROUGH THE WIRES!
SOMETHING TICKLED ME! FELT LIKE A HAIR!
THE BROKEN WEB SETS OFF THE MINE!
YEOW!
HA! HA! SURPRISE, TORCH!
OH-H-H!
BOOM!!
WILL DR. SMART ELUDE THE TORCH WITH THE MILLION DOLLAR LOOT?
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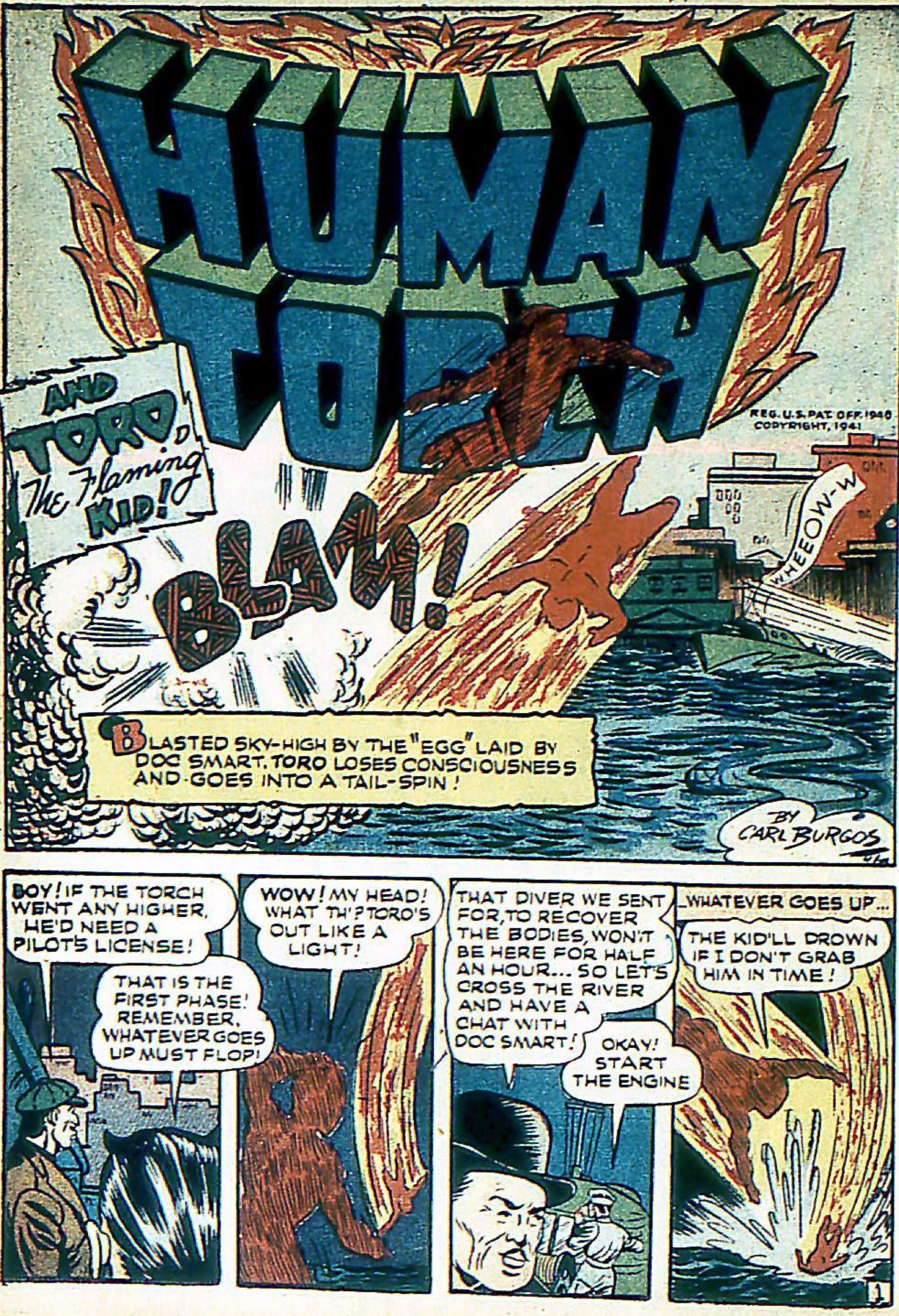
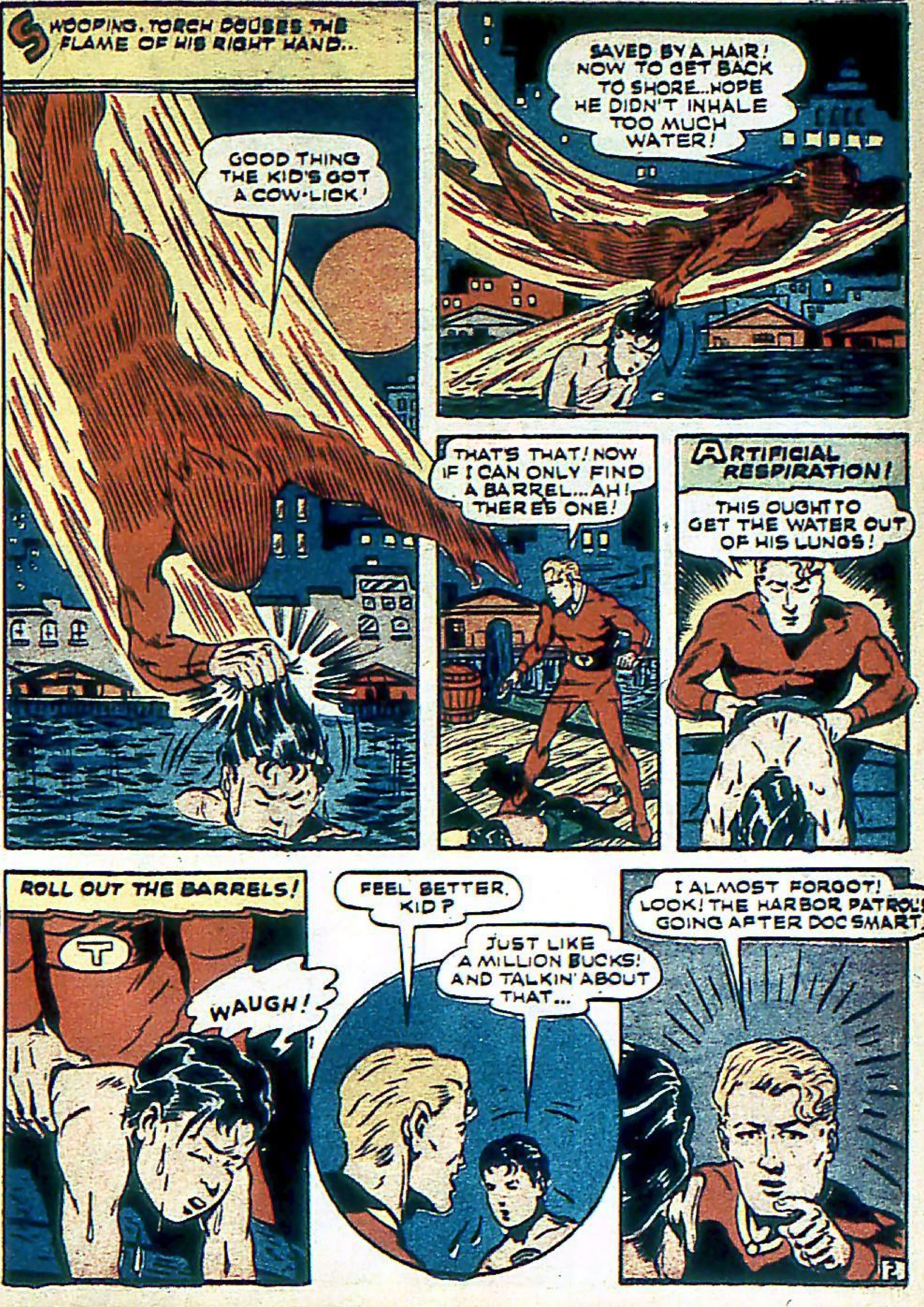
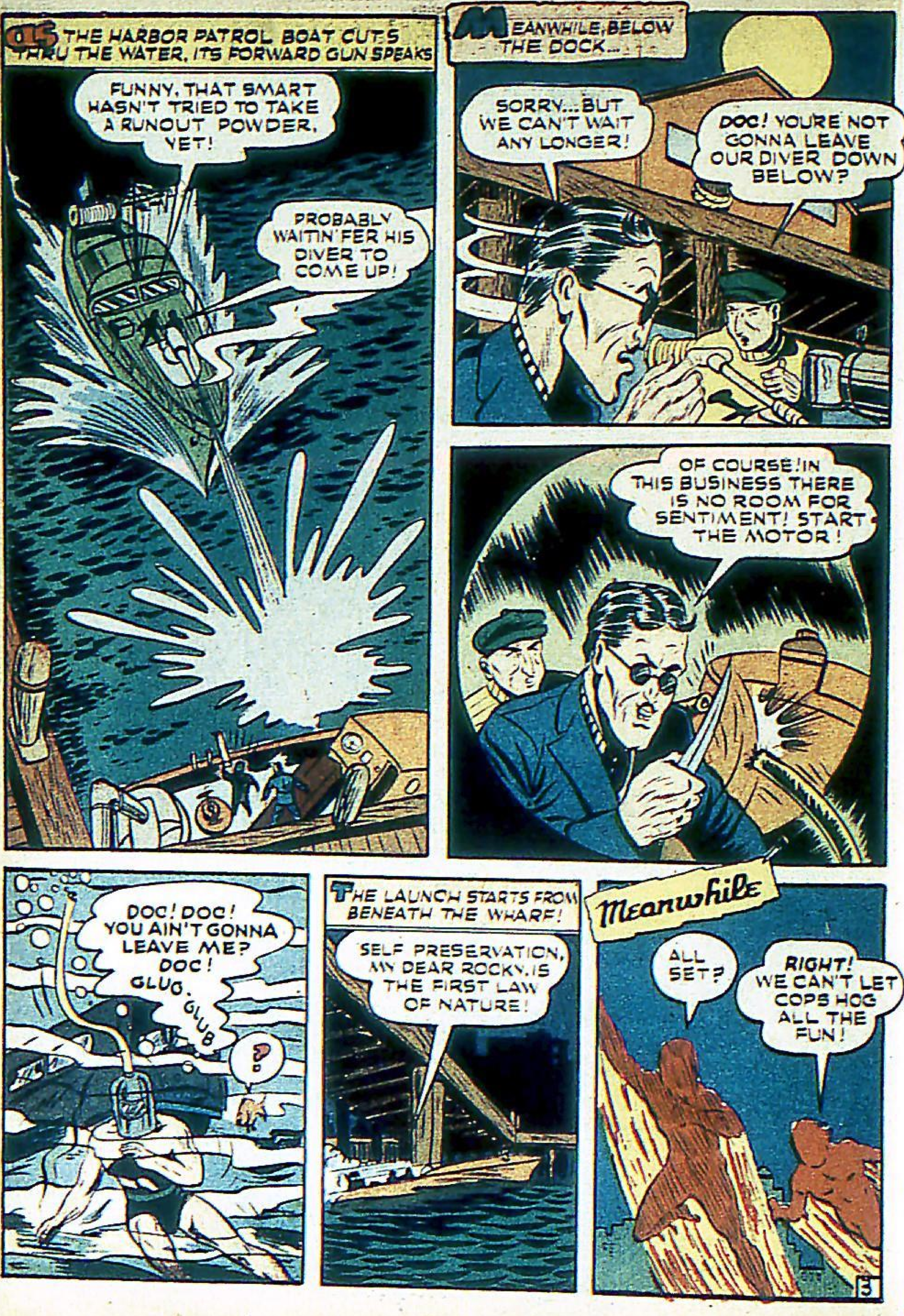
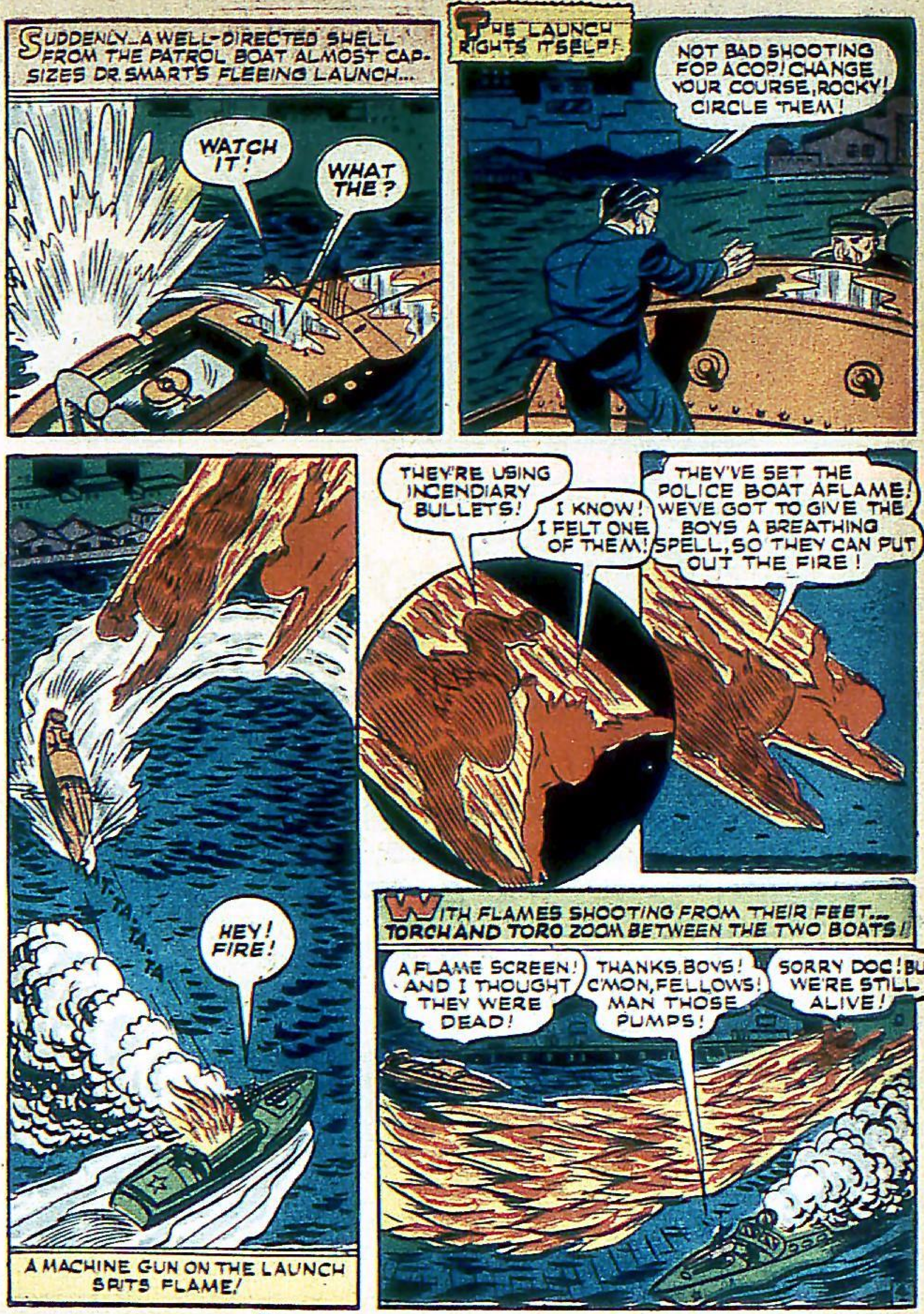
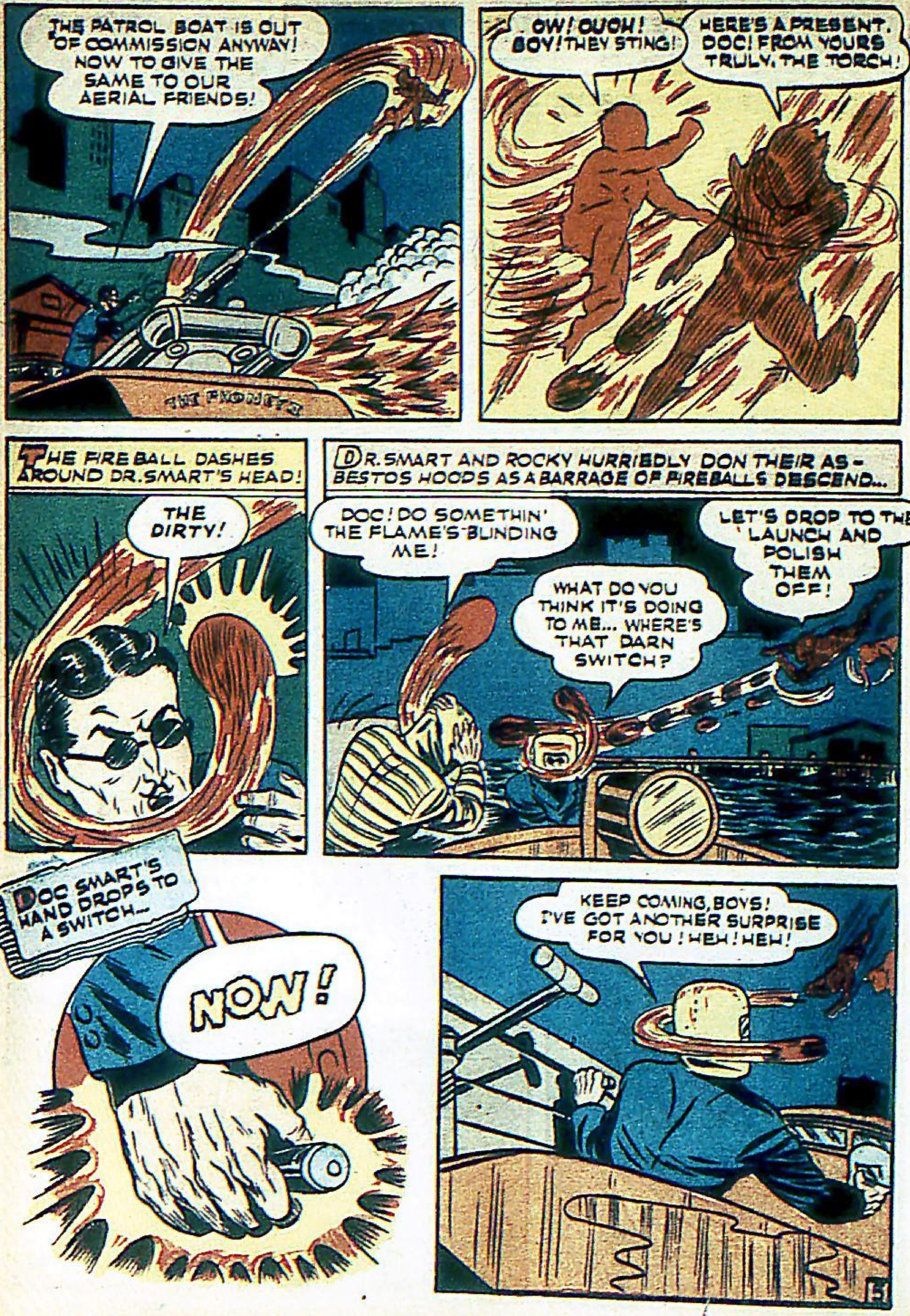
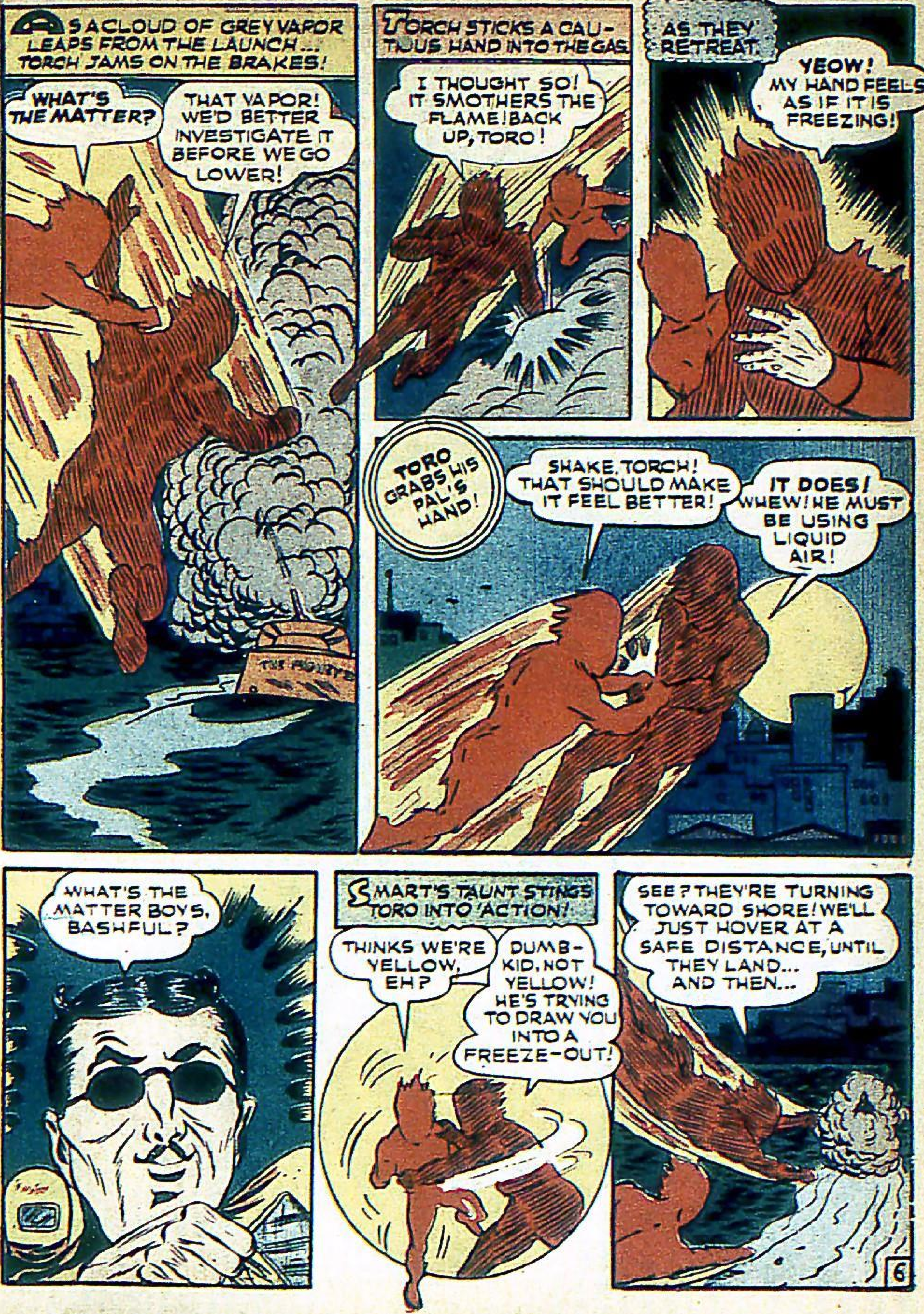

HUMAN TORCH
AND TORO, The Flaming KID!
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT, 1941
BLAM!
WHEEOW-W
BLASTED SKY-HIGH BY THE "EGG" LAID BY DOC SMART, TORO LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS AND GOES INTO A TAIL-SPIN!
BY CARL BURGOS
BOY! IF THE TORCH WENT ANY HIGHER, HE'D NEED A PILOT'S LICENSE!
THAT IS THE FIRST PHASE! REMEMBER, WHATEVER GOES UP MUST FLOP!
WOW! MY HEAD! WHAT TH'? TORO'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT!
THAT DIVER WE SENT FOR, TO RECOVER THE BODIES, WON'T BE HERE FOR HALF AN HOUR... SO LET'S CROSS THE RIVER AND HAVE A CHAT WITH DOC SMART!
OKAY! START THE ENGINE
_WHATEVER GOES UP...
THE KID'LL DROWN IF I DON'T GRAB HIM IN TIME!
1

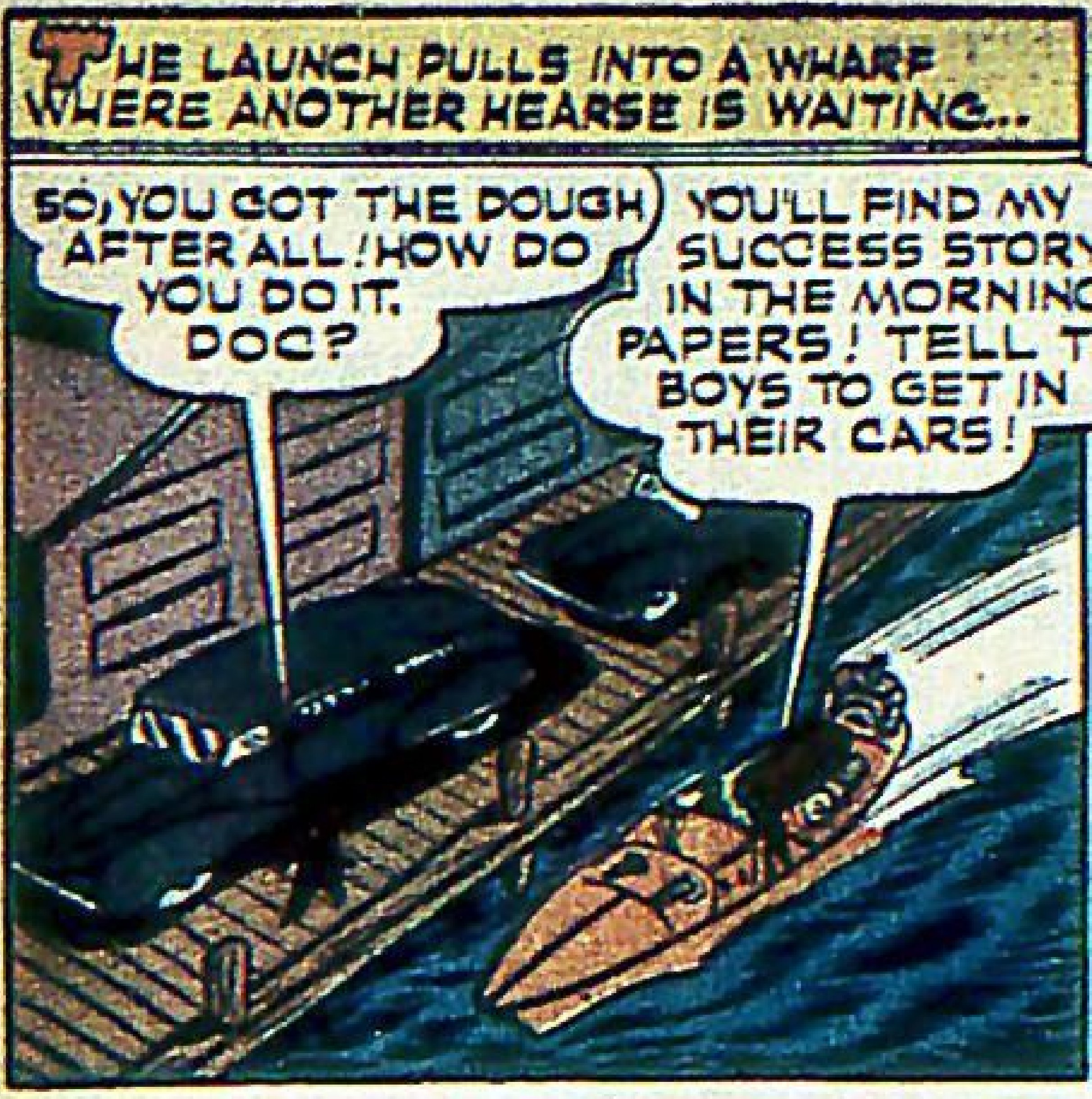

SWOOPING, TORCH DOUSES THE FLAME OF HIS RIGHT HAND...
GOOD THING THE KID'S GOT A COW-LICK!
SAVED BY A HAIR! NOW TO GET BACK TO SHORE...HOPE HE DIDN'T INHALE TOO MUCH WATER!
THAT'S THAT! NOW IF I CAN ONLY FIND A BARREL...AH! THERE'S ONE!
ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION!
THIS OUGHT TO GET THE WATER OUT OF HIS LUNGS!
ROLL OUT THE BARRELS!
T
WAUGH!
FEEL BETTER, KID?
JUST LIKE A MILLION BUCKS! AND TALKIN' ABOUT THAT...
I ALMOST FORGOT! LOOK! THE HARBOR PATROL'S GOING AFTER DOC SMART!

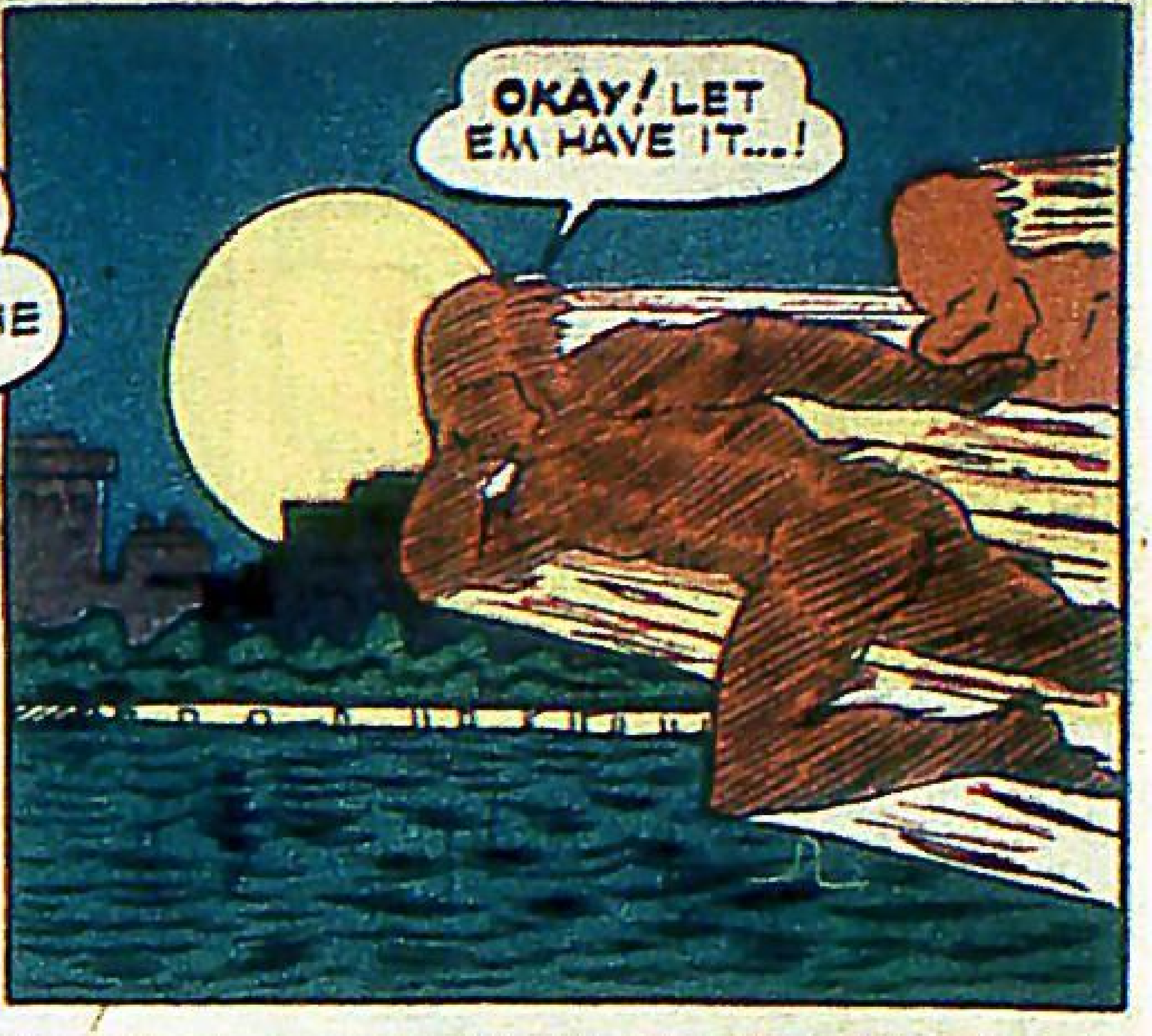

AS THE HARBOR PATROL BOAT CUTS THRU THE WATER, ITS FORWARD GUN SPEAKS
FUNNY, THAT SMART HASN'T TRIED TO TAKE A RUNOUT POWDER, YET!
PROBABLY WAITIN' FER HIS DIVER TO COME UP!
MEANWHILE, BELOW THE DOCK...
SORRY... BUT WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER!
DOC! YOU'RE NOT GONNA LEAVE OUR DIVER DOWN BELOW?
OF COURSE! IN THIS BUSINESS THERE IS NO ROOM FOR SENTIMENT! START THE MOTOR!
DOC! DOC! YOU AIN'T GONNA LEAVE ME? DOC! GLUG. GLUB
?
THE LAUNCH STARTS FROM BENEATH THE WHARF!
SELF PRESERVATION, MY DEAR ROCKY, IS THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE!
Meanwhile
ALL SET?
RIGHT! WE CAN'T LET COPS HOG ALL THE FUN!

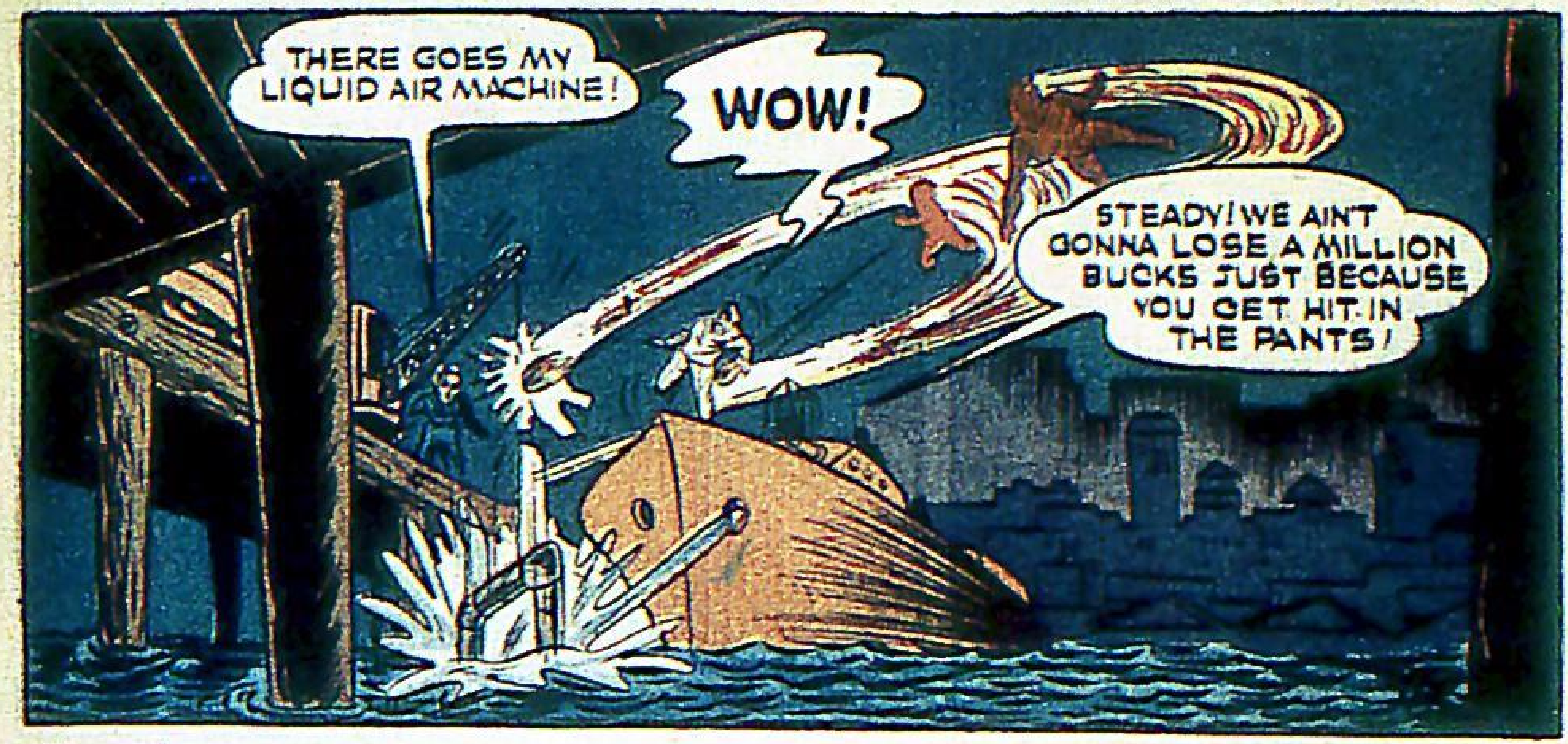

SUDDENLY...A WELL-DIRECTED SHELL FROM THE PATROL BOAT ALMOST CAPSIZES DR. SMART'S FLEEING LAUNCH...
WATCH IT!
WHAT THE?
THE LAUNCH RIGHTS ITSELF!
NOT BAD SHOOTING FOR A COP! CHANGE YOUR COURSE, ROCKY! CIRCLE THEM!
TA-TA-TA
HEY! FIRE!
A MACHINE GUN ON THE LAUNCH SPITS FLAME!
THEY'RE USING INCENDIARY BULLETS!
I KNOW! I FELT ONE OF THEM!
THEY'VE SET THE POLICE BOAT AFLAME! WEVE GOT TO GIVE THE BOYS A BREATHING SPELL, SO THEY CAN PUT OUT THE FIRE!
WITH FLAMES SHOOTING FROM THEIR FEET... TORCH AND TORO ZOOM BETWEEN THE TWO BOATS!
A FLAME SCREEN! AND I THOUGHT THEY WERE DEAD!
THANKS, BOYS! C'MON, FELLOWS! MAN THOSE PUMPS!
SORRY DOC! BUT WE'RE STILL ALIVE!

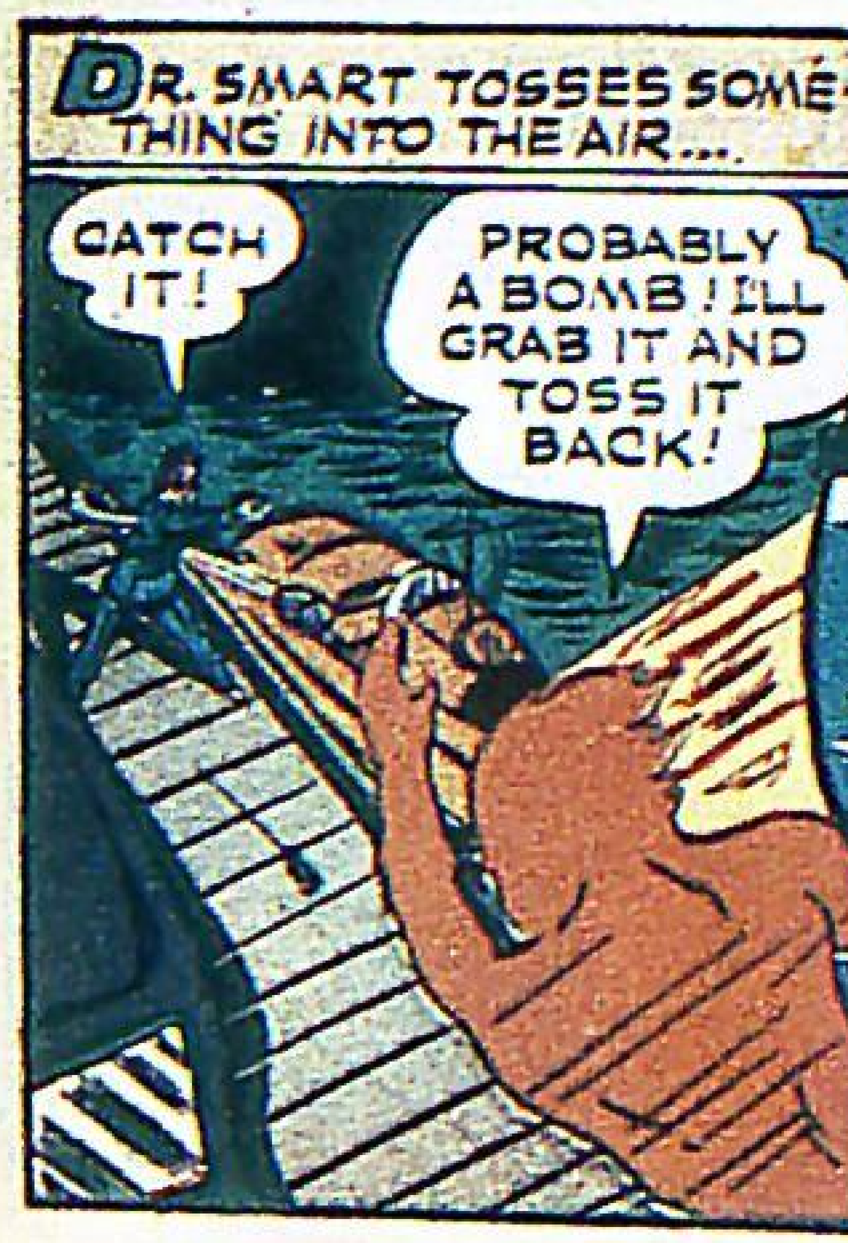

THE PATROL BOAT IS OUT OF COMMISSION ANYWAY! NOW TO GIVE THE SAME TO OUR AERIAL FRIENDS!
OW! OUCH! BOY! THEY STING!
HERE'S A PRESENT, DOC! FROM YOURS TRULY, THE TORCH!
THE FIREBALL DASHES AROUND DR. SMART'S HEAD!
THE DIRTY!
DR. SMART AND ROCKY HURRIEDLY DON THEIR ASBESTOS HOODS AS A BARRAGE OF FIREBALLS DESCEND...
DOC! DO SOMETHIN' THE FLAME'S BLINDING ME!
LET'S DROP TO THE LAUNCH AND POLISH THEM OFF!
WHAT DO YOU THINK IT'S DOING TO ME... WHERE'S THAT DARN SWITCH?
DOC SMART'S HAND DROPS TO A SWITCH...
NOW!
KEEP COMING, BOYS! I'VE GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR YOU! HEH! HEH!
5

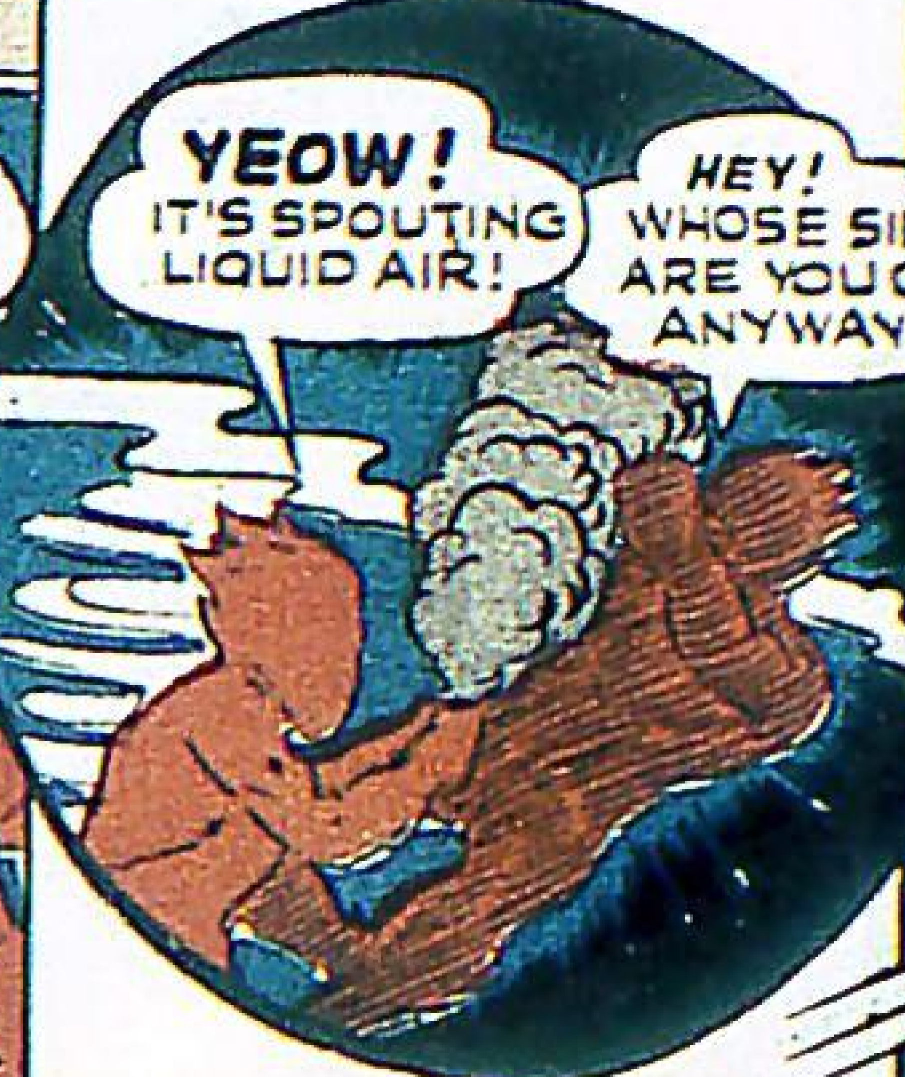

AS A CLOUD OF GREY VAPOR LEAPS FROM THE LAUNCH... TORCH JAMS ON THE BRAKES!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THAT VAPOR! WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE IT BEFORE WE GO LOWER!
TORCH STICKS A CAUTIOUS HAND INTO THE GAS.
I THOUGHT SO! IT SMOTHERS THE FLAME! BACK UP, TORO!
AS THEY RETREAT.
YEOW! MY HAND FEELS AS IF IT IS FREEZING!
TORO GRABS HIS PAL'S HAND!
SHAKE, TORCH! THAT SHOULD MAKE IT FEEL BETTER!
IT DOES! WHEW! HE MUST BE USING LIQUID AIR!
WHAT'S THE MATTER BOYS, BASHFUL?
SMART'S TAUNT STINGS TORO INTO ACTION!
THINKS WE'RE YELLOW, EH?
DUMB-KID, NOT YELLOW! HE'S TRYING TO DRAW YOU INTO A FREEZE-OUT!
SEE? THEY'RE TURNING TOWARD SHORE! WE'LL JUST HOVER AT A SAFE DISTANCE, UNTIL THEY LAND... AND THEN...

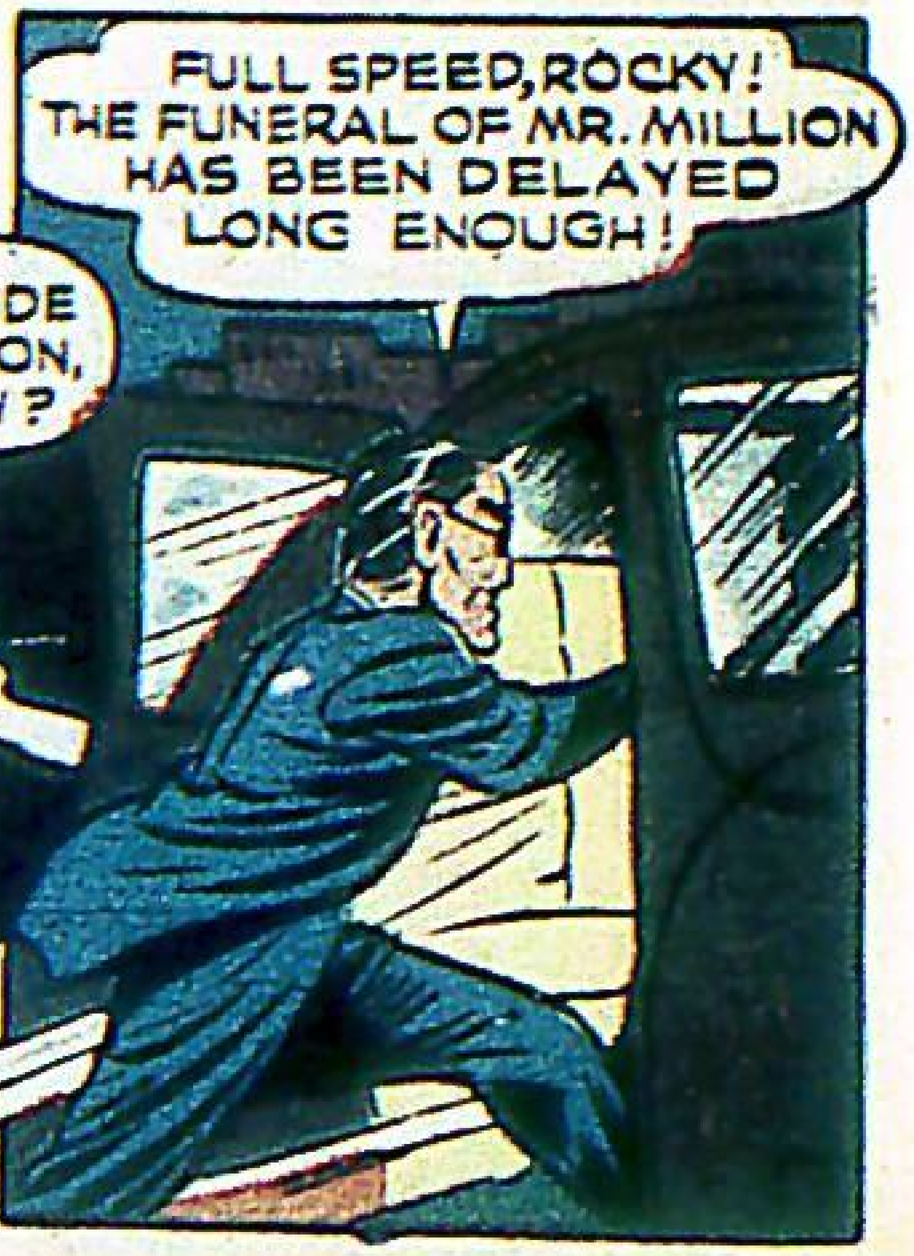

THE LAUNCH PULLS INTO A WHARF WHERE ANOTHER HEARSE IS WAITING...
SO, YOU GOT THE DOUGH AFTER ALL! HOW DO YOU DO IT, DOC?
YOU'LL FIND MY SUCCESS STORY IN THE MORNING PAPERS! TELL THE BOYS TO GET IN THEIR CARS!

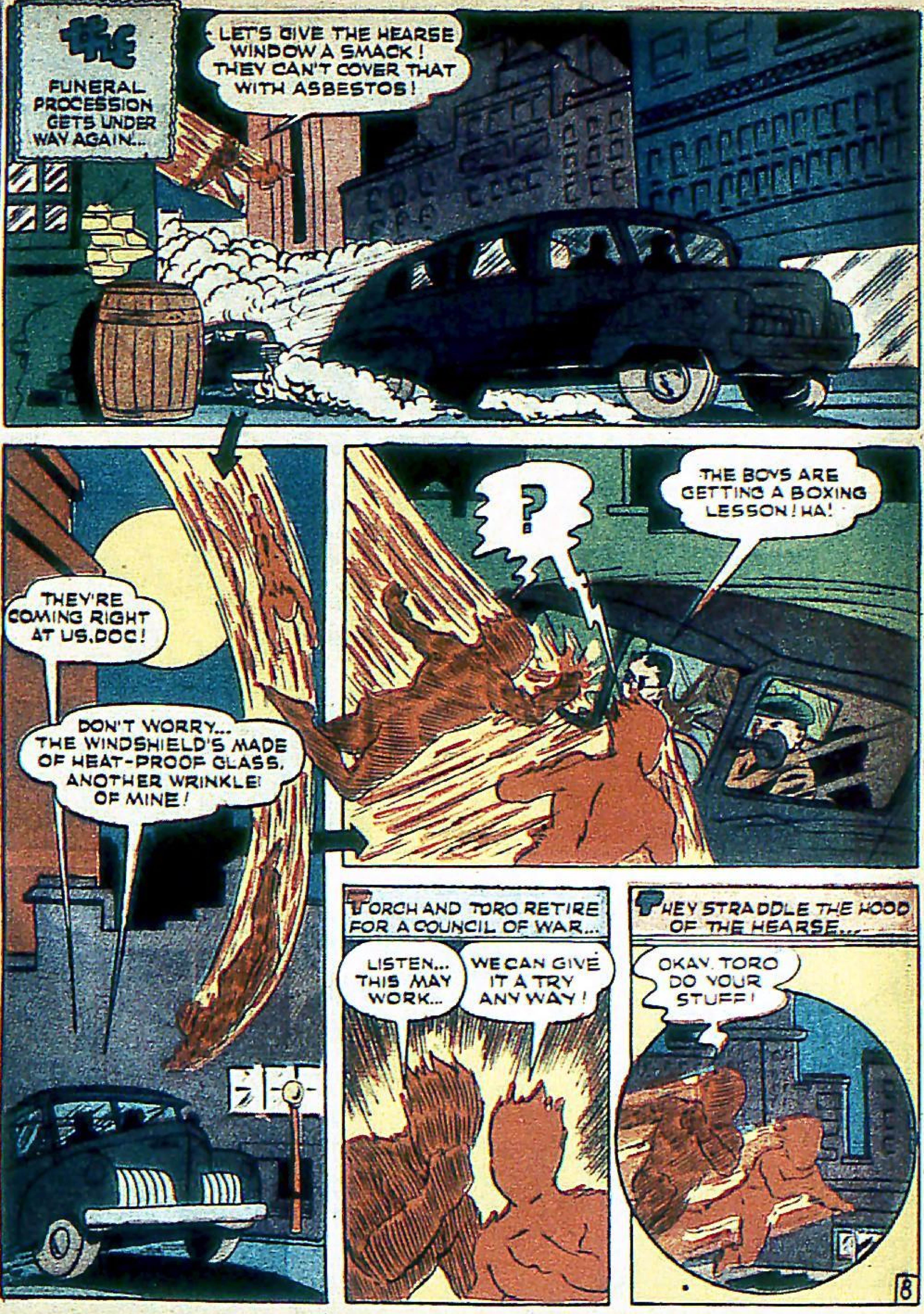

OKAY! LET EM HAVE IT...!

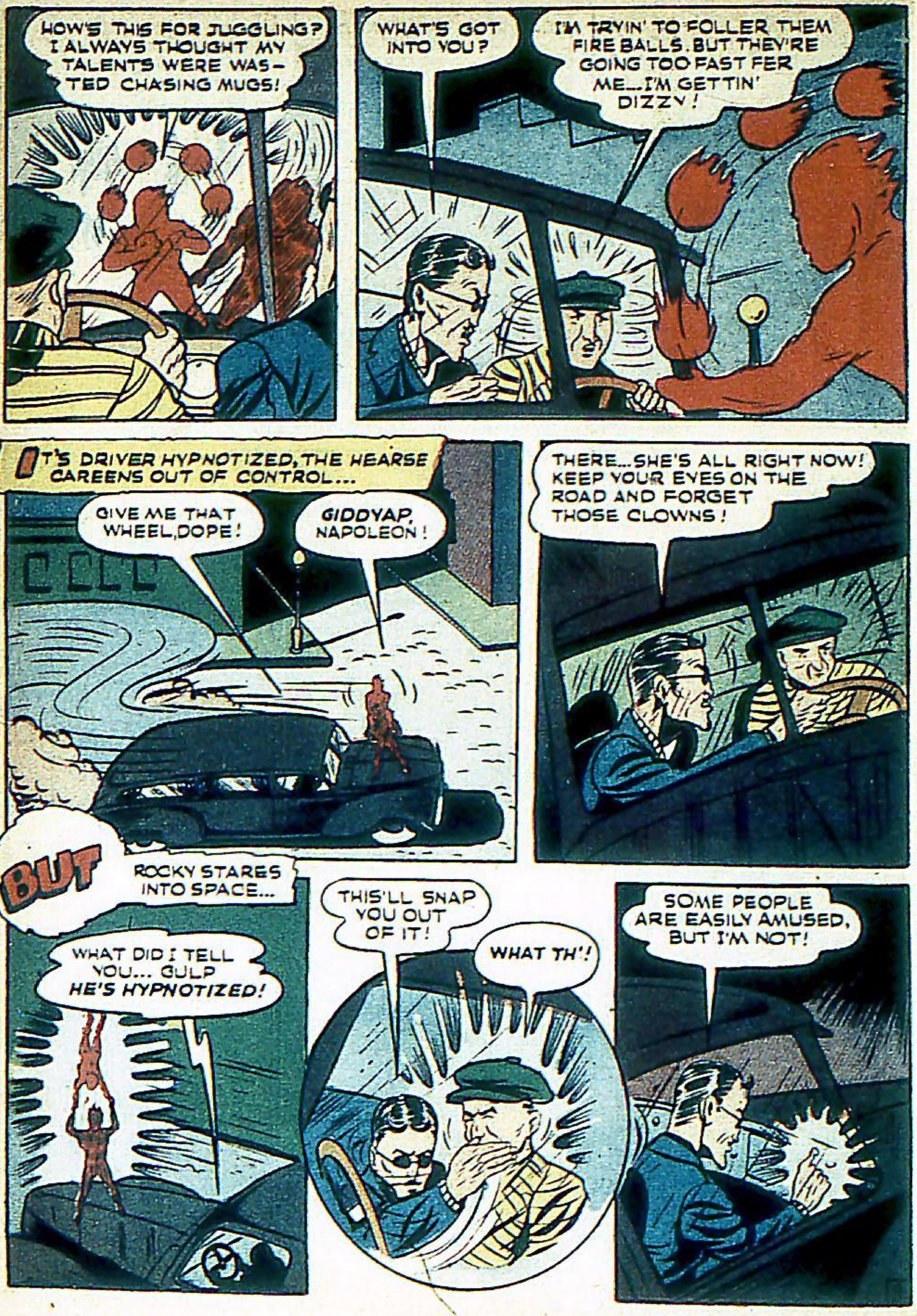

THERE GOES MY LIQUID AIR MACHINE!
WOW!
STEADY! WE AIN'T GONNA LOSE A MILLION BUCKS JUST BECAUSE YOU GET HIT IN THE PANTS!

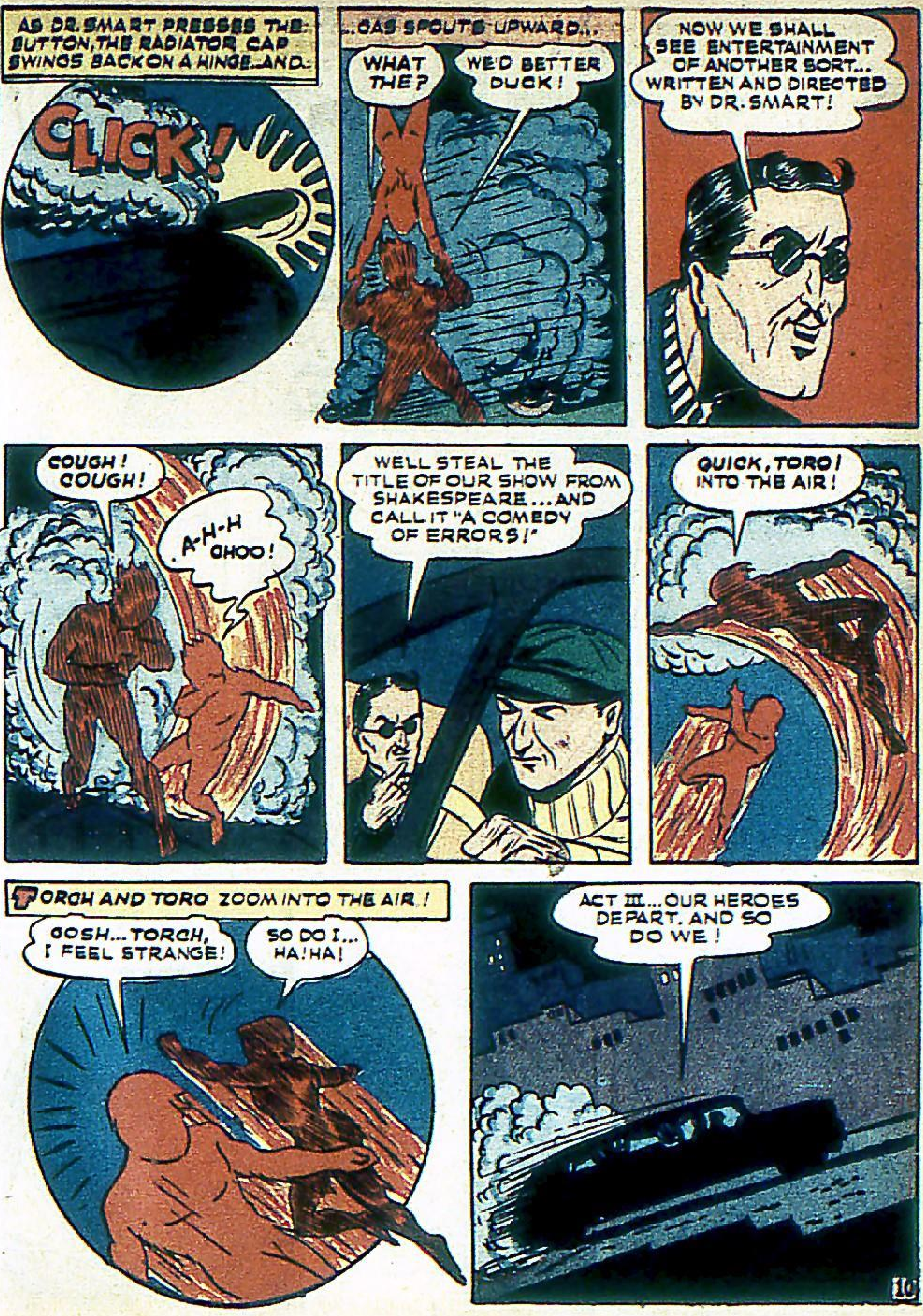

DR. SMART TOSSES SOMETHING INTO THE AIR....
CATCH IT!
PROBABLY A BOMB! I'LL GRAB IT AND TOSS IT BACK!

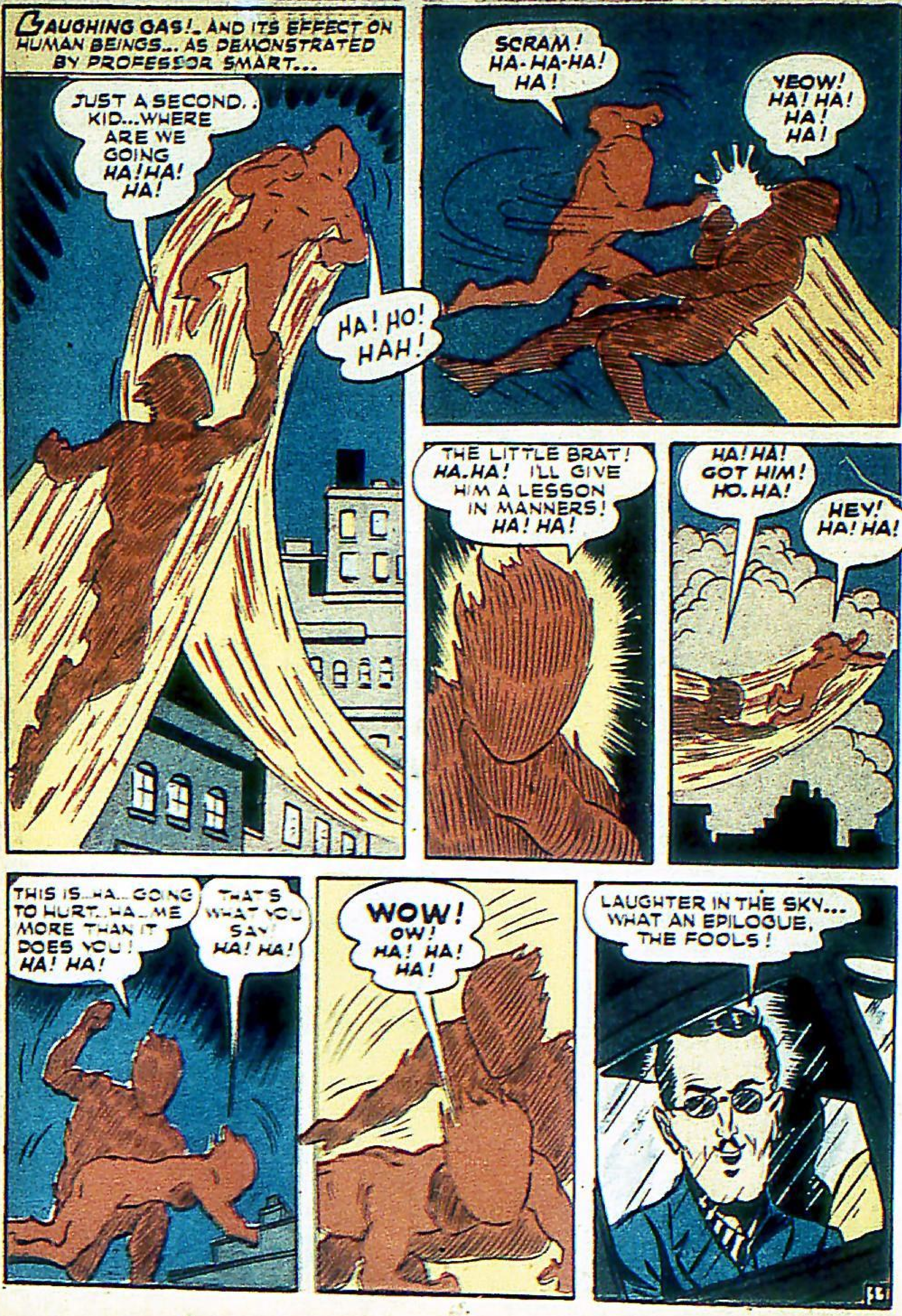

YEOW! IT'S SPOUTING LIQUID AIR!
HEY! WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON, ANYWAY?

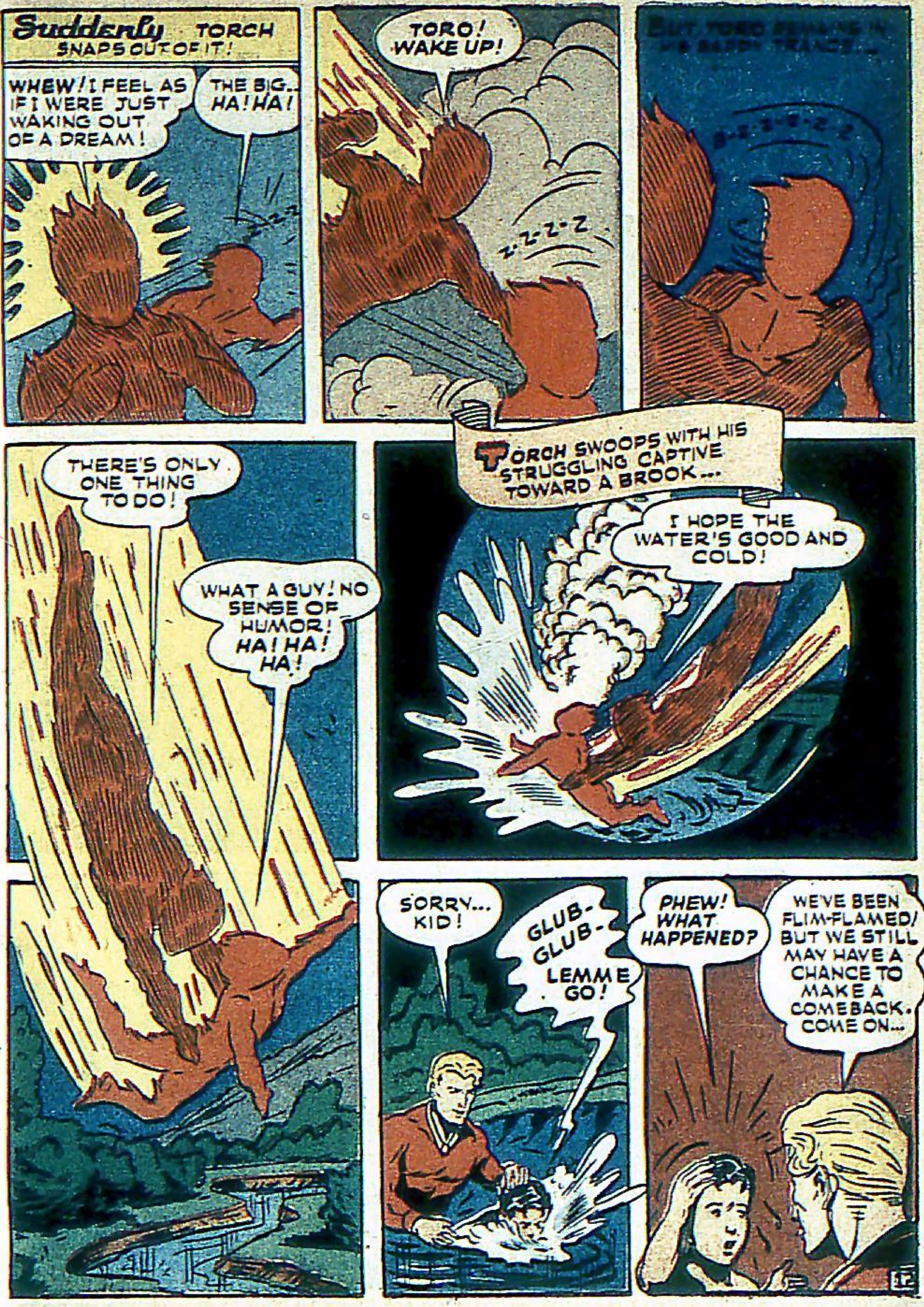

FULL SPEED, ROCKY! THE FUNERAL OF MR. MILLION HAS BEEN DELAYED LONG ENOUGH!

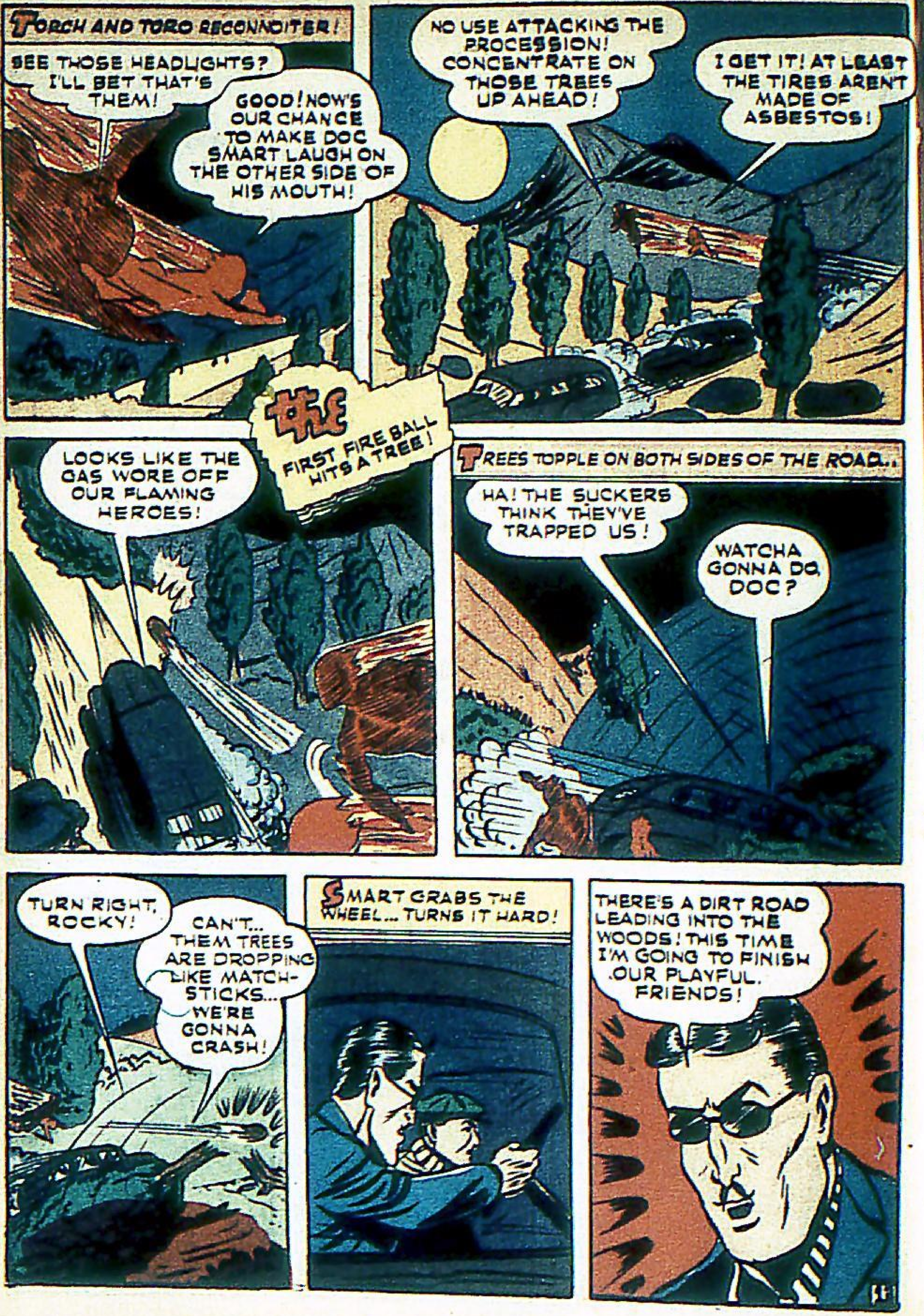

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION GETS UNDER WAY AGAIN...
LET'S GIVE THE HEARSE WINDOW A SMACK! THEY CAN'T COVER THAT WITH ASBESTOS!
THEY'RE COMING RIGHT AT US, DOC!
DON'T WORRY... THE WINDSHIELD'S MADE OF HEAT-PROOF GLASS. ANOTHER WRINKLE OF MINE!
?
THE BOYS ARE GETTING A BOXING LESSON! HA!
TORCH AND TORO RETIRE FOR A COUNCIL OF WAR...
LISTEN... THIS MAY WORK...
WE CAN GIVE IT A TRY ANY WAY!
THEY STRADDLE THE HOOD OF THE HEARSE...
OKAY, TORO DO YOUR STUFF!

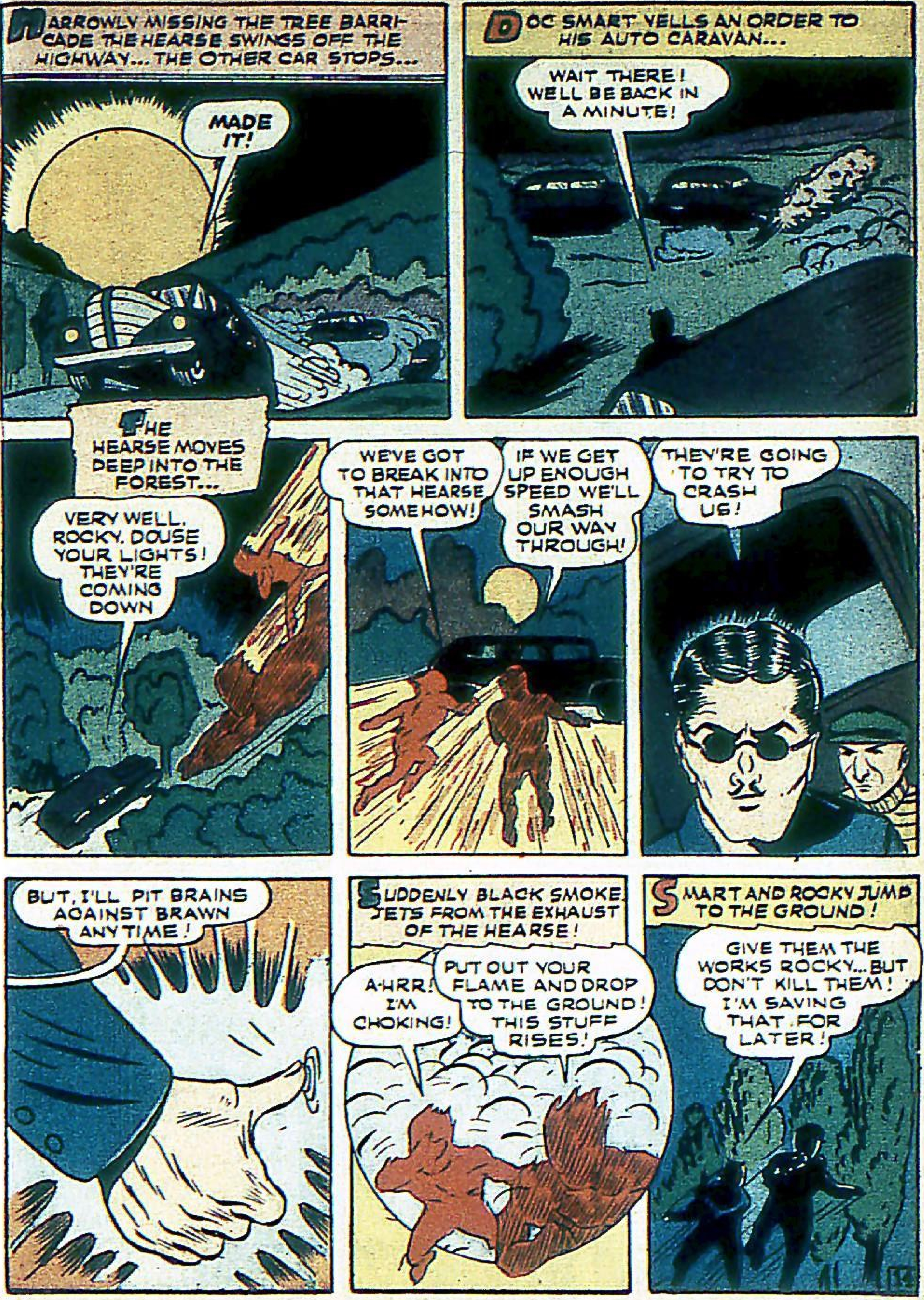

HOW'S THIS FOR JUGGLING? I ALWAYS THOUGHT MY TALENTS WERE WASTED CHASING MUGS!
WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?
I'M TRYIN' TO FOLLER THEM FIRE BALLS. BUT THEY'RE GOING TOO FAST FER ME...I'M GETTIN' DIZZY!
ITS DRIVER HYPNOTIZED, THE HEARSE CAREENS OUT OF CONTROL...
GIVE ME THAT WHEEL, DOPE!
GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON!
THERE...SHE'S ALL RIGHT NOW! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD AND FORGET THOSE CLOWNS!
BUT ROCKY STARES INTO SPACE...
WHAT DID I TELL YOU... GULP HE'S HYPNOTIZED!
THIS'LL SNAP YOU OUT OF IT!
WHAT TH'!
SOME PEOPLE ARE EASILY AMUSED, BUT I'M NOT!

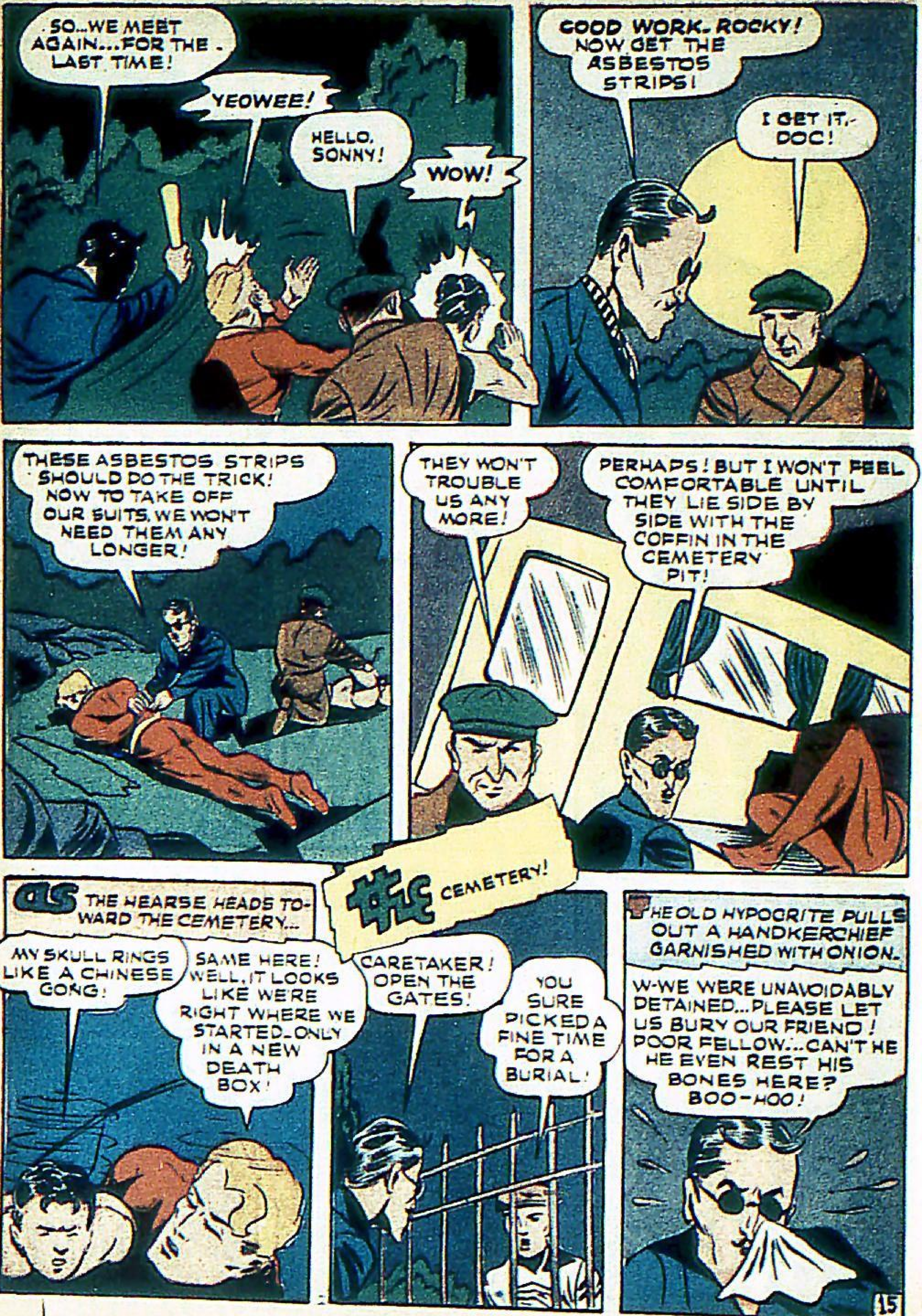

AS DR. SMART PRESSES THE BUTTON, THE RADIATOR CAP SWINGS BACK ON A HINGE...AND...
CLICK!
...GAS SPOUTS UPWARD...
WHAT THE?
WE'D BETTER DUCK!
NOW WE SHALL SEE ENTERTAINMENT OF ANOTHER SORT... WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY DR. SMART!
COUGH! COUGH!
A-H-H CHOO!
WELL STEAL THE TITLE OF OUR SHOW FROM SHAKESPEARE... AND CALL IT "A COMEDY OF ERRORS!"
QUICK, TORO! INTO THE AIR!
TORCH AND TORO ZOOM INTO THE AIR!
GOSH... TORCH, I FEEL STRANGE!
SO DO I... HA! HA!
ACT III... OUR HEROES DEPART. AND SO DO WE!

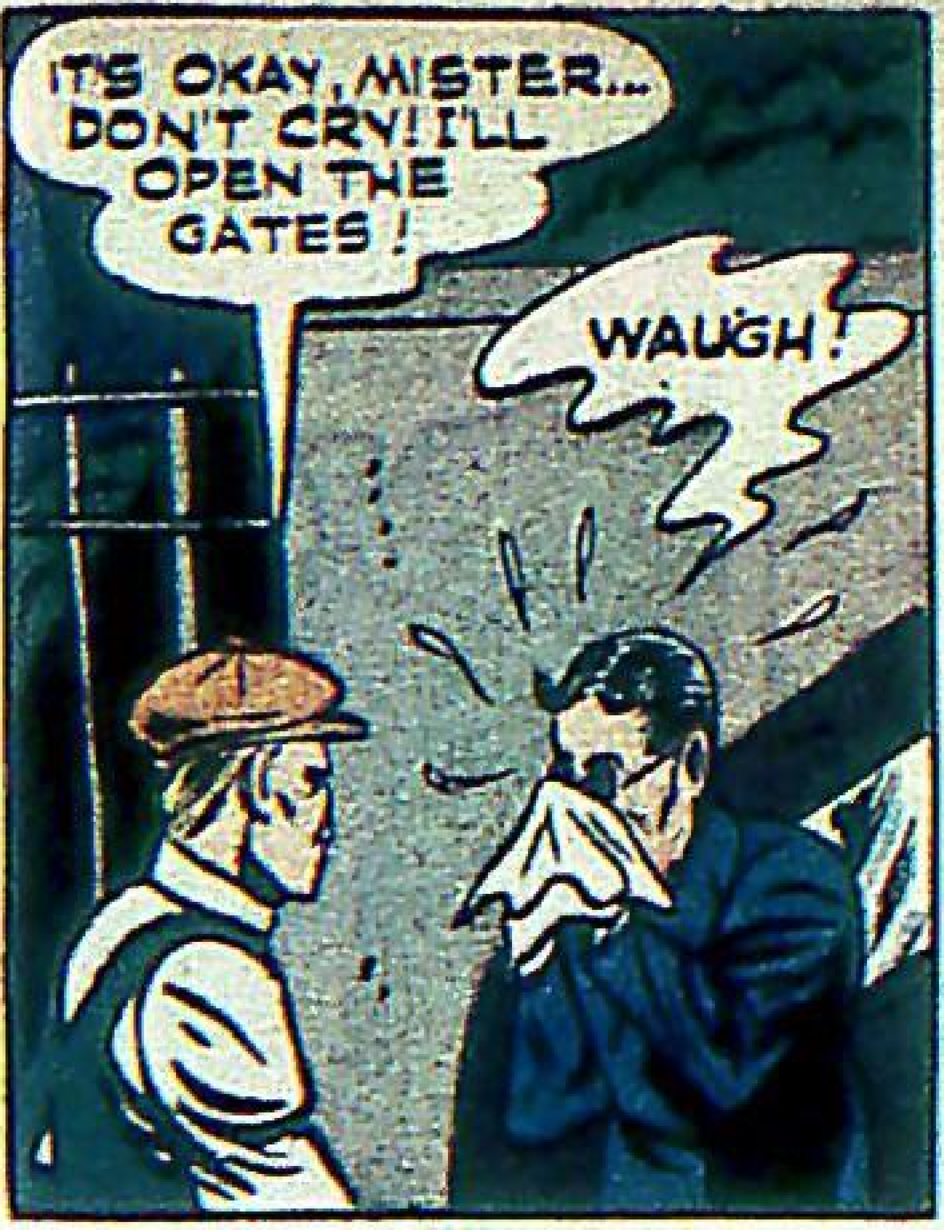

LAUGHING GAS!.. AND ITS EFFECT ON HUMAN BEINGS... AS DEMONSTRATED BY PROFESSOR SMART...
JUST A SECOND.. KID...WHERE ARE WE GOING HA! HA! HA!
HA! HO! HAH!
SCRAM! HA-HA-HA! HA!
YEOW! HA! HA! HA! HA!
THE LITTLE BRAT! HA-HA! I'LL GIVE HIM A LESSON IN MANNERS! HA! HA!
HA! HA! GOT HIM! HO-HA!
HEY! HA! HA!
THIS IS..HA..GOING TO HURT..HA..ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU! HA! HA!
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY! HA! HA!
WOW! OW! HA! HA! HA!
LAUGHTER IN THE SKY... WHAT AN EPILOGUE, THE FOOLS!

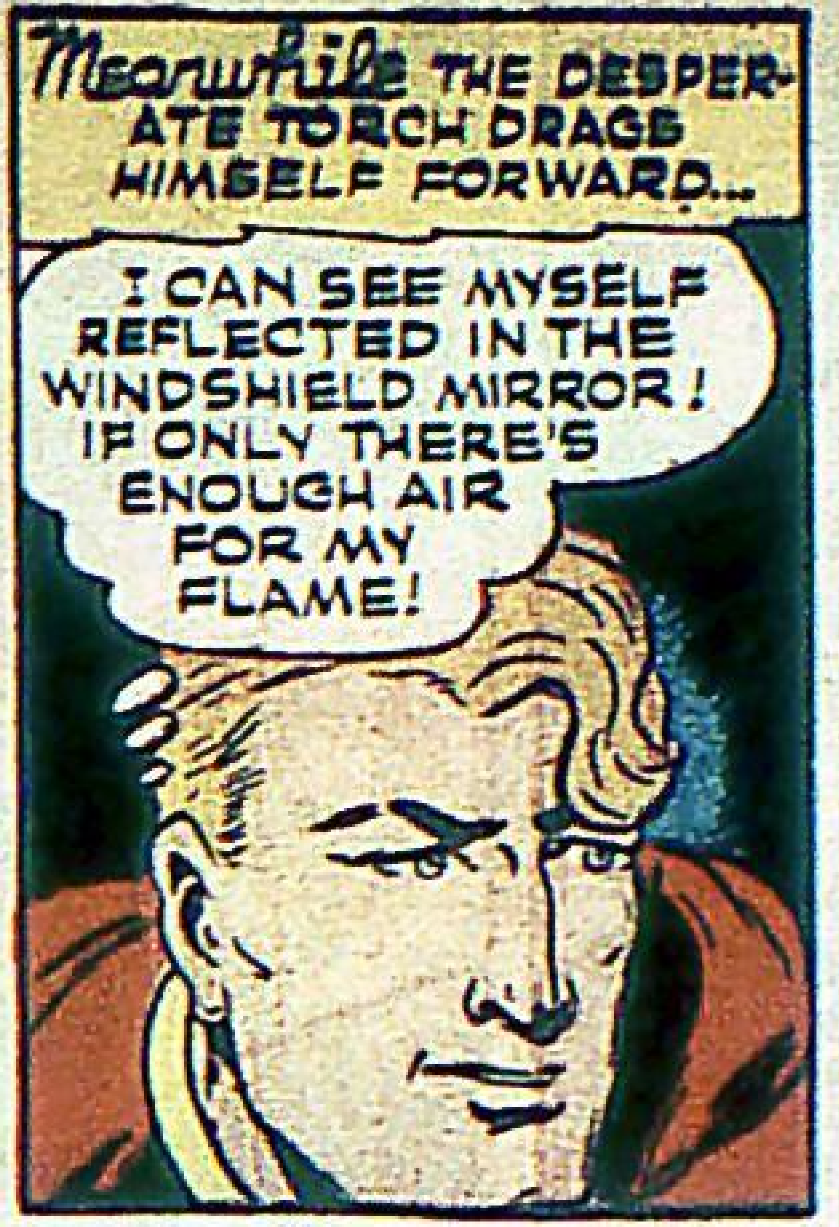

Suddenly TORCH SNAPS OUT OF IT!
WHEW! I FEEL AS IF I WERE JUST WAKING OUT OF A DREAM!
THE BIG... HA! HA!
Z-Z-Z
TORO! WAKE UP!
Z-Z-Z-Z
BUT TORO REMAINS IN HIS DAFFY TRANCE...
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
WHAT A GUY! NO SENSE OF HUMOR! HA! HA! HA!
TORCH SWOOPS WITH HIS STRUGGLING CAPTIVE TOWARD A BROOK...
I HOPE THE WATER'S GOOD AND COLD!
SORRY... KID!
GLUB-GLUB-LEMME GO!
PHEW! WHAT HAPPENED?
WE'VE BEEN FLIM-FLAMED! BUT WE STILL MAY HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE A COMEBACK. COME ON...

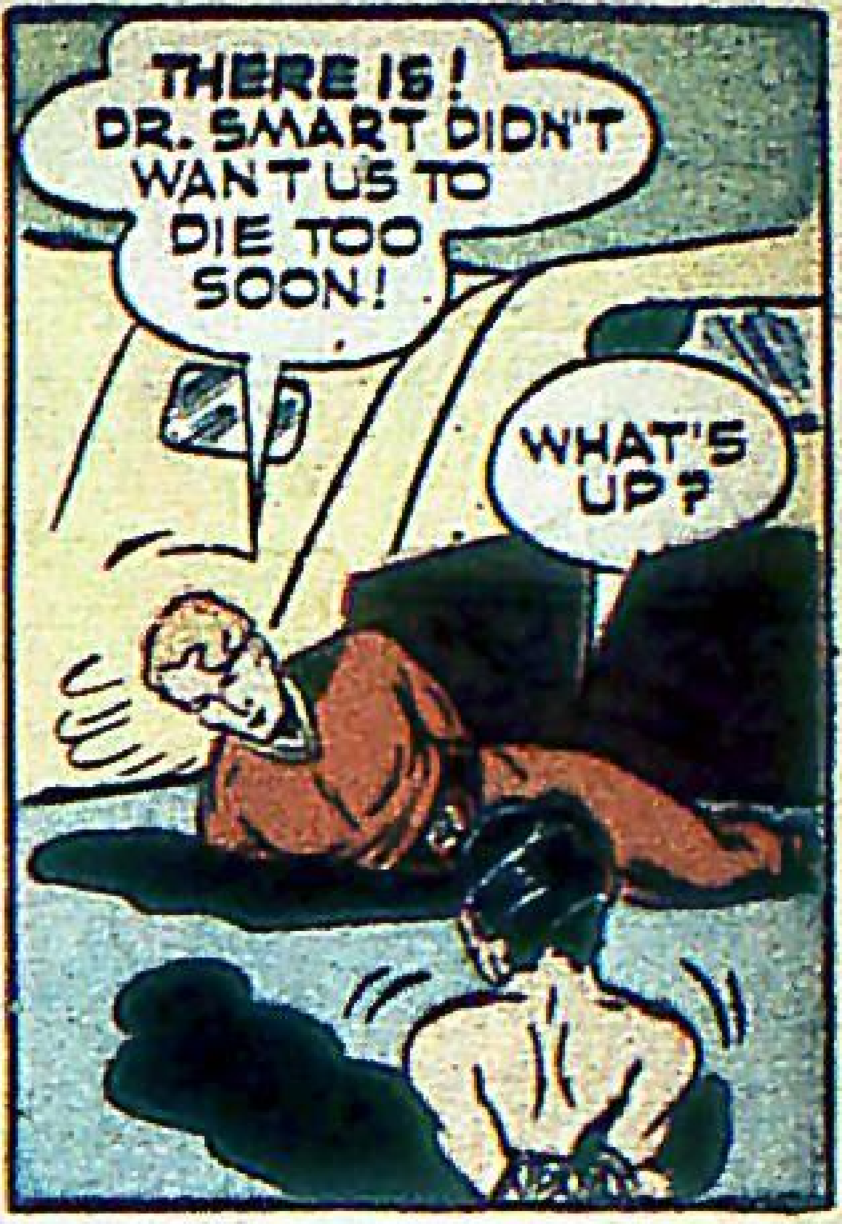

TORCH AND TORO RECONNOITER!
SEE THOSE HEADLIGHTS? I'LL BET THAT'S THEM!
GOOD! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO MAKE DOC SMART LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS MOUTH!
NO USE ATTACKING THE PROCESSION! CONCENTRATE ON THOSE TREES UP AHEAD!
I GET IT! AT LEAST THE TIRES AREN'T MADE OF ASBESTOS!
THE FIRST FIRE BALL HITS A TREE!
LOOKS LIKE THE GAS WORE OFF OUR FLAMING HEROES!
TREES TOPPLE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD..
HA! THE SUCKERS THINK THEY'VE TRAPPED US!
WATCHA GONNA DO, DOC?
TURN RIGHT, ROCKY!
CAN'T... THEM TREES ARE DROPPING LIKE MATCH-STICKS... WE'RE GONNA CRASH!
SMART GRABS THE WHEEL... TURNS IT HARD!
THERE'S A DIRT ROAD LEADING INTO THE WOODS! THIS TIME I'M GOING TO FINISH OUR PLAYFUL FRIENDS!

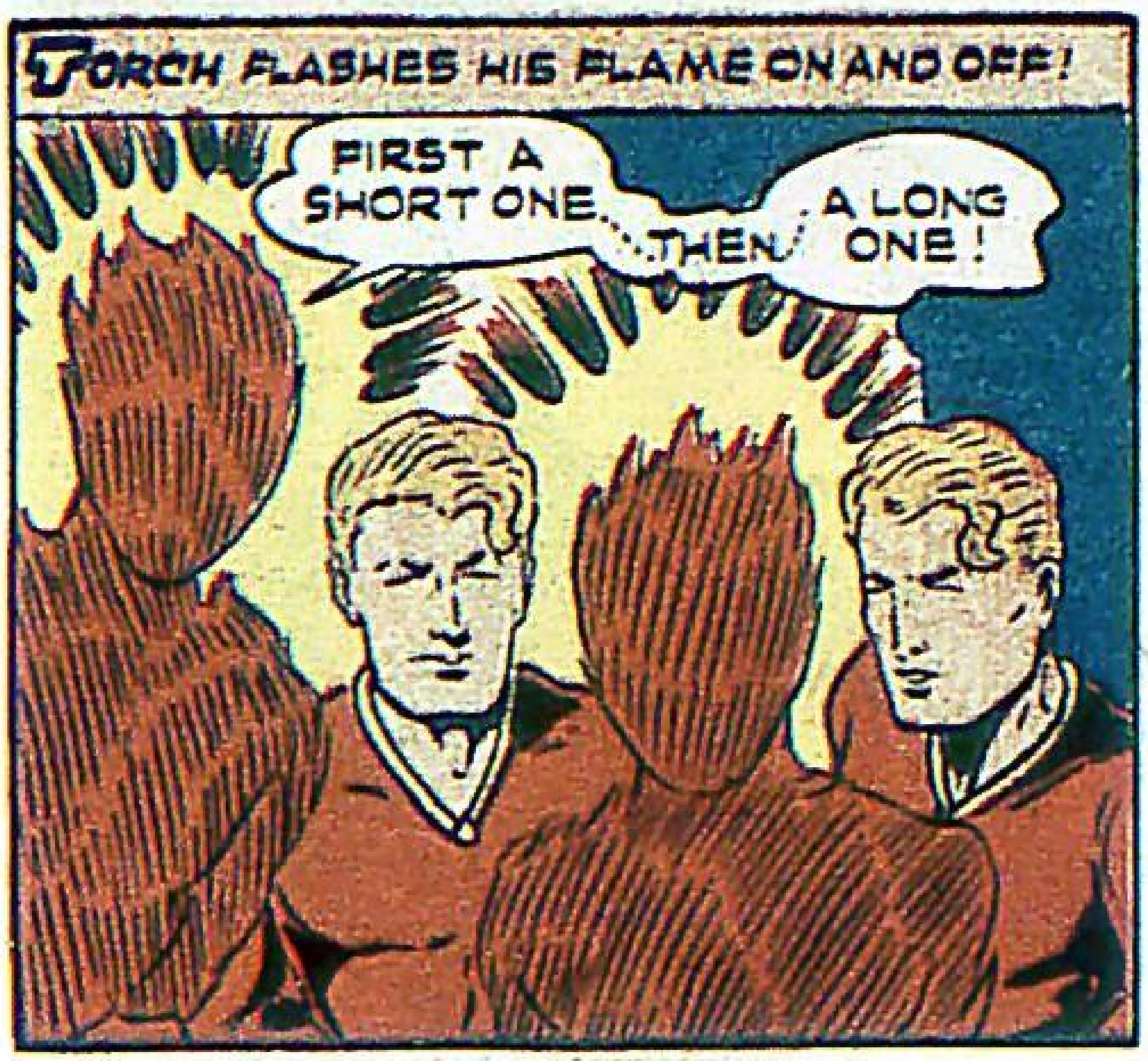

NARROWLY MISSING THE TREE BARRICADE THE HEARSE SWINGS OFF THE HIGHWAY... THE OTHER CAR STOPS...
MADE IT!
DOC SMART YELLS AN ORDER TO HIS AUTO CARAVAN...
WAIT THERE! WELL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!
THE HEARSE MOVES DEEP INTO THE FOREST...
VERY WELL, ROCKY. DOUSE YOUR LIGHTS! THEY'RE COMING DOWN
WE'VE GOT TO BREAK INTO THAT HEARSE SOMEHOW!
IF WE GET UP ENOUGH SPEED WE'LL SMASH OUR WAY THROUGH!
THEY'RE GOING TO TRY TO CRASH US!
BUT, I'LL PIT BRAINS AGAINST BRAWN ANY TIME!
SUDDENLY BLACK SMOKE JETS FROM THE EXHAUST OF THE HEARSE!
A-HRR! I'M CHOKING!
PUT OUT YOUR FLAME AND DROP TO THE GROUND! THIS STUFF RISES!
SMART AND ROCKY JUMP TO THE GROUND!
GIVE THEM THE WORKS ROCKY... BUT DON'T KILL THEM! I'M SAVING THAT FOR LATER!
14

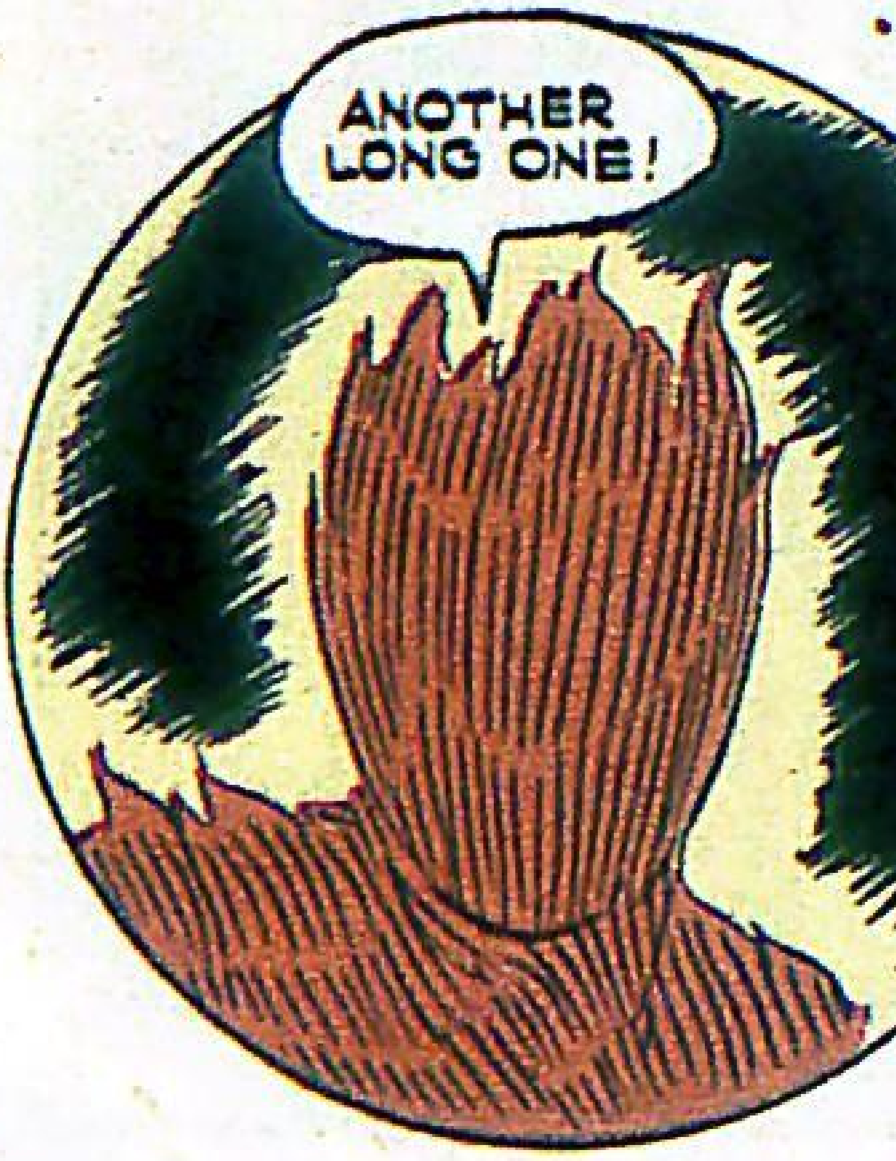

SO...WE MEET AGAIN...FOR THE LAST TIME!
YEOWEE!
HELLO, SONNY!
WOW!
GOOD WORK, ROCKY! NOW GET THE ASBESTOS STRIPS!
I GET IT, DOC!
THESE ASBESTOS STRIPS SHOULD DO THE TRICK! NOW TO TAKE OFF OUR SUITS. WE WON'T NEED THEM ANY LONGER!
THEY WON'T TROUBLE US ANY MORE!
PERHAPS! BUT I WON'T FEEL COMFORTABLE UNTIL THEY LIE SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE COFFIN IN THE CEMETERY PIT!
AS THE HEARSE HEADS TOWARD THE CEMETERY...
MY SKULL RINGS LIKE A CHINESE GONG!
SAME HERE! WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE RIGHT WHERE WE STARTED...ONLY IN A NEW DEATH BOX!
THE CEMETERY!
CARETAKER! OPEN THE GATES!
YOU SURE PICKED A FINE TIME FOR A BURIAL!
THE OLD HYPOCRITE PULLS OUT A HANDKERCHIEF GARNISHED WITH ONION.
W-WE WERE UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED...PLEASE LET US BURY OUR FRIEND! POOR FELLOW...CAN'T HE EVEN REST HIS BONES HERE? BOO-HOO!

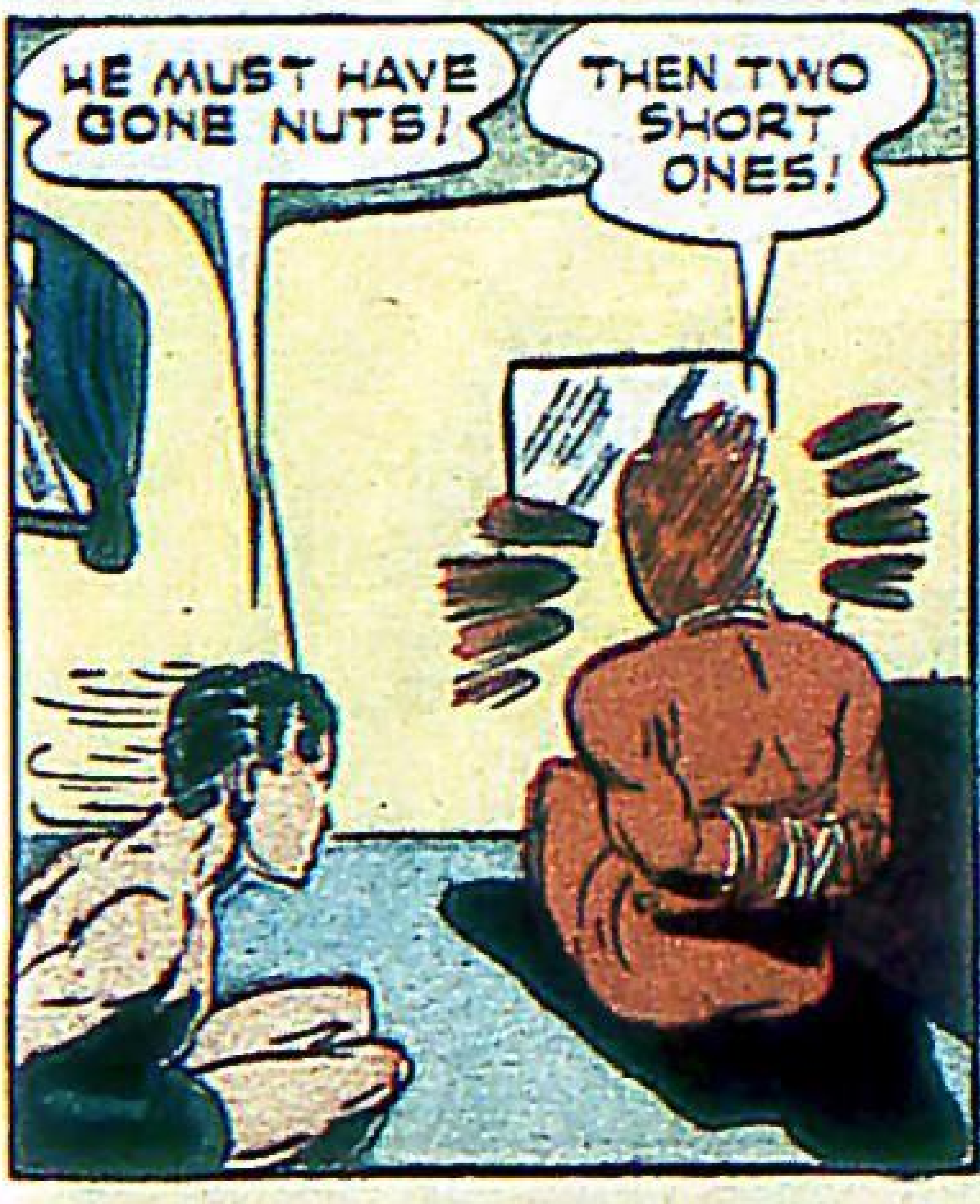

IT'S OKAY, MISTER... DON'T CRY! I'LL OPEN THE GATES!
WAUGH!

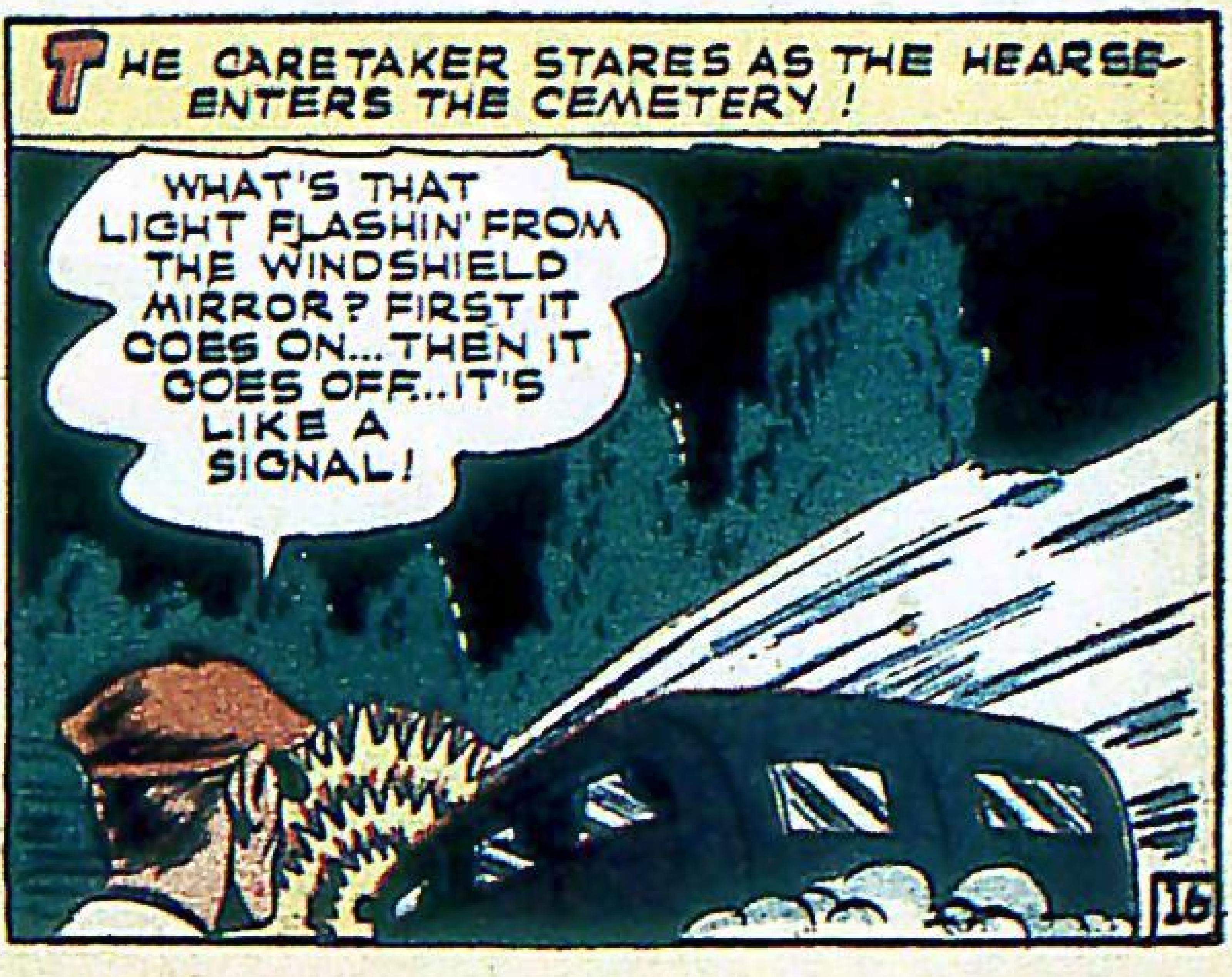

Meanwhile THE DESPERATE TORCH DRAGS HIMSELF FORWARD...
I CAN SEE MYSELF REFLECTED IN THE WINDSHIELD MIRROR! IF ONLY THERE'S ENOUGH AIR FOR MY FLAME!

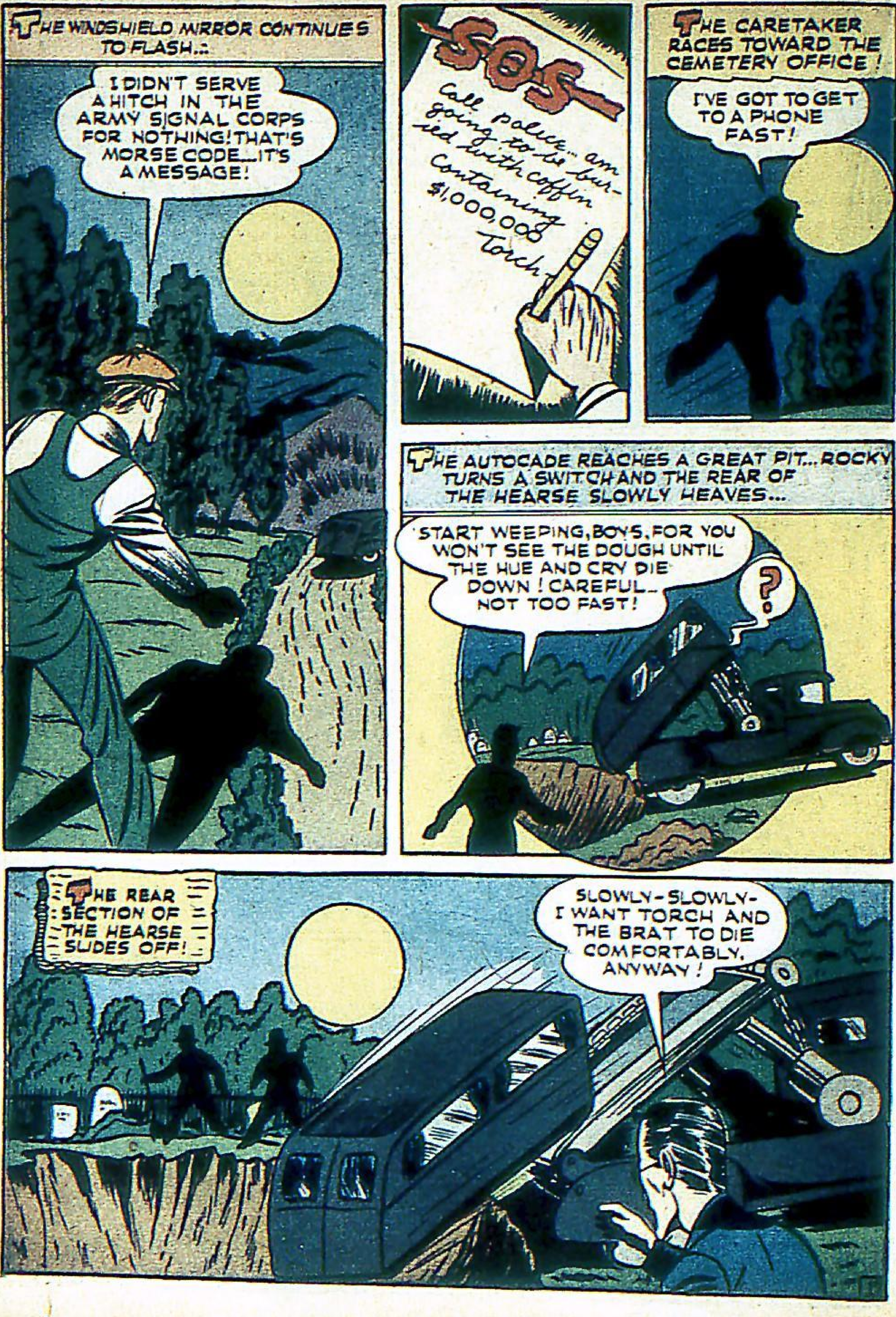

THERE IS! DR. SMART DIDN'T WANT US TO DIE TOO SOON!
WHAT'S UP?

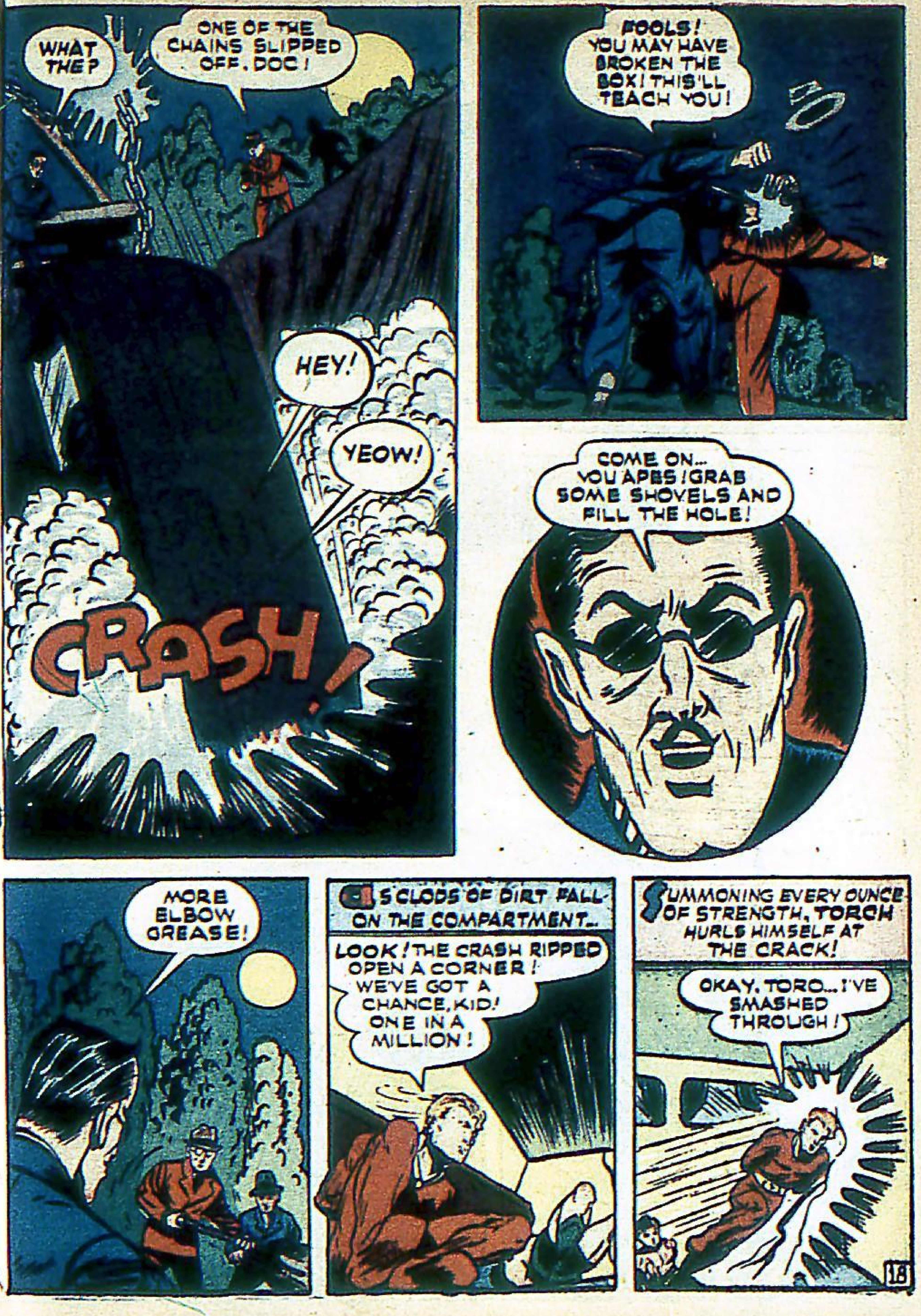

TORCH FLASHES HIS FLAME ON AND OFF!
FIRST A SHORT ONE...THEN A LONG ONE!

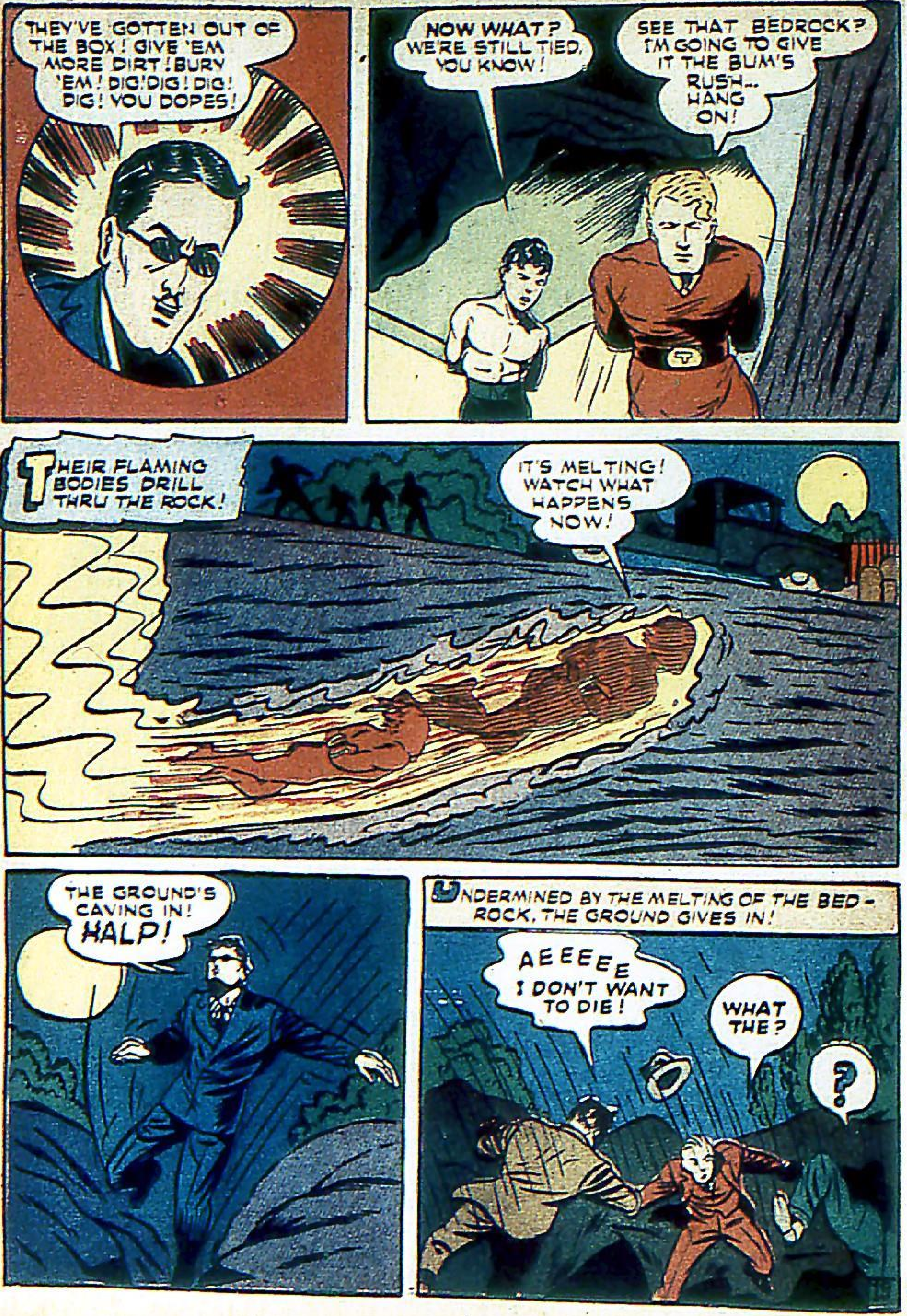

ANOTHER LONG ONE!

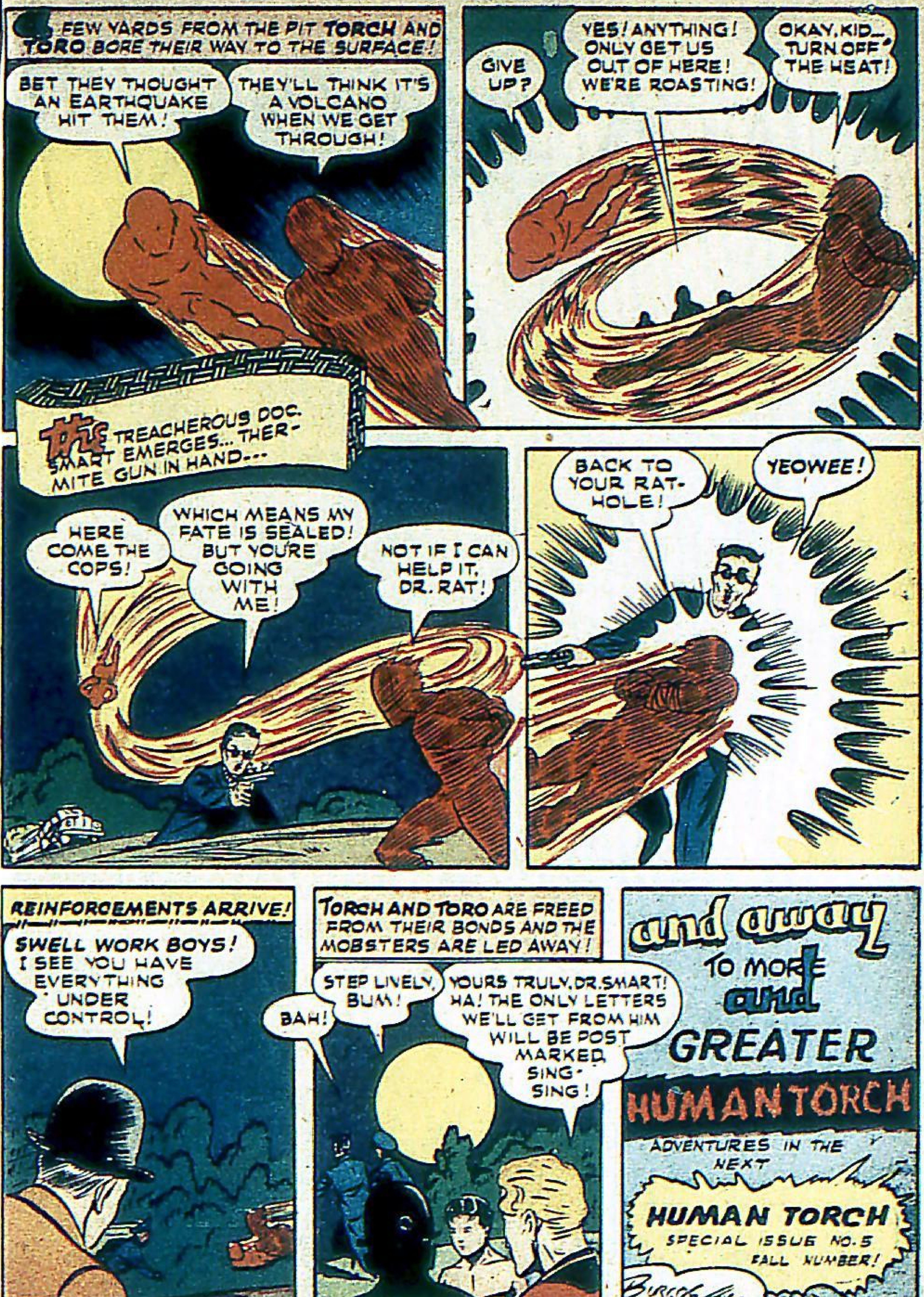

HE MUST HAVE GONE NUTS!
THEN TWO SHORT ONES!


THE CARETAKER STARES AS THE HEARSE ENTERS THE CEMETERY!
WHAT'S THAT LIGHT FLASHIN' FROM THE WINDSHIELD MIRROR? FIRST IT GOES ON...THEN IT GOES OFF...IT'S LIKE A SIGNAL!

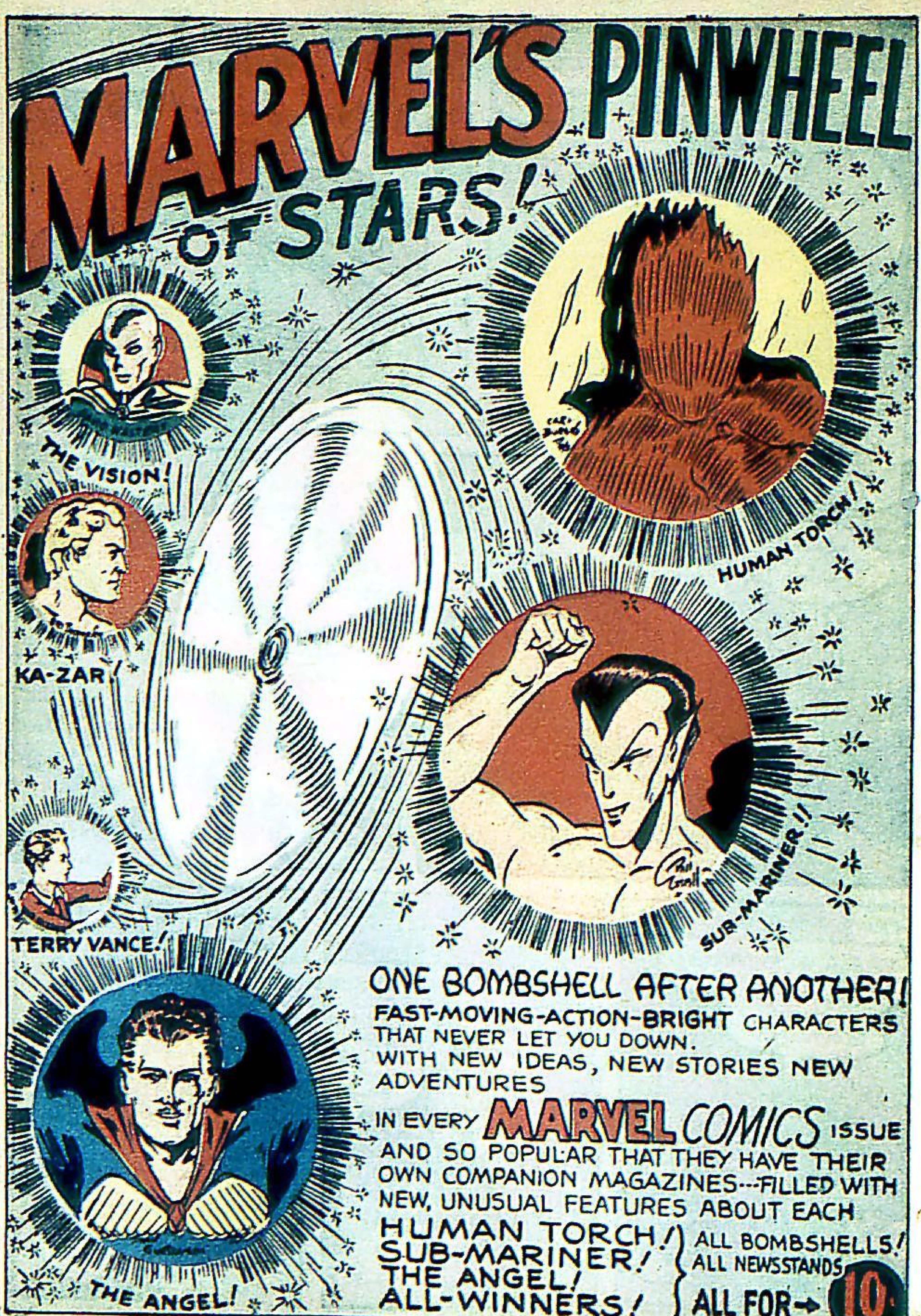

THE WINDSHIELD MIRROR CONTINUES TO FLASH...
I DIDN'T SERVE A HITCH IN THE ARMY SIGNAL CORPS FOR NOTHING! THAT'S MORSE CODE...IT'S A MESSAGE!
SOS
Call police.. am going to be buried with coffin containing $1,000,000
Torch
THE CARETAKER RACES TOWARD THE CEMETERY OFFICE!
I'VE GOT TO GET TO A PHONE FAST!
THE AUTOCADE REACHES A GREAT PIT... ROCKY TURNS A SWITCH AND THE REAR OF THE HEARSE SLOWLY HEAVES...
START WEEPING, BOYS, FOR YOU WON'T SEE THE DOUGH UNTIL THE HUE AND CRY DIE DOWN! CAREFUL... NOT TOO FAST!
?
THE REAR SECTION OF THE HEARSE SLIDES OFF!
SLOWLY-SLOWLY- I WANT TORCH AND THE BRAT TO DIE COMFORTABLY, ANYWAY!


WHAT THE?
ONE OF THE CHAINS SLIPPED OFF, DOC!
HEY!
YEOW!
CRASH!
FOOLS! YOU MAY HAVE BROKEN THE BOX! THIS'LL TEACH YOU!
COME ON... YOU APES! GRAB SOME SHOVELS AND FILL THE HOLE!
MORE ELBOW GREASE!
AS CLODS OF DIRT FALL ON THE COMPARTMENT...
LOOK! THE CRASH RIPPED OPEN A CORNER! WE'VE GOT A CHANCE, KID! ONE IN A MILLION!
SUMMONING EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH, TORCH HURLS HIMSELF AT THE CRACK!
OKAY, TORO... I'VE SMASHED THROUGH!


THEY'VE GOTTEN OUT OF THE BOX! GIVE 'EM MORE DIRT! BURY 'EM! DIG! DIG! DIG! DIG! YOU DOPES!
NOW WHAT? WE'RE STILL TIED, YOU KNOW!
SEE THAT BEDROCK? I'M GOING TO GIVE IT THE BUM'S RUSH... HANG ON!
THEIR FLAMING BODIES DRILL THRU THE ROCK!
IT'S MELTING! WATCH WHAT HAPPENS NOW!
THE GROUND'S CAVING IN! HALP!
UNDERMINED BY THE MELTING OF THE BEDROCK, THE GROUND GIVES IN!
AEEEEE I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
WHAT THE?
?


A FEW YARDS FROM THE PIT TORCH AND TORO BORE THEIR WAY TO THE SURFACE!
BET THEY THOUGHT AN EARTHQUAKE HIT THEM!
THEY'LL THINK IT'S A VOLCANO WHEN WE GET THROUGH!
GIVE UP?
YES! ANYTHING! ONLY GET US OUT OF HERE! WE'RE ROASTING!
OKAY, KID... TURN OFF THE HEAT!
THE TREACHEROUS DOC. SMART EMERGES... THERMITE GUN IN HAND...
HERE COME THE COPS!
WHICH MEANS MY FATE IS SEALED! BUT YOU'RE GOING WITH ME!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, DR. RAT!
BACK TO YOUR RAT-HOLE!
YEOWEE!
REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE!
SWELL WORK BOYS! I SEE YOU HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL!
TORCH AND TORO ARE FREED FROM THEIR BONDS AND THE MOBSTERS ARE LED AWAY!
BAH!
STEP LIVELY, BUM!
YOURS TRULY, DR. SMART! HA! THE ONLY LETTERS WE'LL GET FROM HIM WILL BE POST MARKED, SING-SING!
and away TO MORE and GREATER
HUMAN TORCH
ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT
HUMAN TORCH SPECIAL ISSUE NO. 5 FALL NUMBER!
BURGOS 41

MARVEL'S PINWHEEL OF STARS!


THE VISION!
KA-ZAR!
TERRY VANCE!
THE ANGEL!
HUMAN TORCH!
SUB-MARINER!!

ONE BOMBSHELL AFTER ANOTHER!

FAST-MOVING-ACTION-BRIGHT CHARACTERS THAT NEVER LET YOU DOWN.
WITH NEW IDEAS, NEW STORIES NEW ADVENTURES
IN EVERY **MARVEL** COMICS ISSUE
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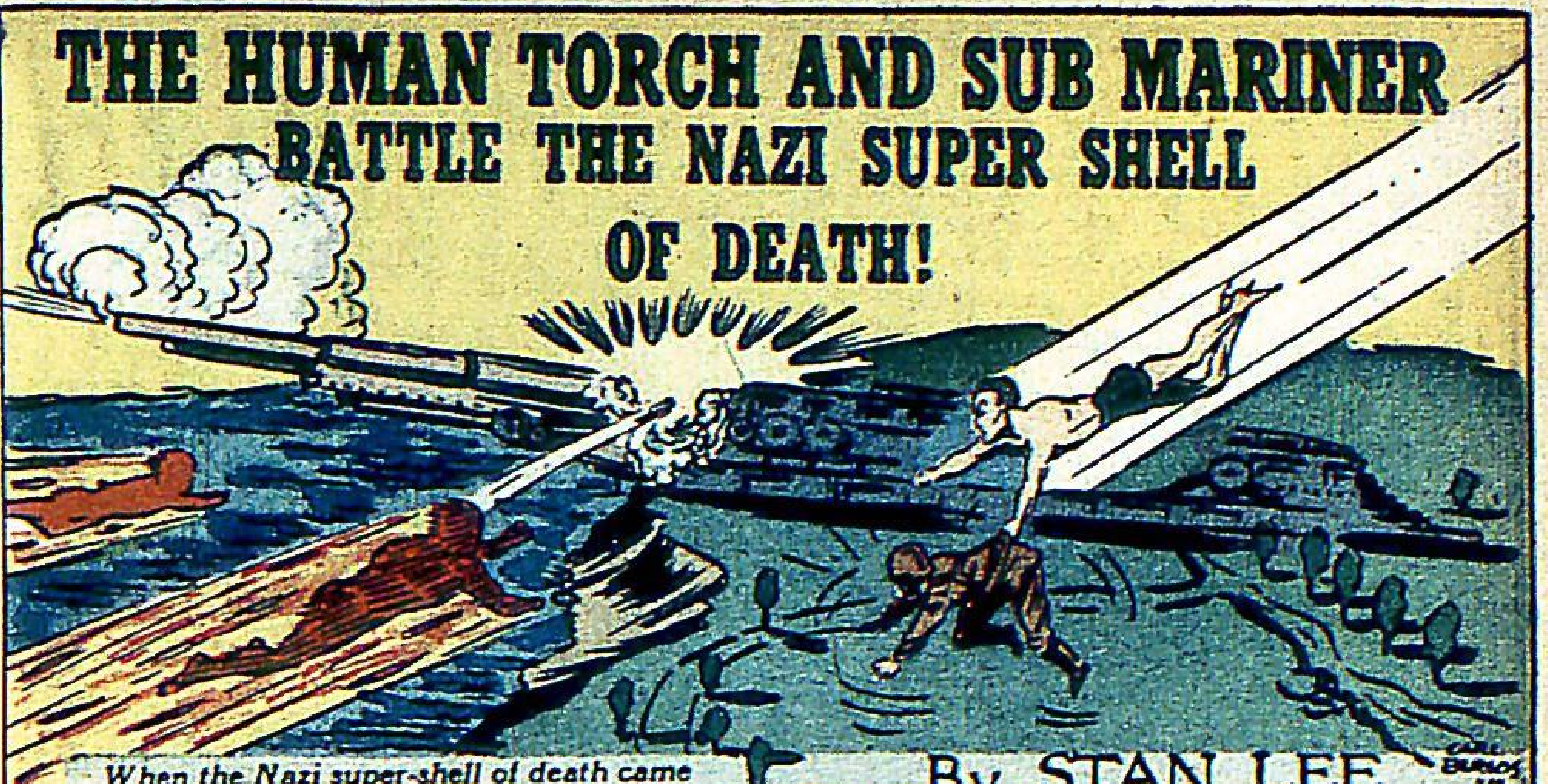
HUMAN TORCH!
SUB-MARINER!
THE ANGEL!
ALL-WINNERS!

ALL BOMBSHELLS!
ALL NEWSSTANDS
ALL FOR → 10¢

THE HUMAN TORCH AND SUB MARINER BATTLE THE NAZI SUPER SHELL OF DEATH!



By STAN LEE

When the Nazi super-shell of death came hurtling through the skies headed for the heart of London, only one man could stop it! And while that one man, The Human Torch, sped after the horrible missile, The Sub Mariner was fighting a battle to the bitter end with the attacking Nazi hordes! But let us go back a few weeks to where our story begins . . . It happened in this way—

THE HUMAN TORCH and TORO were flying above the British Isles with Prince Namor, the Sub Mariner, their friendly enemy. The three adventure-seekers had been in Britain for some time and were doing their bit to help the English beat back the repeated Nazi attempts at invasion. For weeks they had spent sleepless nights fighting the dreaded German Stuka dive-bombers which roared over the English country-side and industrial cities in a vain attempt to break British morale and halt British arms production! But the British still fought — and are still fighting valiantly on!

"You big bag of smoke!" yelled Prince Namor at the Torch as they were flying above London. "Why don't you go back to your fire-place somewhere and let men like me really do something against the Nazis?"

"Why, you water-logged flap-doodle!" the Torch snapped right back at Namor.

"Hey, cut it out, fellas!" cried Toro, the Flaming Kid. "Gee whiz, to hear you guys talk, someone would think that you really didn't like each other! I know that either one of you would go through fire and water to help the other!"

"What's so wonderful about that wet doodlebug going through water?" asked the Torch, scornfully.

"Yeah, and since when is it difficult for that walking furnace to go through fire, Toro?" chimed in the Sub Mariner.

"Aw gee," grinned the Flaming Kid, "you know darn well what I meant!" Toro then flew a little bit higher than his two companions, because he was growing tired of their constant arguing. "I'll leave them for a while," he thought, "and then they'll tire each other out and stop quarreling."

Flying above the other two, Toro was able to see further than they could. Beneath him he saw the cliffs of Dover which faced the Nazi-held coast of France. From his great height it seemed as though they were only little white beaches, dotting the coastline of southern Britain. And then, 20 miles to the east was France, now under German control! Toro flew still higher so that he could see France more easily. As he reached a point about 500 feet above the Torch and Namor he saw a sight which almost made his heart stand still!

JUTTING over the coast of France was the largest gun Toro had ever seen in his life! It was almost as high as a 50 story building —And it was aimed at the city of London!

In an instant the Flaming Kid zoomed down to where the Torch and Sub Mariner were flying along. "Torch! Namor!" he cried. "Fly up higher and take a look at the French coast! Quick!"

Namor scratched his head, quizzically. "What's gotten into the little cigar-lighter?" he asked, smiling.

"Never mind about Toro, you walking sponge!" answered the Torch as he whizzed up to where Toro had been flying. "Come on and take a look!"

A second later the three adventurers were looking upon the menacing Nazi guns with surprise and shock in their eyes! "Golly, what a pea-shooter *that* thing is!" muttered Namor.

"And that means," added Torch, "that the Nazis are planning a large scale invasion of Britain right away!—And they'll probably start it off by firing that pop-gun at London! Wow! It looks as though one shell from it could destroy the entire city!"

Toro was growing more excited each minute. "Well don't just stay there and talk!" he cried. "What are we going to do about it?"

The Torch and Sub Mariner looked at each other, smilingly. "Just wait and see, young fella!" grinned the Torch. "Yeah, if Torchy keeps out of my way, watch my smoke!" laughed the Sub Mariner. And then they went into action!

Flying toward France at such a tremendous speed that they almost left Toro behind, the Human Torch and Sub Mariner raced toward the big gun. They sped right through large, white clouds, passed speeding sea-gulls and air-planes alike! "Toro, you'd better go back and warn the English!" Torch yelled over his shoulder.

"Aw, leave the kid alone, fire-pants!" shouted Namor. "We can lick these Nazis without bothering the British about it!—Anyway *I* can! I don't know about you!"

Suddenly, Toro cried, "Look! Invasion barges below us! The Nazis are heading for the cliffs of Dover already!"

Immediately the Torch and Namor stopped their argument! "Quick, Namor!" said the Torch. "You fly back and take care of the Nazis trying to reach the English coast! Toro and I will go ahead and attend to the gun!"

Namor turned around in a split-second. "O.K., fire-bug!" he answered. "Good-luck!"

Namor reached the English shore again just as the Nazi invaders were being landed from their barges. "Oh boy!" exclaimed the under-sea prince, "here's where Poppa's little boy, Namor, has some real fun!"

The Sub Mariner hid on top of a high cliff which the Nazis were beginning to climb. He knew that the English soldiers would be waiting for the Nazis to reach the top before they began to fire at them, but he intended to "have some fun" with the Germans before the English could. "Why should they have all the fun?" he thought.

FINALLY, the Nazis reached the top! WHAM! The first Nazi found himself flying out to sea before he knew what was happening! SOCK! Ten more of Adolf's boys were sent sprawling down the cliff again, knocking over dozens of their comrades and causing them to fall with them! "Hot Ziggotty! This is the life!" cried the Sub Mariner, happily, as he rolled a Nazi tank which had almost reached the top of the hill right down again! The Nazis kept coming and Namor kept socking them back! "I could keep this up all day!" grinned Namor!

In the meantime, the Torch and Toro were nearing the French coast and the tremendous Nazi invasion gun. "We've got to reach it before it goes off, Toro!" cried Torch. "Hurry!"

But the words were no sooner out of his mouth when an earth-shaking explosion filled the air! "Torch, LOOK!" Toro could hardly believe his eyes. The Torch, too, was astonished; for out of the mouth of the Nazi mammoth gun, a shell was speeding toward London with the speed of a comet!—And what a shell! It was bigger than Toro himself and as heavy as a tank!

"Torch, we're licked!" moaned Toro. "Nothing can save London now! It is—" But Torch was no longer there! Toro looked around in surprise and saw the Torch flaming after the shell faster than he had ever flown before! With the fate of London at stake, the Torch knew that he *must* stop the Nazi shell!

After seconds that seemed like eternities, the shell reached the English coast and was only a stone's throw from the British capital! "There's only one thing to be done," thought the Torch, "and this it!" So saying, the Flame-Master hurled a huge ball of flame at the speeding shell, and shouted a command after it! The flame whizzed ahead of the shell and then stopped! "Here it comes!" exclaimed the Torch!

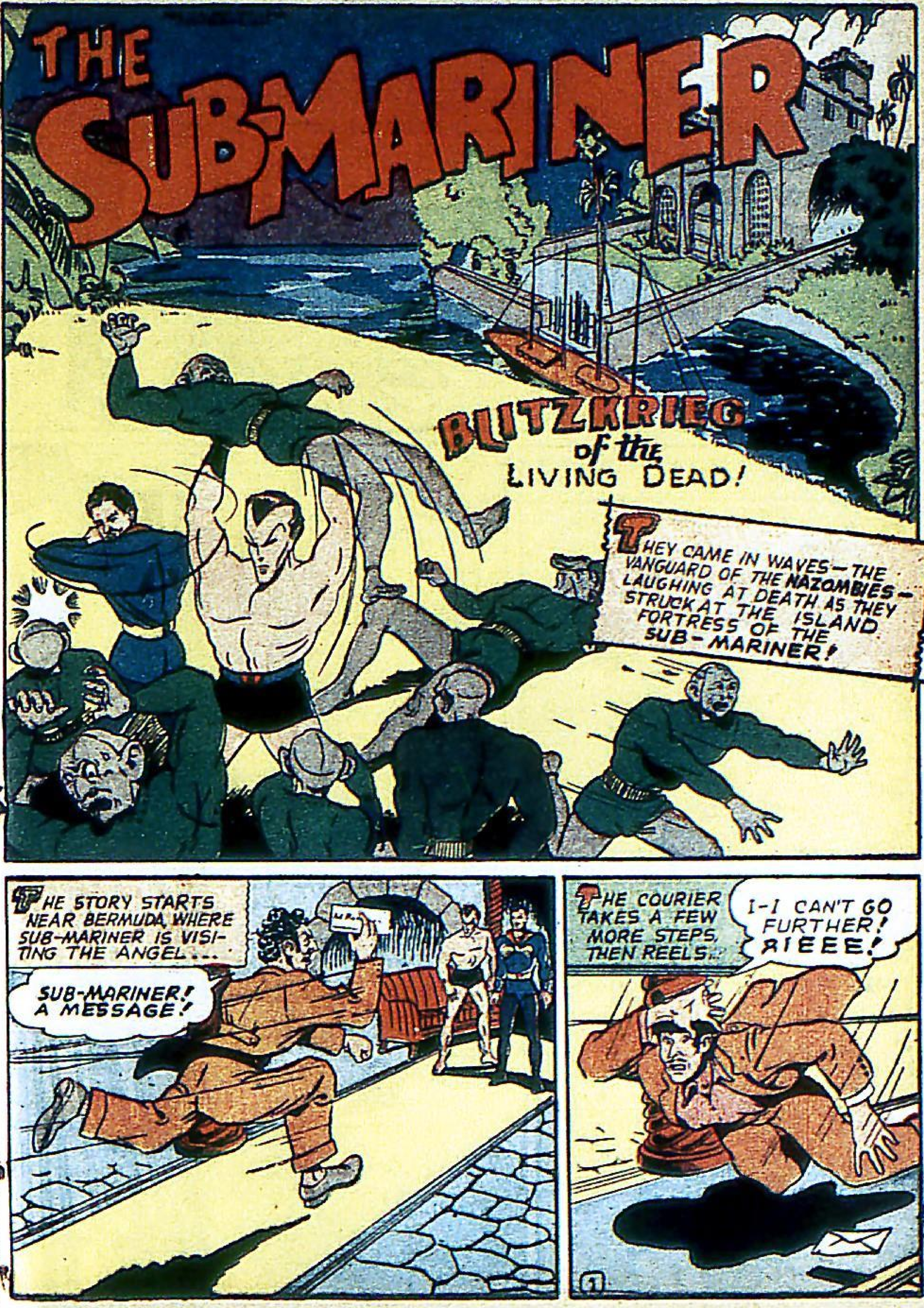
With an explosion that could be heard for miles around, the shell burst thru the fire-ball and blew up! All that was left of the fiendish Nazi creation were a few smoldering cinders which slowly drifted down upon London, the city they were supposed to destroy!

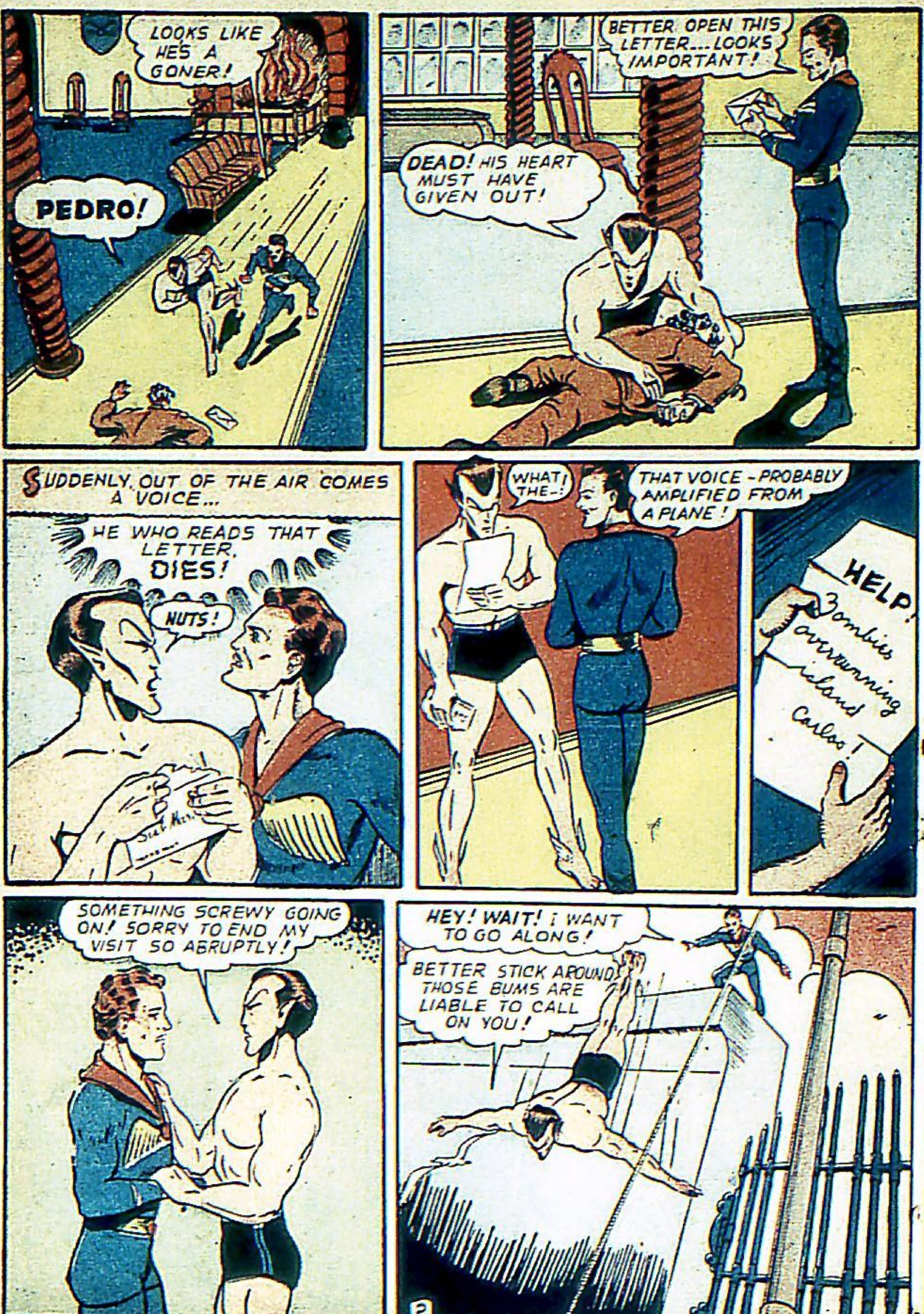
When the Torch started to head back for the Nazi big-gun it was there no longer! Toro came speeding up to him. "Well, Torchy, I melted it down!" the lad proudly stated! "Never again will that over-grown bean-shooter menace London!"

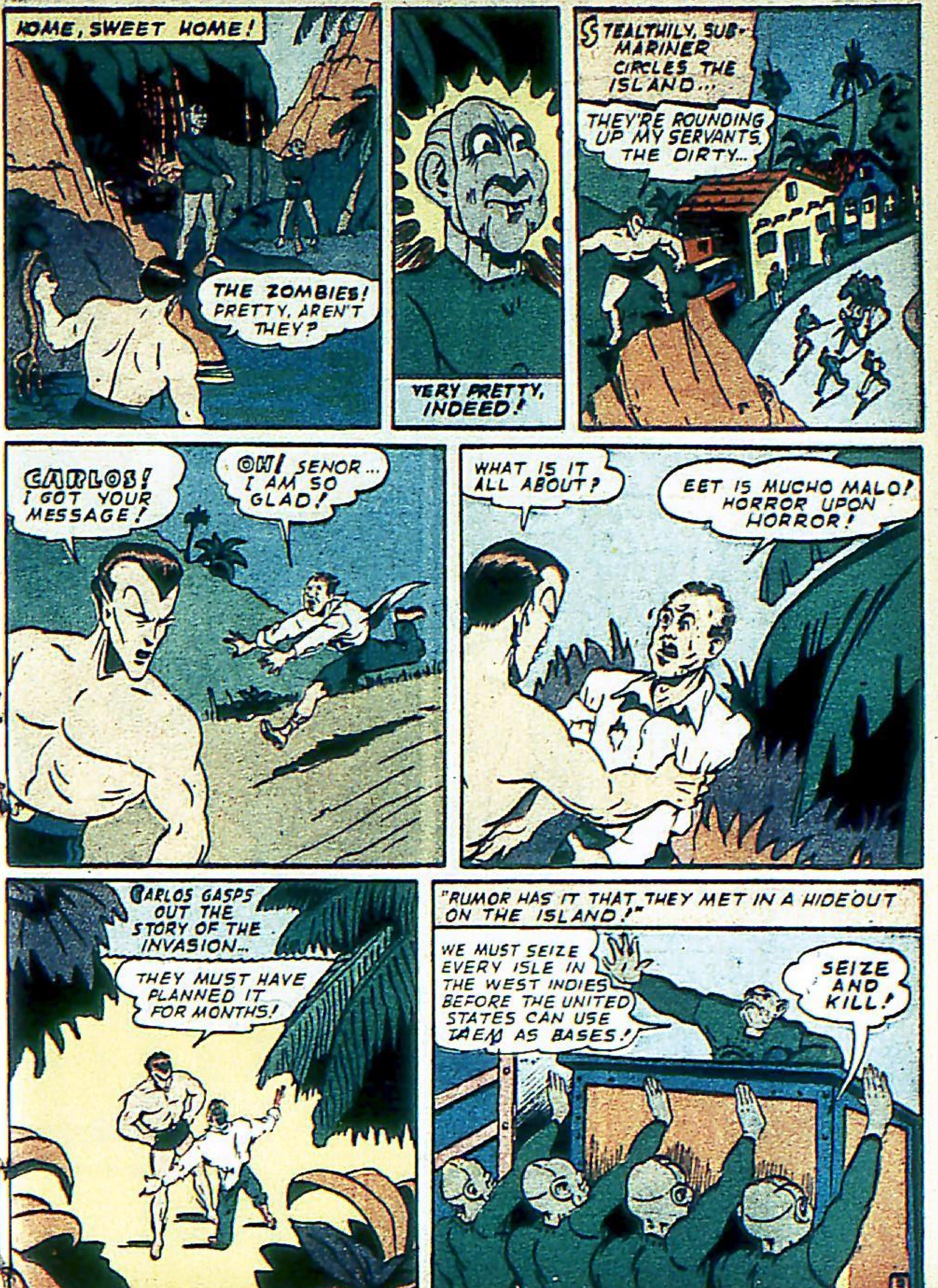
Just then, there was a cry from below. "Hey, you two! Take a look at this!" The Torch and Toro looked down and saw a badly battered Nazi army—or what was left of it—miserably sailing back to France in boats which had been crippled by the Sub-Mariner!

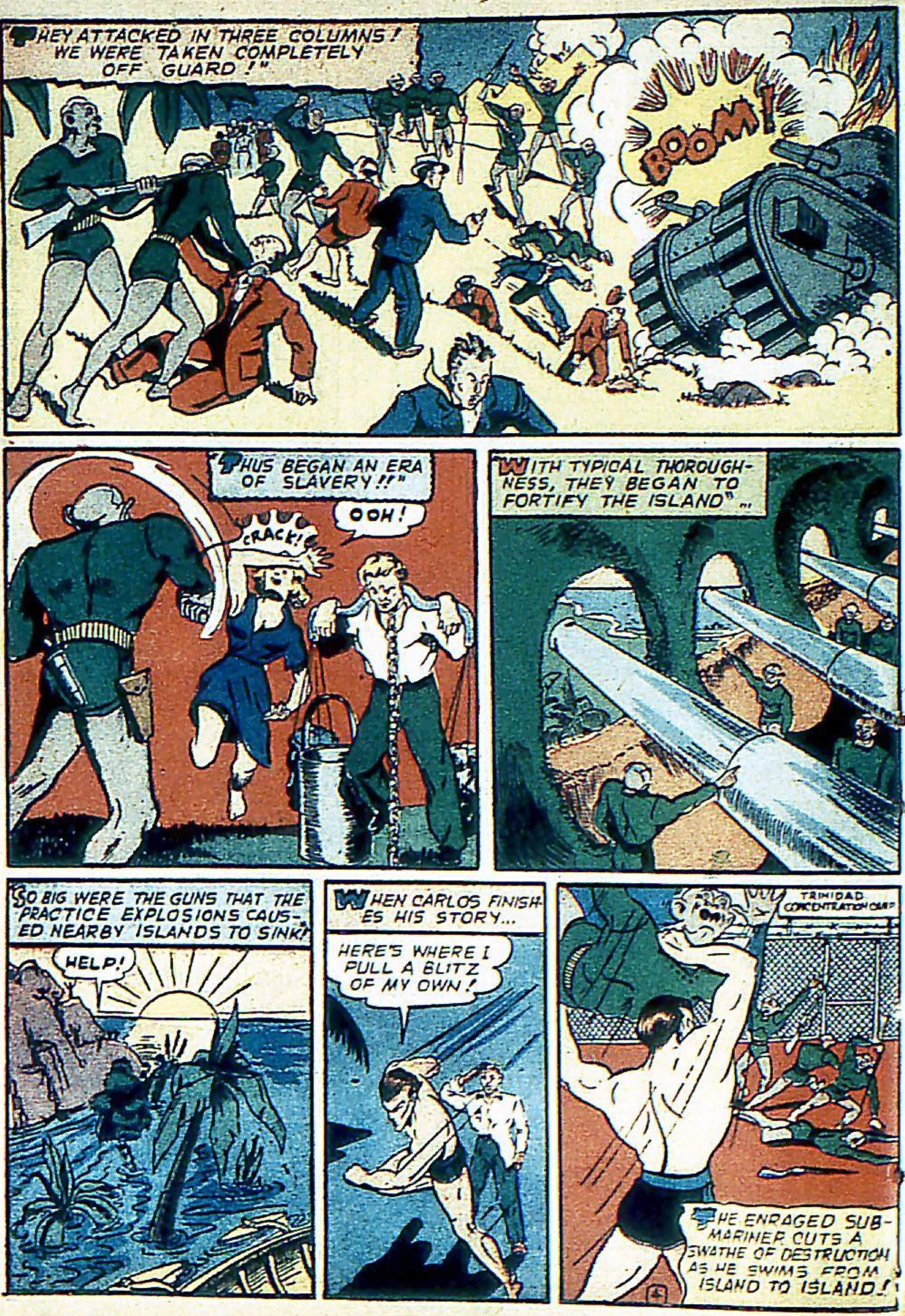
Minutes later the three thrill-hunters were flying back to London. "Well fellas, that was some fight, eh?" grinned Toro. "All in a day's work!" answered Torch and Namor—and then they began to quarrel again!

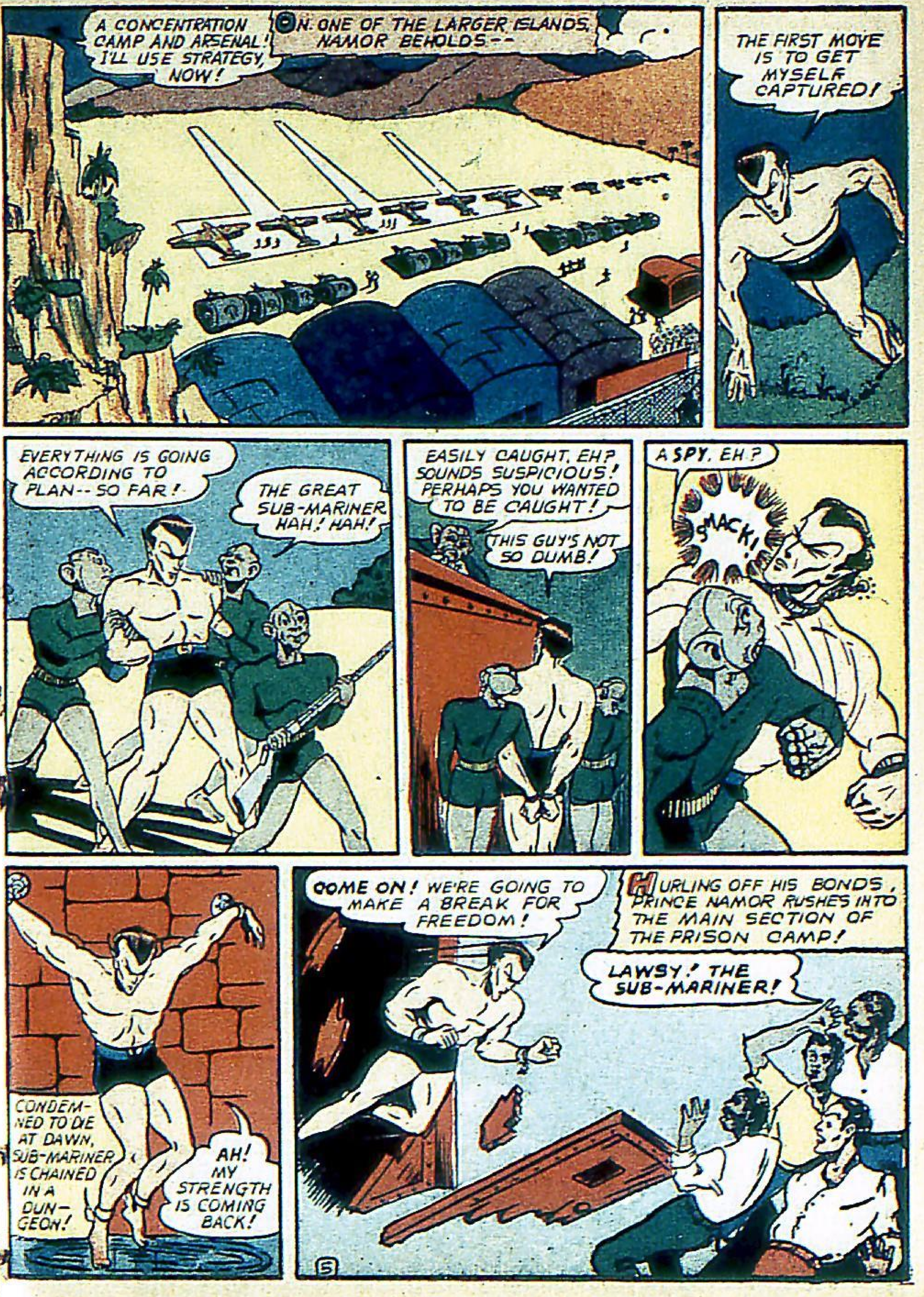
THE END

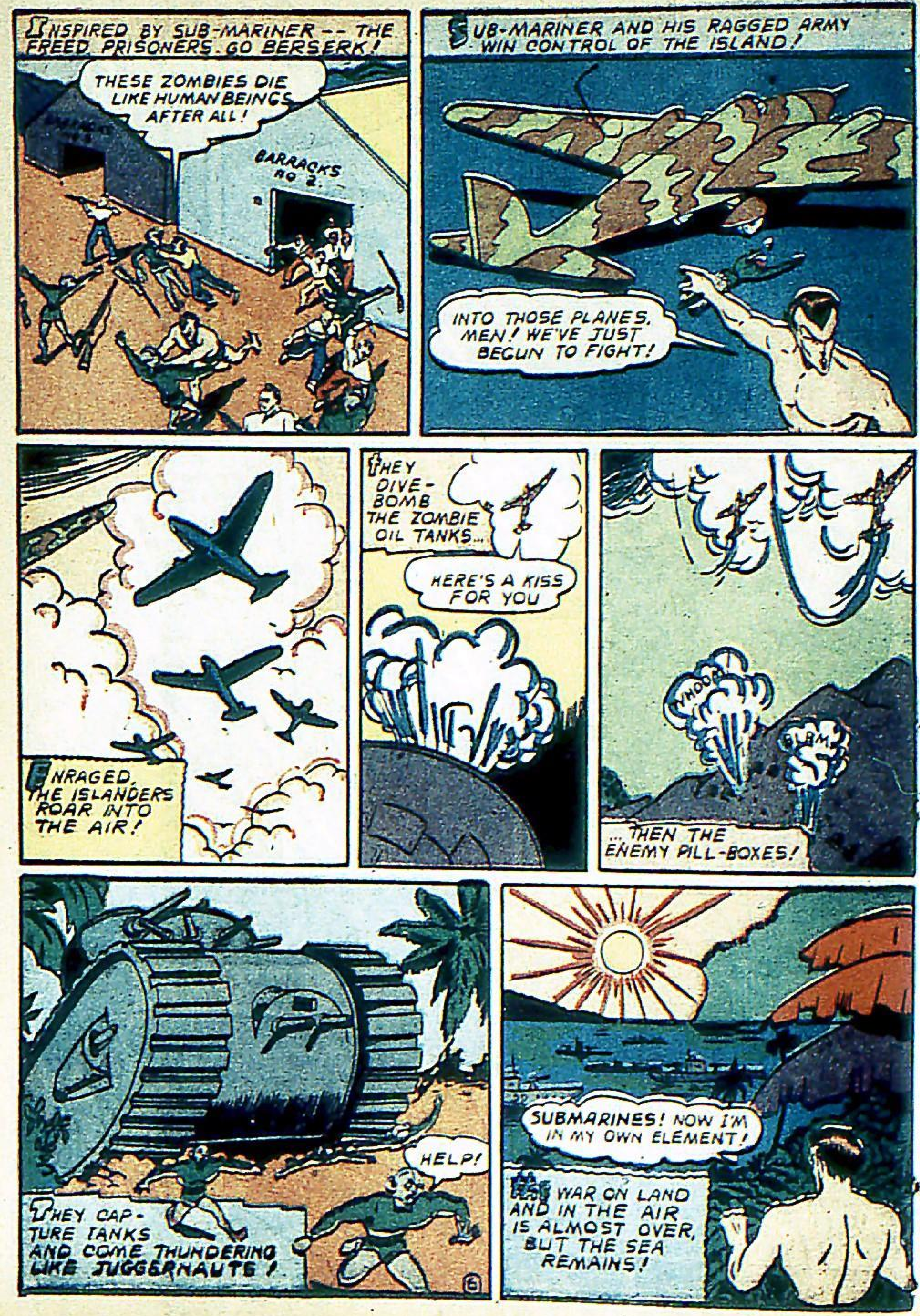

THE SUB-MARINER
BLITZKRIEG of the LIVING DEAD!
THEY CAME IN WAVES—THE VANGUARD OF THE NAZOMBIES—LAUGHING AT DEATH AS THEY STRUCK AT THE ISLAND FORTRESS OF THE SUB-MARINER!
THE STORY STARTS NEAR BERMUDA, WHERE SUB-MARINER IS VISITING THE ANGEL...
SUB-MARINER! A MESSAGE!
THE COURIER TAKES A FEW MORE STEPS, THEN REELS...
I-I CAN'T GO FURTHER! ЯIEEE!
1

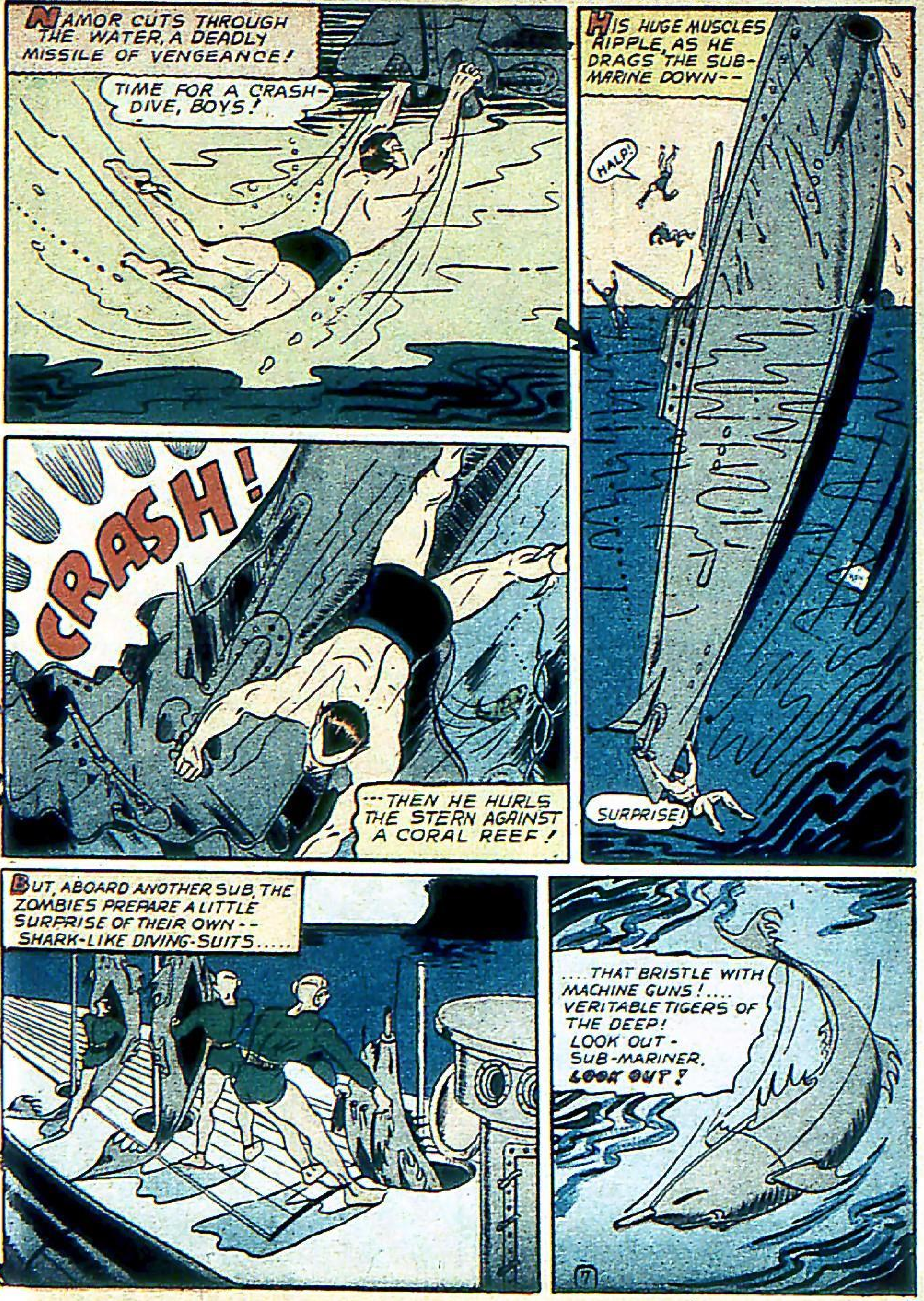

LOOKS LIKE HE'S A GONER!
PEDRO!
BETTER OPEN THIS LETTER... LOOKS IMPORTANT!
DEAD! HIS HEART MUST HAVE GIVEN OUT!
SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE AIR COMES A VOICE...
HE WHO READS THAT LETTER, DIES!
NUTS!
WHAT THE--!
THAT VOICE - PROBABLY AMPLIFIED FROM A PLANE!
HELP!
Zombies overrunning island
Carlos!
SOMETHING SCREWY GOING ON! SORRY TO END MY VISIT SO ABRUPTLY!
HEY! WAIT! I WANT TO GO ALONG!
BETTER STICK AROUND! THOSE BUMS ARE LIABLE TO CALL ON YOU!
2

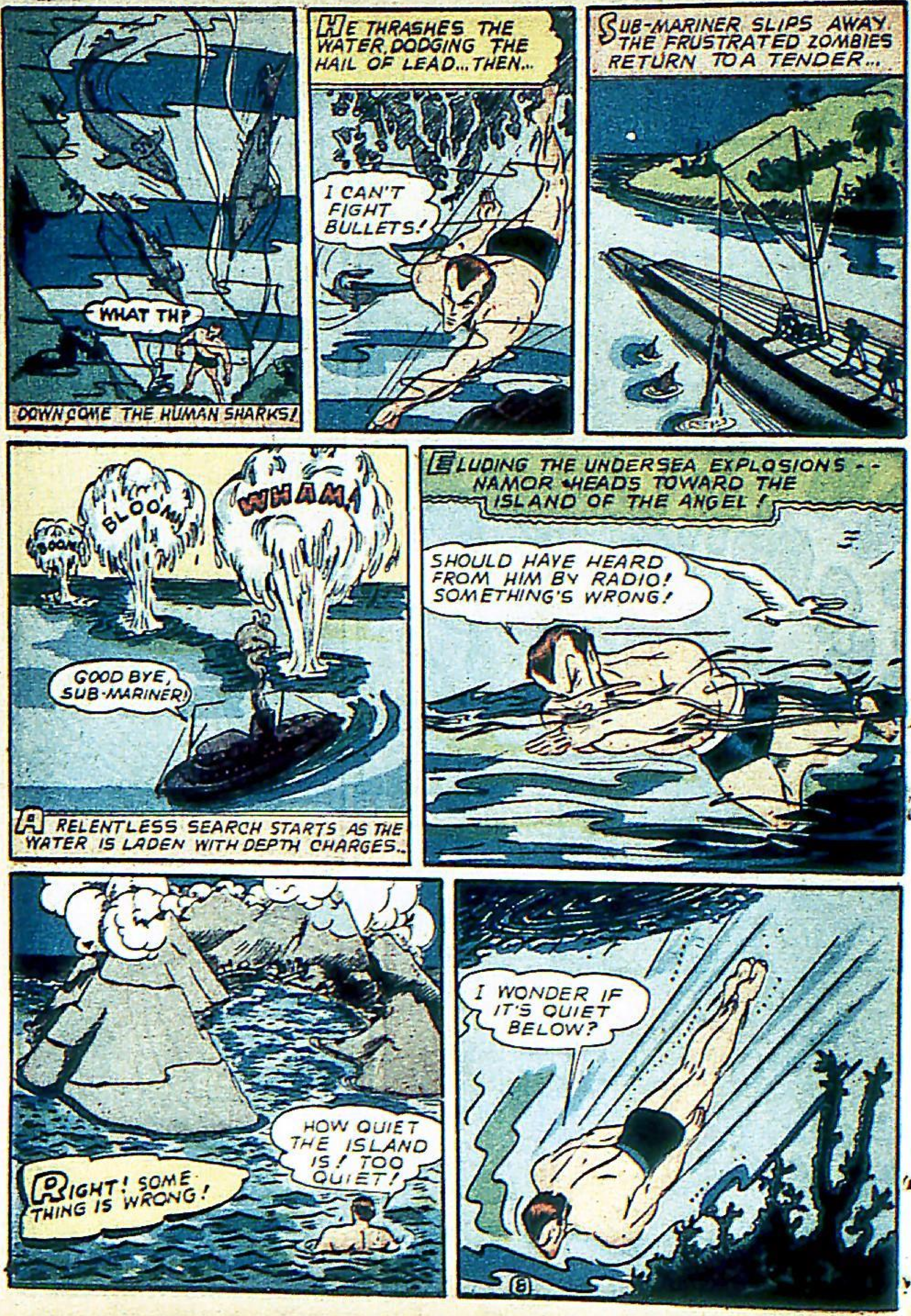

HOME, SWEET HOME!
THE ZOMBIES! PRETTY, AREN'T THEY?
VERY PRETTY, INDEED!
STEALTHILY, SUB-MARINER CIRCLES THE ISLAND...
THEY'RE ROUNDING UP MY SERVANTS, THE DIRTY...
CARLOS! I GOT YOUR MESSAGE!
OH! SENOR... I AM SO GLAD!
WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?
EET IS MUCHO MALO! HORROR UPON HORROR!
CARLOS GASPS OUT THE STORY OF THE INVASION...
THEY MUST HAVE PLANNED IT FOR MONTHS!
"RUMOR HAS IT THAT THEY MET IN A HIDEOUT ON THE ISLAND!"
WE MUST SEIZE EVERY ISLE IN THE WEST INDIES BEFORE THE UNITED STATES CAN USE THEM AS BASES!
SEIZE AND KILL!

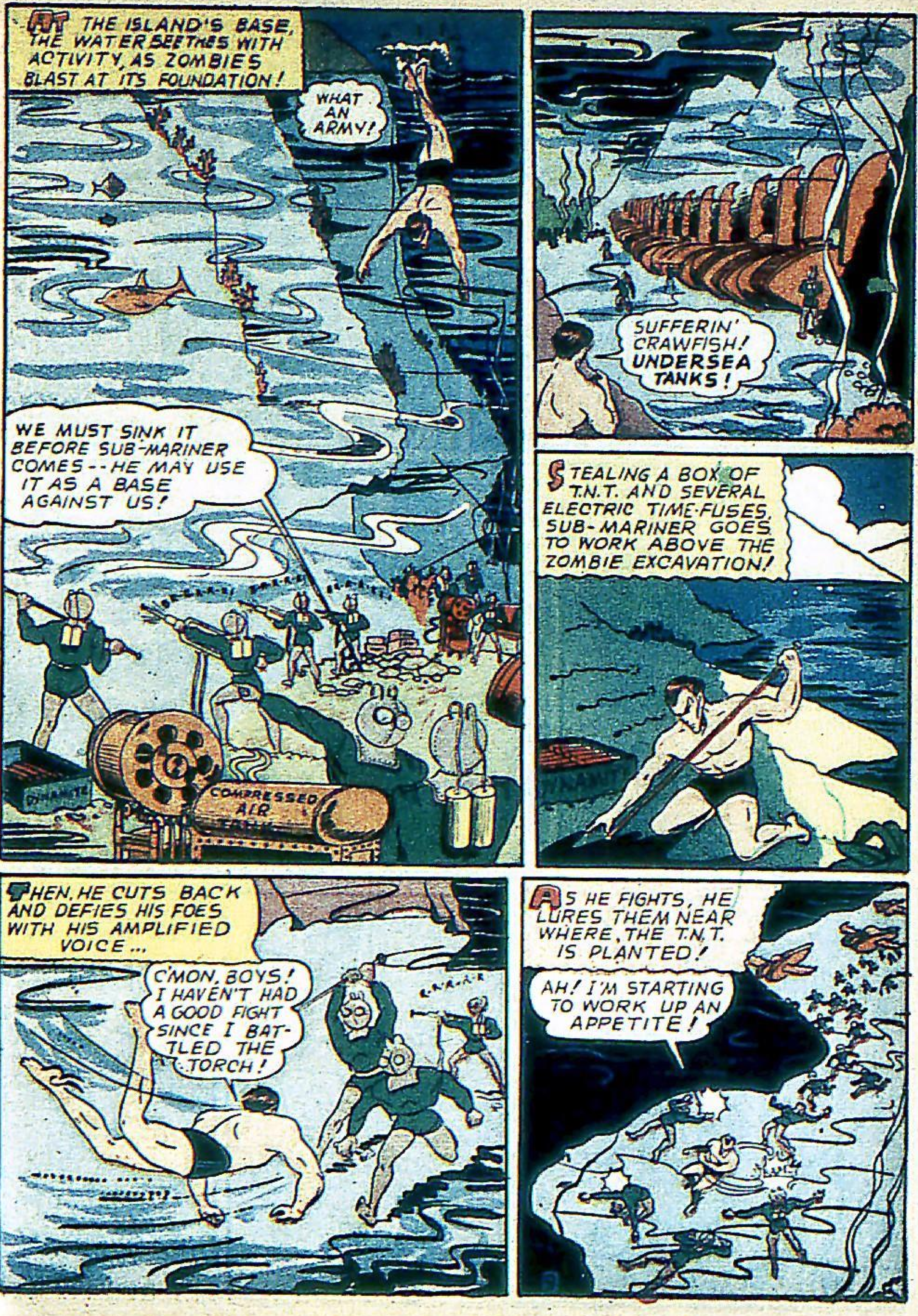

"THEY ATTACKED IN THREE COLUMNS! WE WERE TAKEN COMPLETELY OFF GUARD!"
BOOM!
"THUS BEGAN AN ERA OF SLAVERY!!"
CRACK!
OOH!
"WITH TYPICAL THOROUGHNESS, THEY BEGAN TO FORTIFY THE ISLAND"..
SO BIG WERE THE GUNS THAT THE PRACTICE EXPLOSIONS CAUSED NEARBY ISLANDS TO SINK!
HELP!
WHEN CARLOS FINISHES HIS STORY...
HERE'S WHERE I PULL A BLITZ OF MY OWN!
TRINIDAD CONCENTRATION CAMP
THE ENRAGED SUB-MARINER CUTS A SWATHE OF DESTRUCTION AS HE SWIMS FROM ISLAND TO ISLAND!

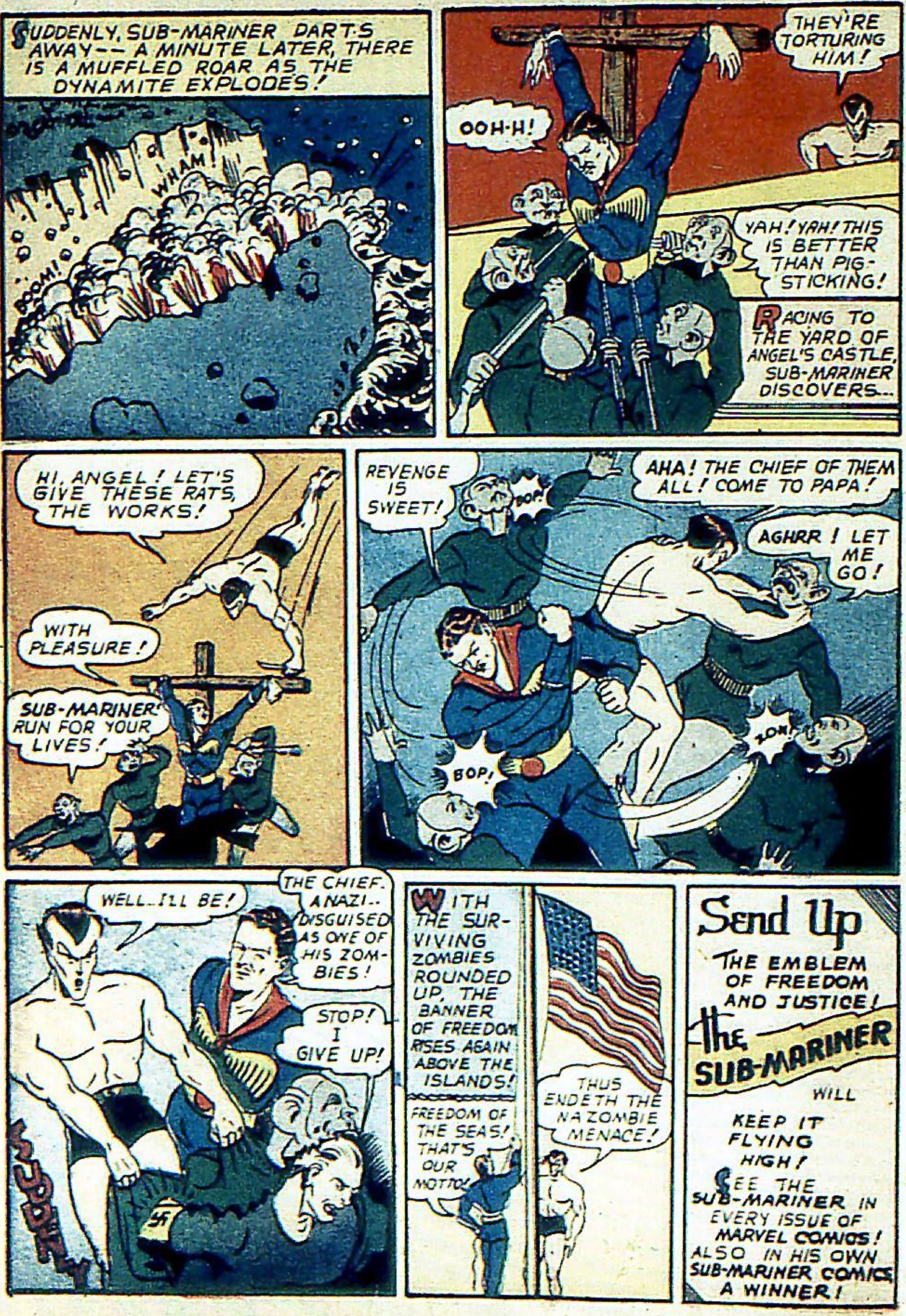

ON ONE OF THE LARGER ISLANDS, NAMOR BEHOLDS--
A CONCENTRATION CAMP AND ARSENAL! I'LL USE STRATEGY, NOW!
THE FIRST MOVE IS TO GET MYSELF CAPTURED!
EVERYTHING IS GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN-- SO FAR!
THE GREAT SUB-MARINER. HAH! HAH!
EASILY CAUGHT, EH? SOUNDS SUSPICIOUS! PERHAPS YOU WANTED TO BE CAUGHT!
THIS GUY'S NOT SO DUMB!
A SPY, EH?
SMACK!
CONDEMNED TO DIE AT DAWN, SUB-MARINER IS CHAINED IN A DUNGEON!
AH! MY STRENGTH IS COMING BACK!
COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A BREAK FOR FREEDOM!
HURLING OFF HIS BONDS, PRINCE NAMOR RUSHES INTO THE MAIN SECTION OF THE PRISON CAMP!
LAWSY! THE SUB-MARINER!
5

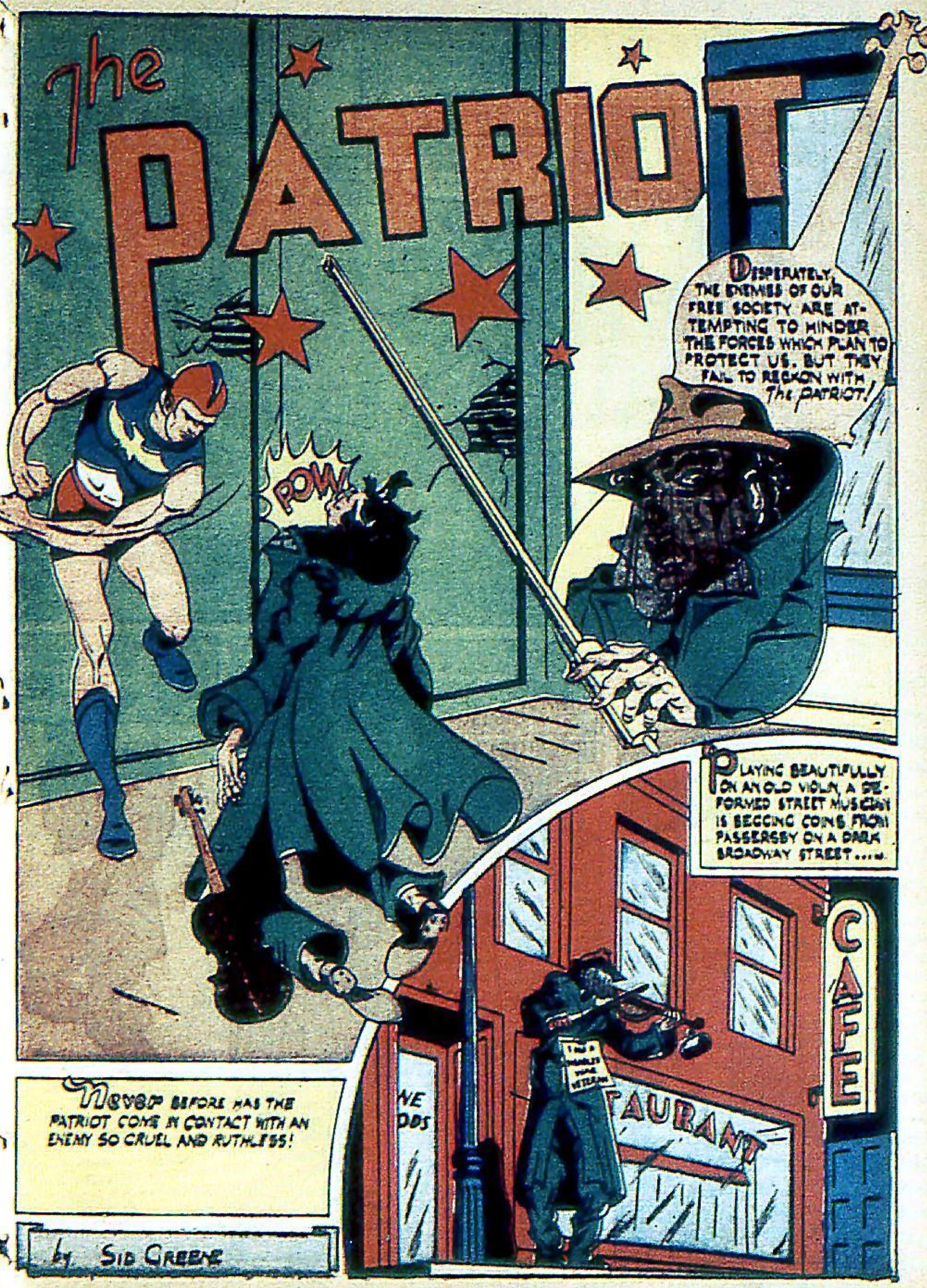

INSPIRED BY SUB-MARINER -- THE FREED PRISONERS GO BERSERK!
THESE ZOMBIES DIE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS AFTER ALL!
BARRACKS NO 2.
SUB-MARINER AND HIS RAGGED ARMY WIN CONTROL OF THE ISLAND!
INTO THOSE PLANES, MEN! WE'VE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT!
ENRAGED, THE ISLANDERS ROAR INTO THE AIR!
THEY DIVE-BOMB THE ZOMBIE OIL TANKS...
HERE'S A KISS FOR YOU
WHOOM!
BLAM!
...THEN THE ENEMY PILL-BOXES!
THEY CAPTURE TANKS AND COME THUNDERING LIKE JUGGERNAUTS!
HELP!
SUBMARINES! NOW I'M IN MY OWN ELEMENT!
[illegible] WAR ON LAND AND IN THE AIR IS ALMOST OVER, BUT THE SEA REMAINS!


NAMOR CUTS THROUGH THE WATER, A DEADLY MISSILE OF VENGEANCE!
TIME FOR A CRASH-DIVE, BOYS!
HIS HUGE MUSCLES RIPPLE, AS HE DRAGS THE SUB-MARINE DOWN--
HALP!
CRASH!
--THEN HE HURLS THE STERN AGAINST A CORAL REEF!
SURPRISE!
BUT, ABOARD ANOTHER SUB, THE ZOMBIES PREPARE A LITTLE SURPRISE OF THEIR OWN--SHARK-LIKE DIVING-SUITS.....
....THAT BRISTLE WITH MACHINE GUNS!.... VERITABLE TIGERS OF THE DEEP! LOOK OUT-SUB-MARINER. LOOK OUT!

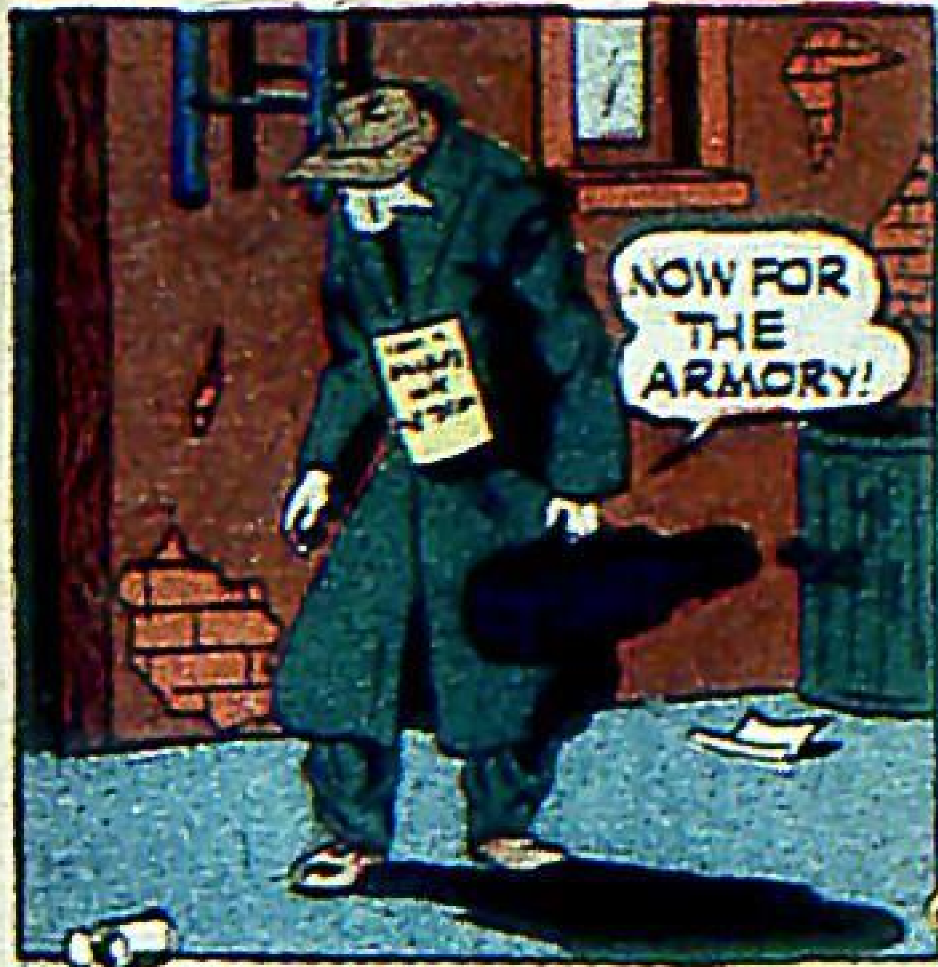

WHAT TH?
DOWN COME THE HUMAN SHARKS!
HE THRASHES THE WATER, DODGING THE HAIL OF LEAD... THEN...
I CAN'T FIGHT BULLETS!
SUB-MARINER SLIPS AWAY. THE FRUSTRATED ZOMBIES RETURN TO A TENDER...
BOOM
BLOOM
WHAM!
GOOD BYE, SUB-MARINER!
A RELENTLESS SEARCH STARTS AS THE WATER IS LADEN WITH DEPTH CHARGES...
ELUDING THE UNDERSEA EXPLOSIONS -- NAMOR HEADS TOWARD THE ISLAND OF THE ANGEL!
SHOULD HAVE HEARD FROM HIM BY RADIO! SOMETHING'S WRONG!
RIGHT! SOME THING IS WRONG!
HOW QUIET THE ISLAND IS! TOO QUIET!
I WONDER IF IT'S QUIET BELOW?


AT THE ISLAND'S BASE, THE WATER SEETHES WITH ACTIVITY, AS ZOMBIES BLAST AT ITS FOUNDATION!
WHAT AN ARMY!
WE MUST SINK IT BEFORE SUB-MARINER COMES--HE MAY USE IT AS A BASE AGAINST US!
DYNAMITE
COMPRESSED AIR
SUFFERIN' CRAWFISH! UNDERSEA TANKS!
STEALING A BOX OF T.N.T. AND SEVERAL ELECTRIC TIME-FUSES, SUB-MARINER GOES TO WORK ABOVE THE ZOMBIE EXCAVATION!
DYNAMITE
THEN, HE CUTS BACK AND DEFIES HIS FOES WITH HIS AMPLIFIED VOICE...
C'MON, BOYS! I HAVEN'T HAD A GOOD FIGHT SINCE I BATTLED THE TORCH!
AS HE FIGHTS, HE LURES THEM NEAR WHERE THE T.N.T. IS PLANTED!
AH! I'M STARTING TO WORK UP AN APPETITE!

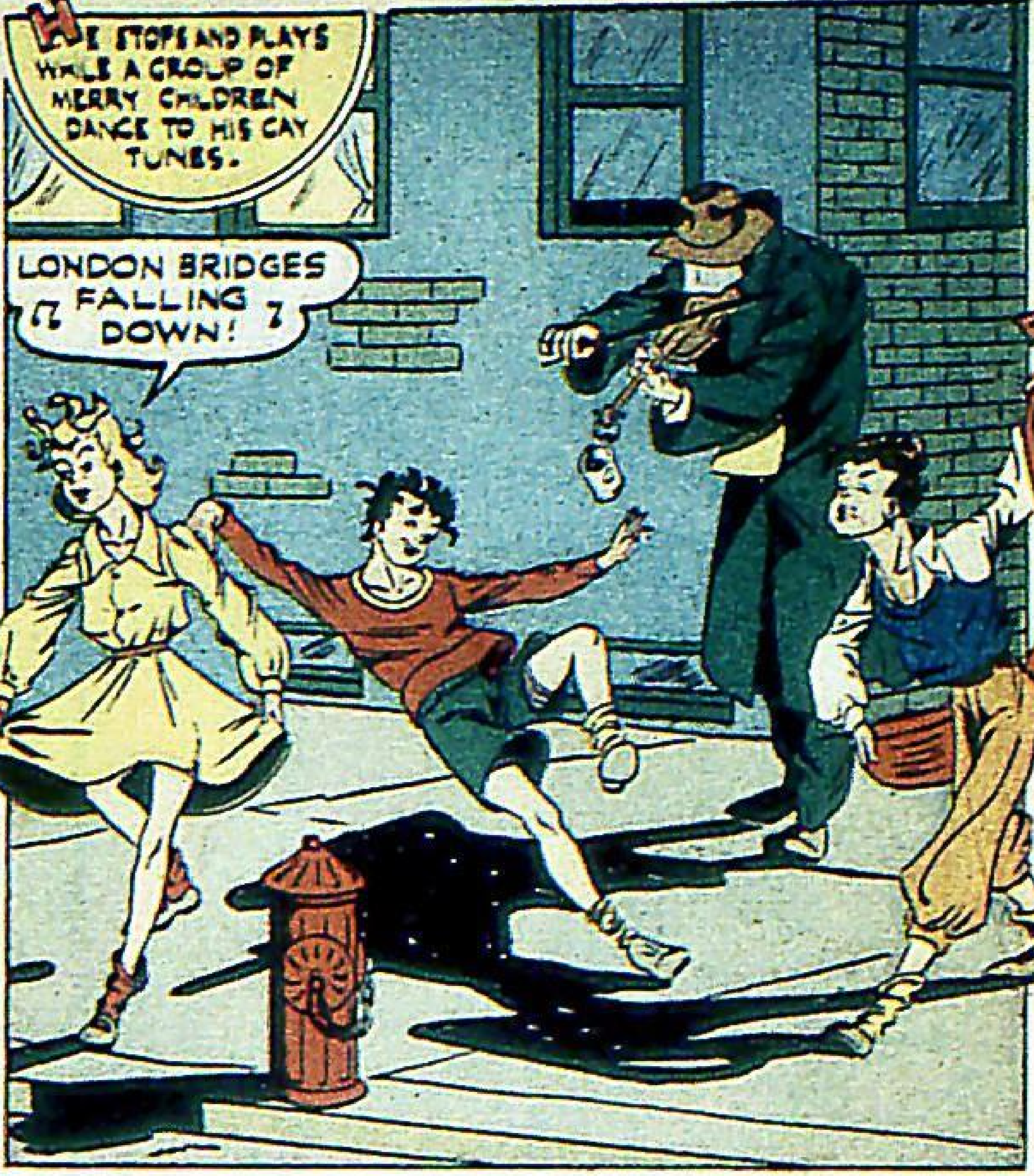

SUDDENLY, SUB-MARINER DARTS AWAY-- A MINUTE LATER, THERE IS A MUFFLED ROAR AS THE DYNAMITE EXPLODES!
WHAM!
BOOM!
THEY'RE TORTURING HIM!
OOH-H!
YAH! YAH! THIS IS BETTER THAN PIG-STICKING!
RACING TO THE YARD OF ANGEL'S CASTLE, SUB-MARINER DISCOVERS...
HI, ANGEL! LET'S GIVE THESE RATS THE WORKS!
WITH PLEASURE!
SUB-MARINER! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
REVENGE IS SWEET!
BOP!
AHA! THE CHIEF OF THEM ALL! COME TO PAPA!
AGHRR! LET ME GO!
ZOK!
BOP!
WELL..I'LL BE!
THE CHIEF. A NAZI.. DISGUISED AS ONE OF HIS ZOMBIES!
STOP! I GIVE UP!
SUDDENLY
WITH THE SURVIVING ZOMBIES ROUNDED UP, THE BANNER OF FREEDOM RISES AGAIN ABOVE THE ISLANDS!
FREEDOM OF THE SEAS! THAT'S OUR MOTTO!
THUS ENDETH THE NAZOMBIE MENACE!
Send Up
THE EMBLEM OF FREEDOM AND JUSTICE!
The SUB-MARINER
WILL
KEEP IT FLYING HIGH!
SEE THE SUB-MARINER IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS! ALSO IN HIS OWN SUB-MARINER COMICS, A WINNER!


The PATRIOT
Desperately, the enemies of our free society are attempting to hinder the forces which plan to protect us. But they fail to reckon with The Patriot!
POW
Playing beautifully on an old violin, a deformed street musician is begging coins from passersby on a dark Broadway street....
CAFE
TAURANT
Never before has the Patriot come in contact with an enemy so cruel and ruthless!
by Sid Greene

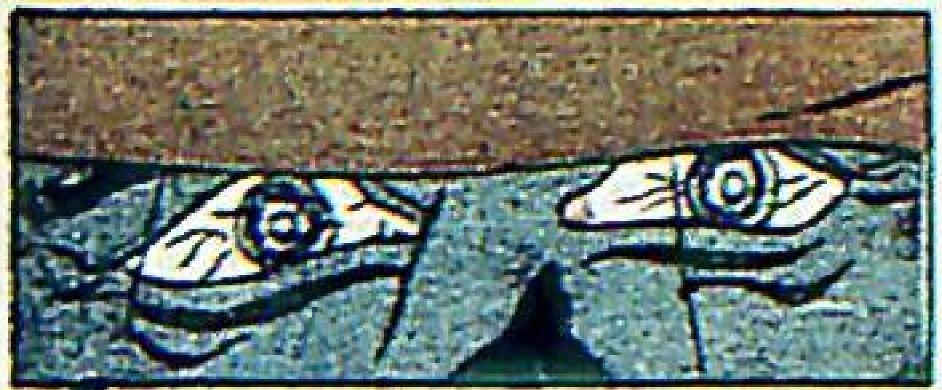
BUT THE STRANGE VIOLINIST SOON TIRES OF PLAYING ON THE BROADWAY STREET


NOW FOR THE ARMORY!

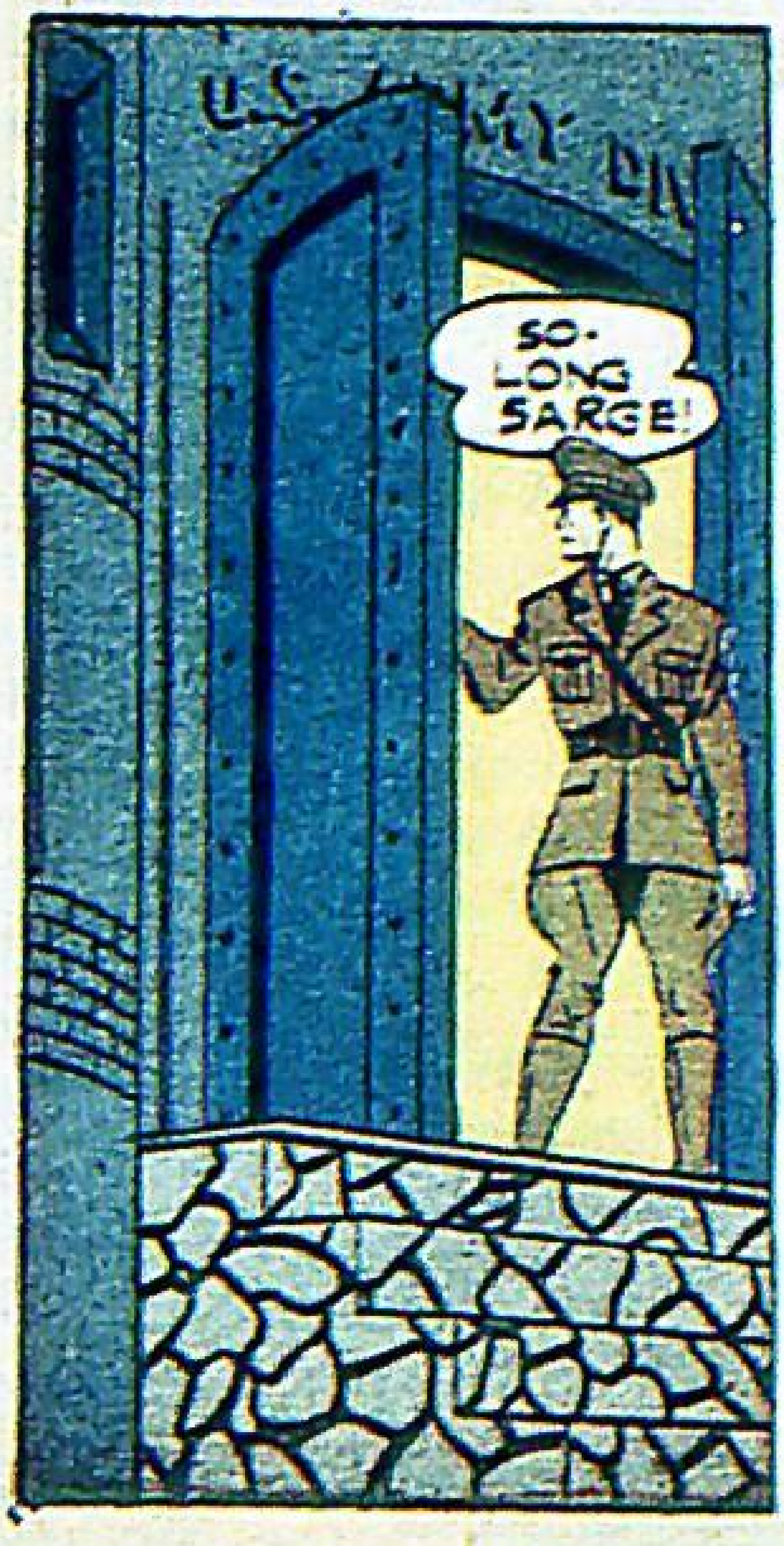
HE STOPS AND PLAYS WHILE A GROUP OF MERRY CHILDREN DANCE TO HIS GAY TUNES.


LONDON BRIDGES FALLING DOWN!

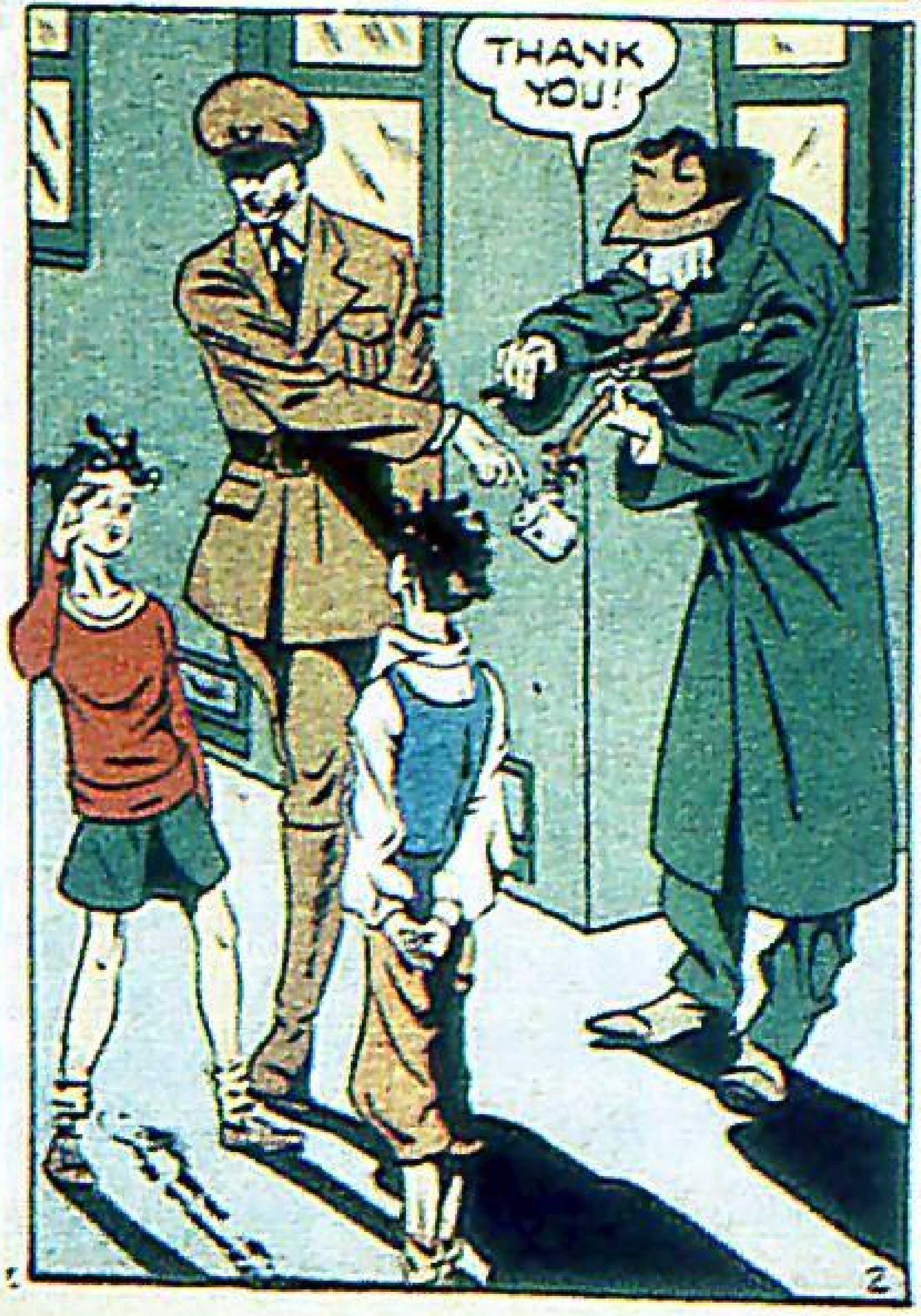
SUDDENLY THE VIOLINIST'S EYES BLAZE THROUGH THE VEIL AS HE LOOKS ACROSS THE STREET....



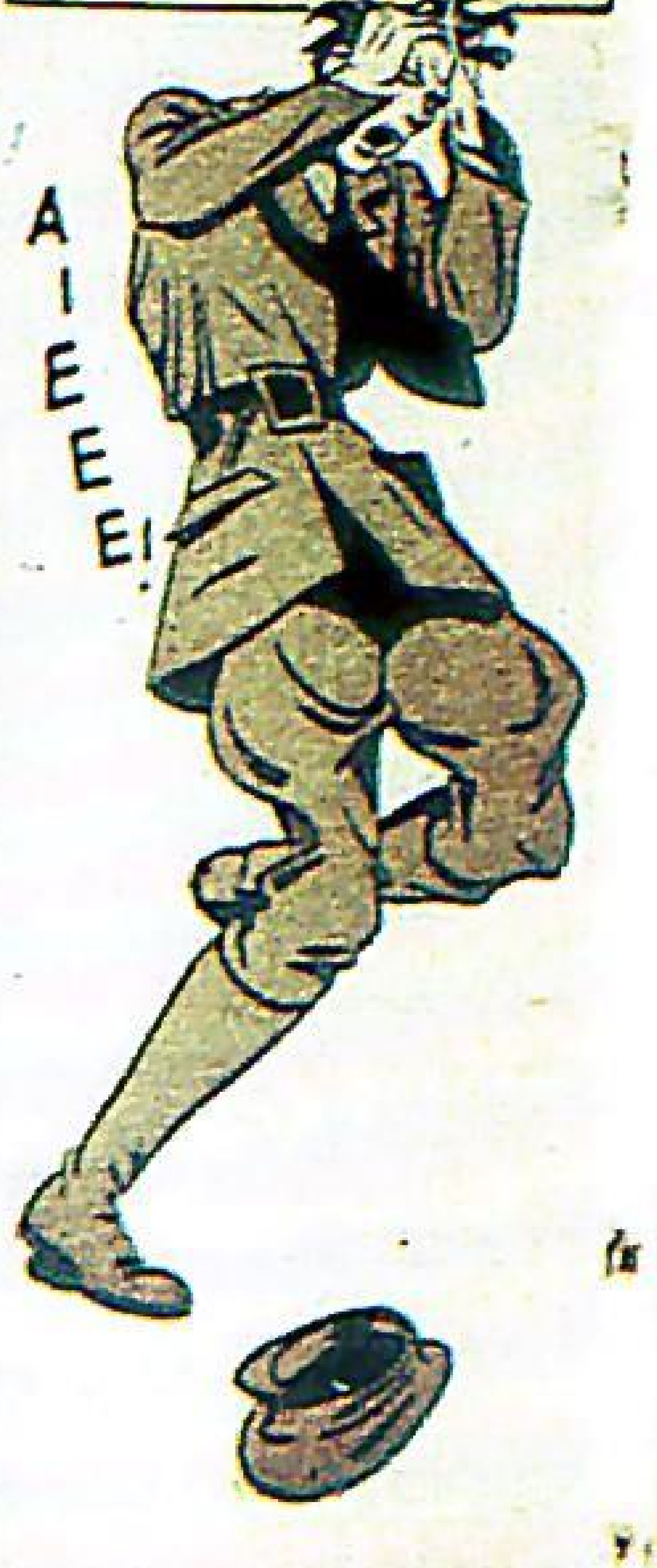
HIS GAZE REMAINS RIVETED ON A YOUNG ARMY OFFICER WHO EMERGES FROM AN ARMORY DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM HIM...

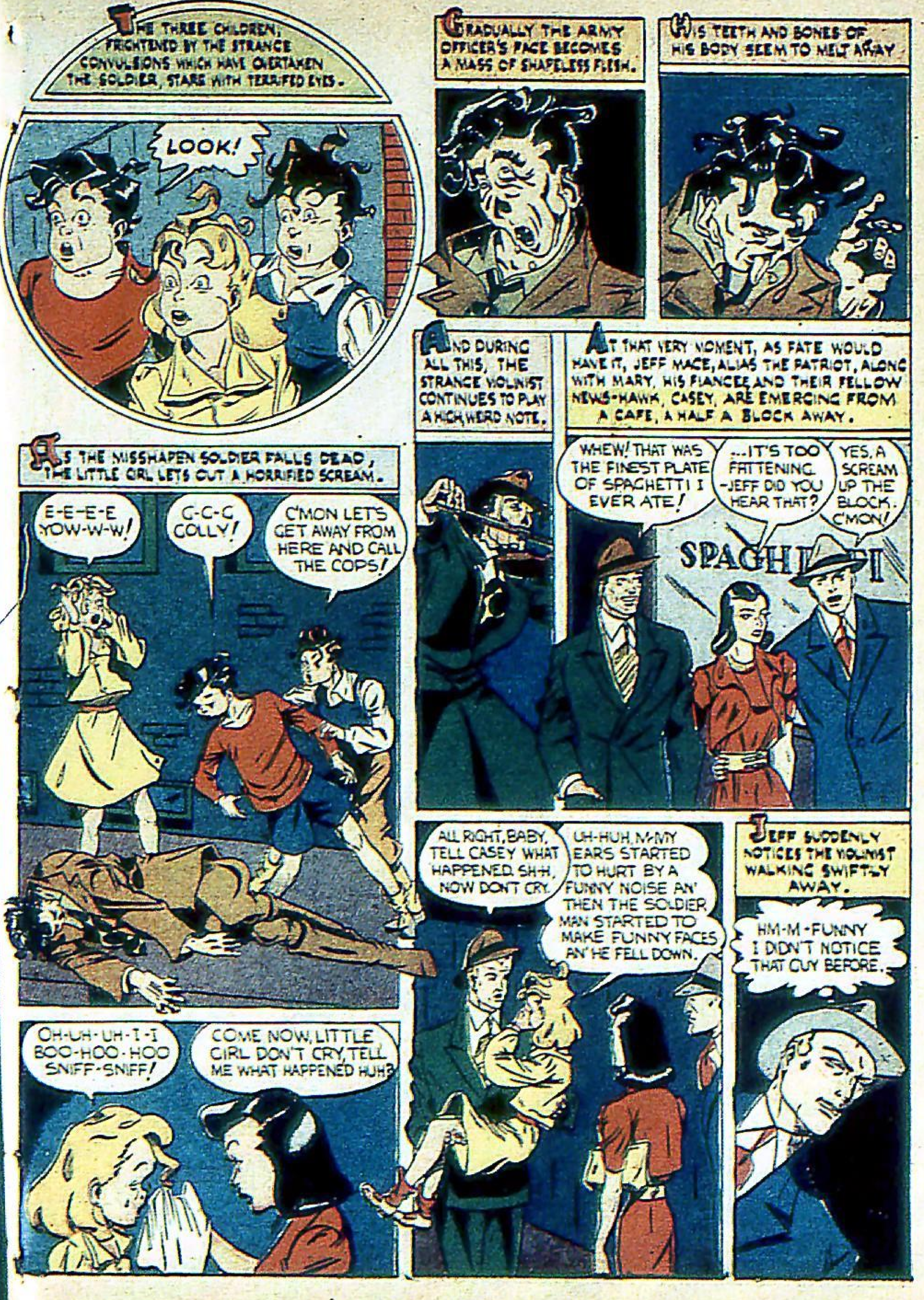

U.S. ARMY DIV
SO-LONG SARGE!

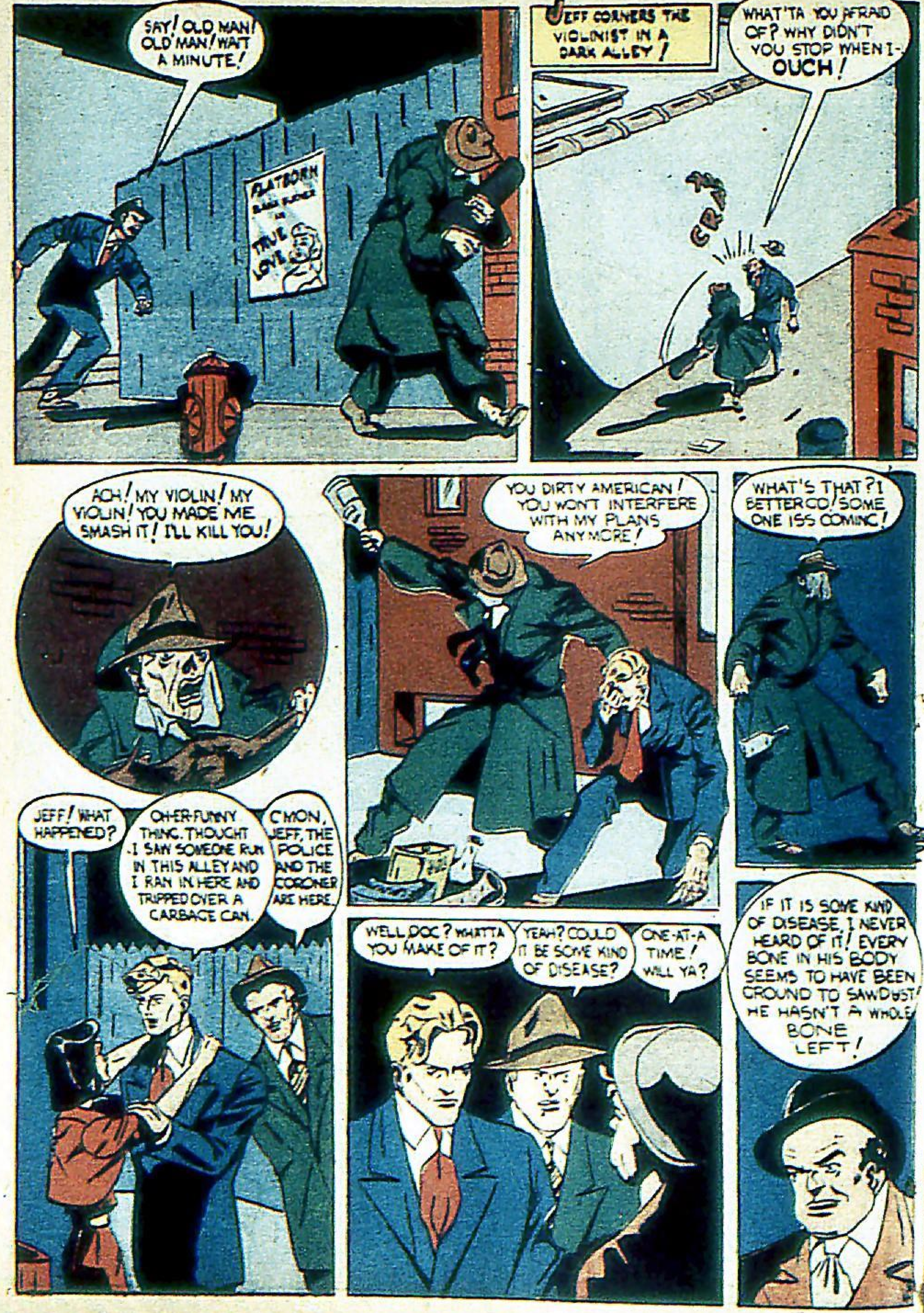
AS THE SOLDIER PASSES THE VEILED MUSICIAN, HE DROPS A FEW COINS INTO THE TIN CUP, BUT THE DEFORMED VIOLINIST STARES INTENTLY AT THE ARMY OFFICER WITH ANGRY, BURNING EYES.

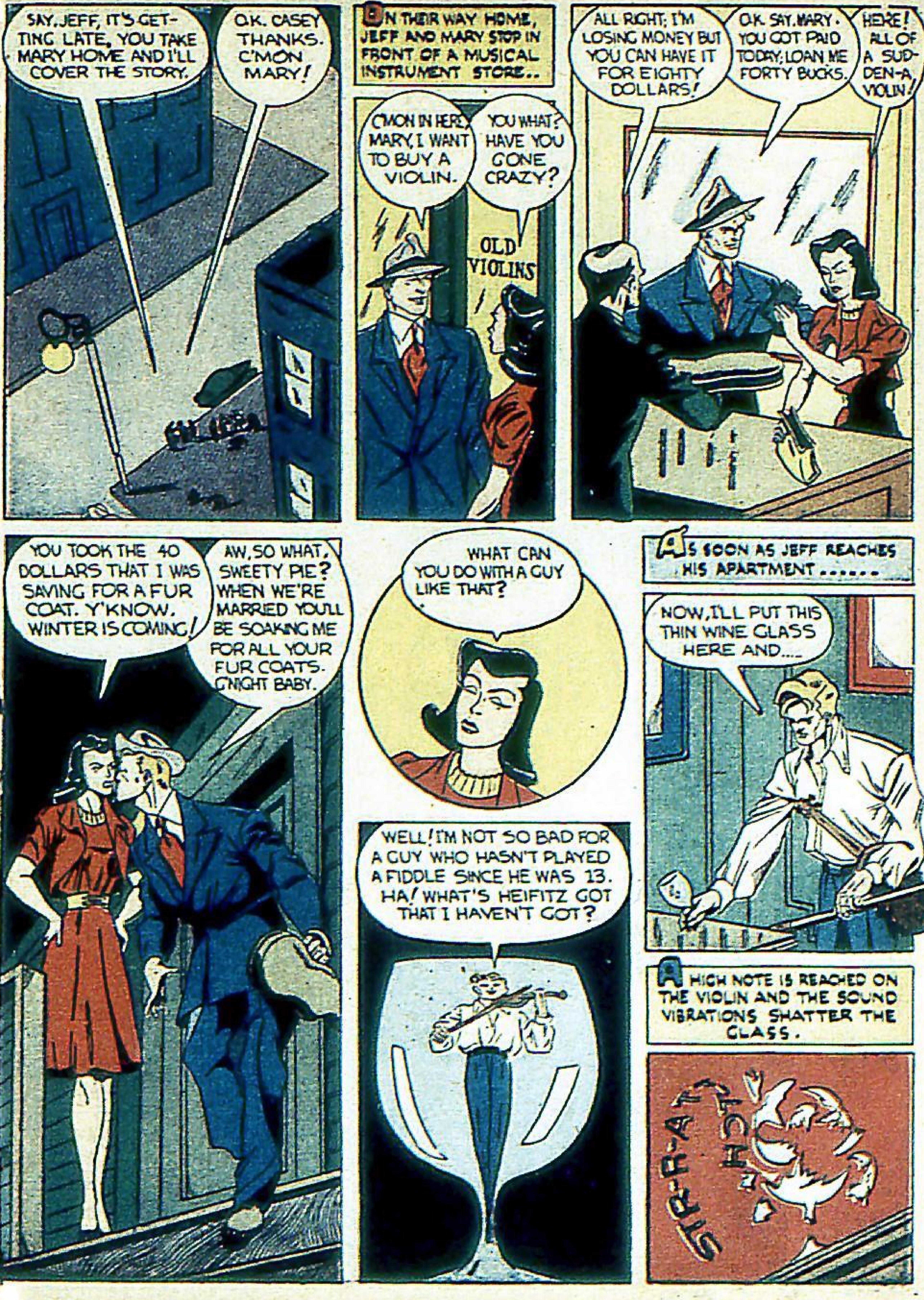


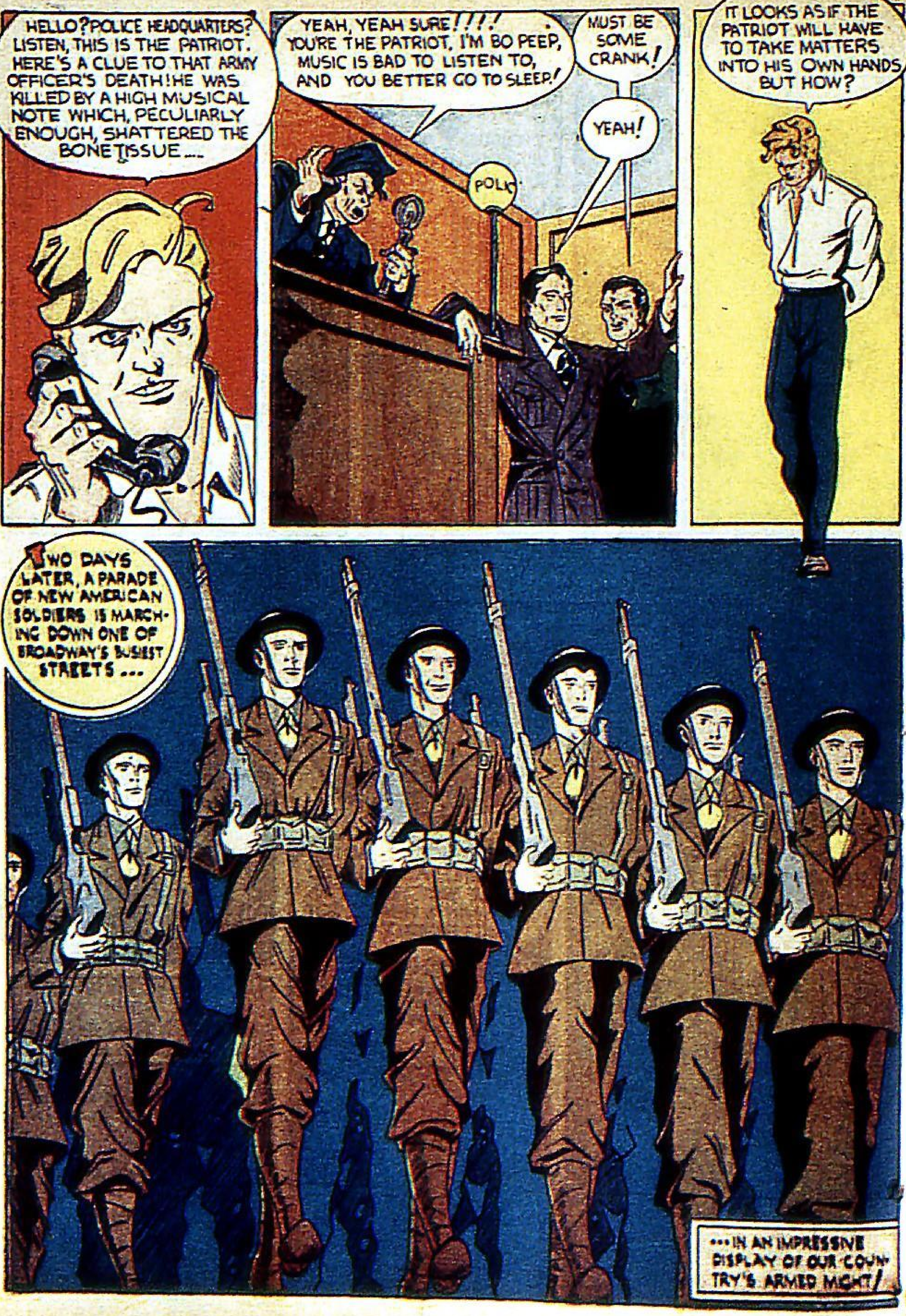
AT THAT VERY MOMENT A QUEER, LONG, EERIE NOTE IS HEARD, AND THE ARMY OFFICER STARTS TO COLLAPSE!

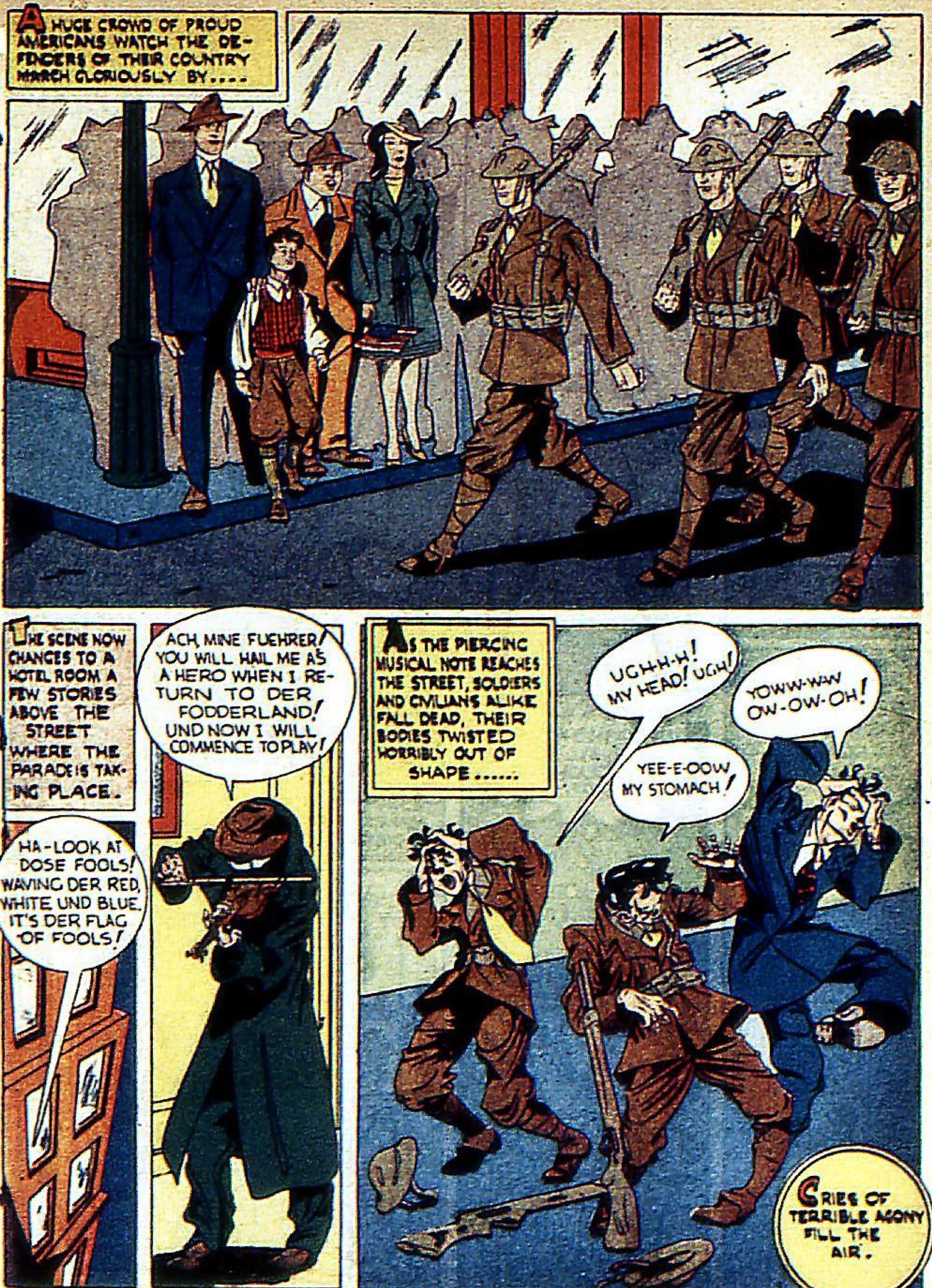


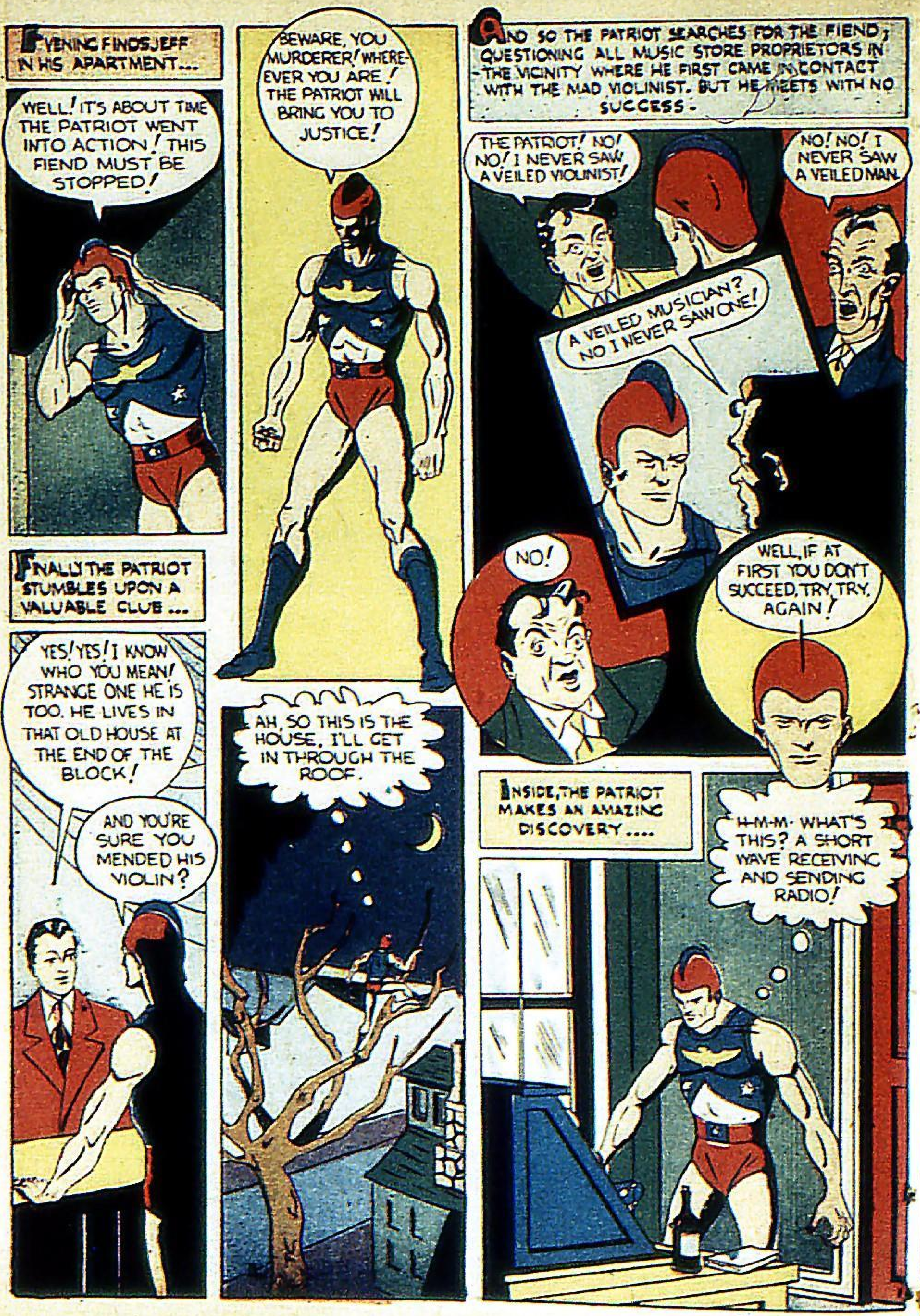

THE THREE CHILDREN, FRIGHTENED BY THE STRANGE CONVULSIONS WHICH HAVE OVERTAKEN THE SOLDIER, STARE WITH TERRIFIED EYES.
LOOK!
GRADUALLY THE ARMY OFFICER'S FACE BECOMES A MASS OF SHAPELESS FLESH.
HIS TEETH AND BONES OF HIS BODY SEEM TO MELT AWAY
AS THE MISSHAPEN SOLDIER FALLS DEAD, THE LITTLE GIRL LETS OUT A HORRIFIED SCREAM.
E-E-E-E YOW-W-W!
G-G-G GOLLY!
C'MON LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE AND CALL THE COPS!
AND DURING ALL THIS, THE STRANGE VIOLINIST CONTINUES TO PLAY A HIGH, WEIRD NOTE.
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, JEFF MACE, ALIAS THE PATRIOT, ALONG WITH MARY, HIS FIANCEE AND THEIR FELLOW NEWS-HAWK, CASEY, ARE EMERGING FROM A CAFE, A HALF A BLOCK AWAY.
WHEW! THAT WAS THE FINEST PLATE OF SPAGHETTI I EVER ATE!
...IT'S TOO FATTENING. -JEFF DID YOU HEAR THAT?
YES, A SCREAM UP THE BLOCK. C'MON!
SPAGHETTI
OH-UH-UH-I-I BOO-HOO-HOO SNIFF-SNIFF!
COME NOW, LITTLE GIRL DON'T CRY, TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED HUH?
ALL RIGHT, BABY, TELL CASEY WHAT HAPPENED. SH-H, NOW DON'T CRY.
UH-HUH, M-MY EARS STARTED TO HURT BY A FUNNY NOISE AN' THEN THE SOLDIER MAN STARTED TO MAKE FUNNY FACES AN' HE FELL DOWN.
JEFF SUDDENLY NOTICES THE VIOLINIST WALKING SWIFTLY AWAY.
HM-M-FUNNY I DIDN'T NOTICE THAT GUY BEFORE.

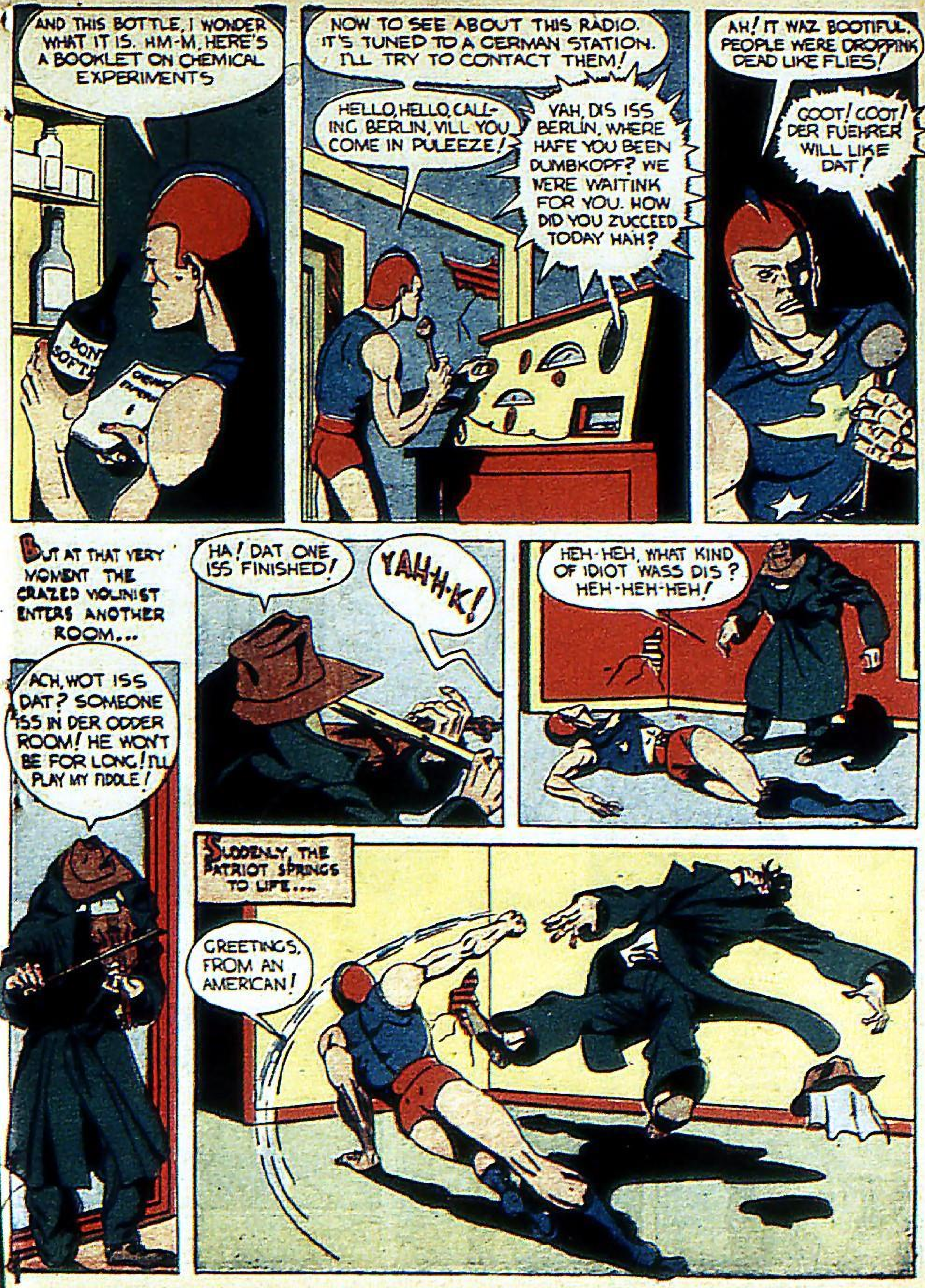

SAY! OLD MAN! OLD MAN! WAIT A MINUTE!
FLATBORN
IN
TRUE LOVE
JEFF CORNERS THE VIOLINIST IN A DARK ALLEY!
WHAT'TA YOU AFRAID OF? WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP WHEN I- OUCH!
CRA
ACH! MY VIOLIN! MY VIOLIN! YOU MADE ME SMASH IT! I'LL KILL YOU!
YOU DIRTY AMERICAN! YOU WON'T INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS ANYMORE!
WHAT'S THAT? I BETTER GO! SOME ONE ISS COMING!
JEFF! WHAT HAPPENED?
OH-ER-FUNNY THING. THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE RUN IN THIS ALLEY AND I RAN IN HERE AND TRIPPED OVER A GARBAGE CAN.
C'MON, JEFF, THE POLICE AND THE CORONER ARE HERE.
WELL DOC? WHATTA YOU MAKE OF IT?
YEAH? COULD IT BE SOME KIND OF DISEASE?
ONE-AT-A TIME! WILL YA?
IF IT IS SOME KIND OF DISEASE, I NEVER HEARD OF IT! EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN GROUND TO SAWDUST HE HASN'T A WHOLE BONE LEFT!

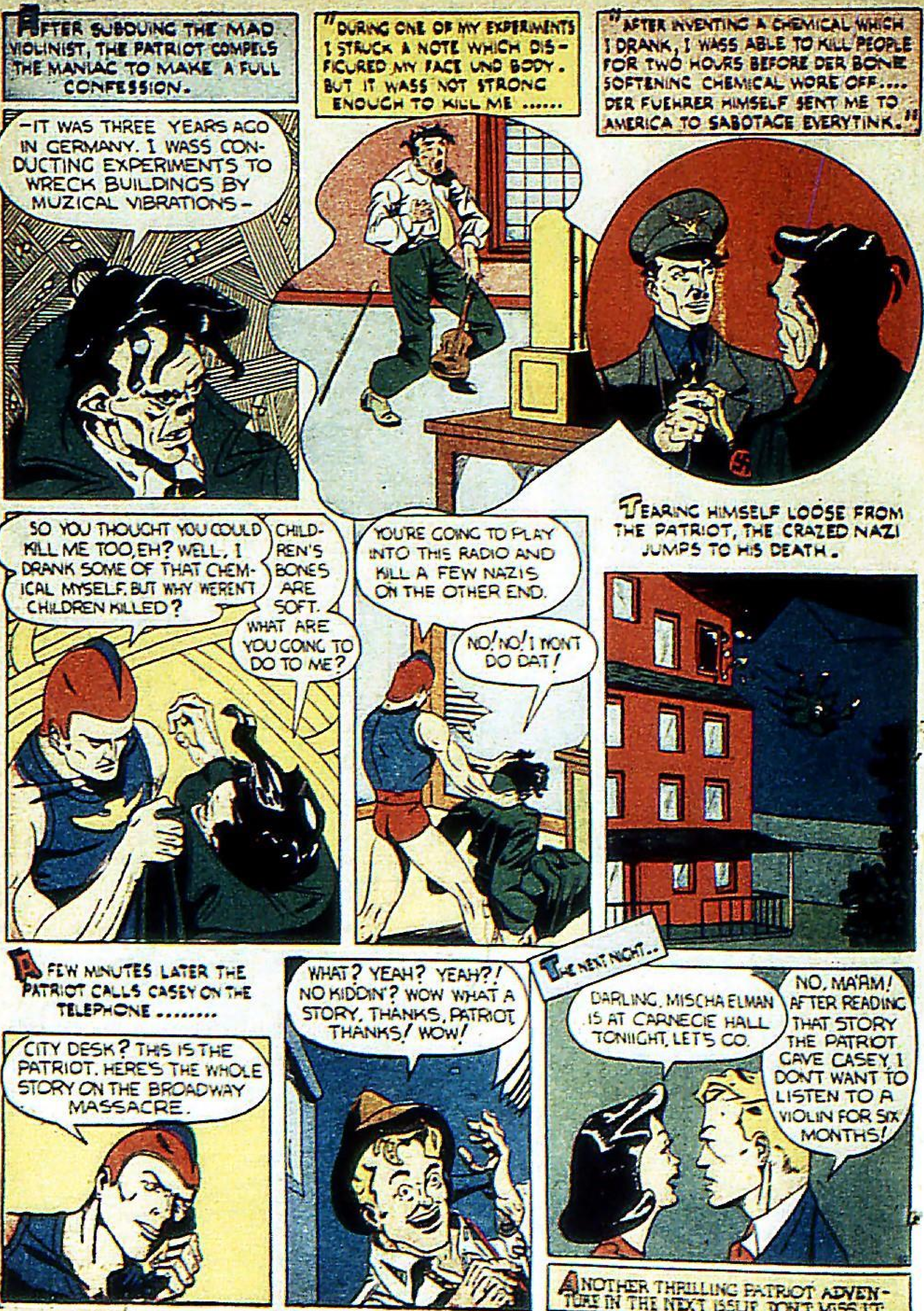

SAY, JEFF, IT'S GETTING LATE, YOU TAKE MARY HOME AND I'LL COVER THE STORY.
O.K. CASEY THANKS. C'MON MARY!
ON THEIR WAY HOME, JEFF AND MARY STOP IN FRONT OF A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT STORE..
C'MON IN HERE, MARY, I WANT TO BUY A VIOLIN.
YOU WHAT? HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?
OLD VIOLINS
ALL RIGHT; I'M LOSING MONEY BUT YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR EIGHTY DOLLARS!
O.K. SAY, MARY. YOU GOT PAID TODAY; LOAN ME FORTY BUCKS.
HERE! ALL OF A SUDDEN-A VIOLIN!
YOU TOOK THE 40 DOLLARS THAT I WAS SAVING FOR A FUR COAT. Y'KNOW, WINTER IS COMING!
AW, SO WHAT, SWEETY PIE? WHEN WE'RE MARRIED YOU'LL BE SOAKING ME FOR ALL YOUR FUR COATS. G'NIGHT BABY.
WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GUY LIKE THAT?
AS SOON AS JEFF REACHES HIS APARTMENT......
NOW, I'LL PUT THIS THIN WINE GLASS HERE AND....
WELL! I'M NOT SO BAD FOR A GUY WHO HASN'T PLAYED A FIDDLE SINCE HE WAS 13. HA! WHAT'S HEIFITZ GOT THAT I HAVEN'T GOT?
A HIGH NOTE IS REACHED ON THE VIOLIN AND THE SOUND VIBRATIONS SHATTER THE GLASS.
STR-R-A-TCH

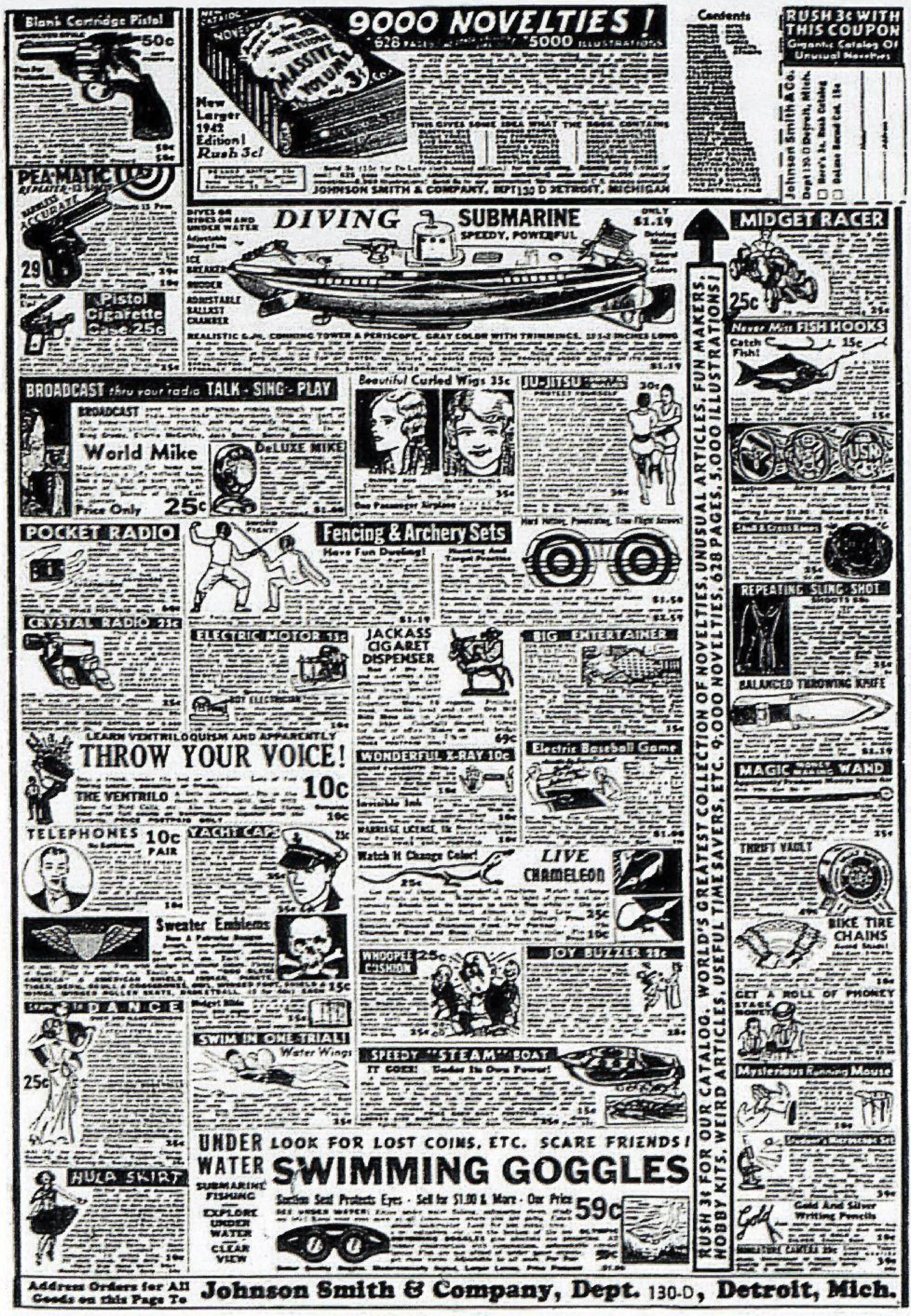

HELLO? POLICE HEADQUARTERS? LISTEN, THIS IS THE PATRIOT. HERE'S A CLUE TO THAT ARMY OFFICER'S DEATH! HE WAS KILLED BY A HIGH MUSICAL NOTE WHICH, PECULIARLY ENOUGH, SHATTERED THE BONE TISSUE....
YEAH, YEAH SURE!!!! YOU'RE THE PATRIOT, I'M BO PEEP, MUSIC IS BAD TO LISTEN TO, AND YOU BETTER GO TO SLEEP!
MUST BE SOME CRANK!
YEAH!
POLICE
IT LOOKS AS IF THE PATRIOT WILL HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO HIS OWN HANDS BUT HOW?
TWO DAYS LATER, A PARADE OF NEW AMERICAN SOLDIERS IS MARCHING DOWN ONE OF BROADWAY'S BUSIEST STREETS...
...IN AN IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY OF OUR COUNTRY'S ARMED MIGHT!


A HUGE CROWD OF PROUD AMERICANS WATCH THE DEFENDERS OF THEIR COUNTRY MARCH GLORIOUSLY BY....
THE SCENE NOW CHANGES TO A HOTEL ROOM A FEW STORIES ABOVE THE STREET WHERE THE PARADE IS TAKING PLACE.
HA-LOOK AT DOSE FOOLS! WAVING DER RED, WHITE UND BLUE. IT'S DER FLAG OF FOOLS!
ACH, MINE FUEHRER! YOU WILL HAIL ME AS A HERO WHEN I RETURN TO DER FODDERLAND! UND NOW I WILL COMMENCE TO PLAY!
AS THE PIERCING MUSICAL NOTE REACHES THE STREET, SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS ALIKE FALL DEAD, THEIR BODIES TWISTED HORRIBLY OUT OF SHAPE......
UGH-H-H! MY HEAD! UGH!
YOWW-WAW OW-OW-OH!
YEE-E-OOW MY STOMACH!
CRIES OF TERRIBLE AGONY FILL THE AIR.


EVENING FINDS JEFF IN HIS APARTMENT...
WELL! IT'S ABOUT TIME THE PATRIOT WENT INTO ACTION! THIS FIEND MUST BE STOPPED!
BEWARE, YOU MURDERER! WHEREEVER YOU ARE! THE PATRIOT WILL BRING YOU TO JUSTICE!
AND SO THE PATRIOT SEARCHES FOR THE FIEND; QUESTIONING ALL MUSIC STORE PROPRIETORS IN THE VICINITY WHERE HE FIRST CAME IN CONTACT WITH THE MAD VIOLINIST. BUT HE MEETS WITH NO SUCCESS.
THE PATRIOT! NO! NO! I NEVER SAW A VEILED VIOLINIST!
NO! NO! I NEVER SAW A VEILED MAN.
A VEILED MUSICIAN? NO I NEVER SAW ONE!
NO!
WELL, IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY, TRY, AGAIN!
FINALLY THE PATRIOT STUMBLES UPON A VALUABLE CLUB...
YES! YES! I KNOW WHO YOU MEAN! STRANGE ONE HE IS TOO. HE LIVES IN THAT OLD HOUSE AT THE END OF THE BLOCK!
AND YOU'RE SURE YOU MENDED HIS VIOLIN?
AH, SO THIS IS THE HOUSE. I'LL GET IN THROUGH THE ROOF.
INSIDE, THE PATRIOT MAKES AN AMAZING DISCOVERY....
H-M-M- WHAT'S THIS? A SHORT WAVE RECEIVING AND SENDING RADIO!


AND THIS BOTTLE, I WONDER WHAT IT IS. HM-M, HERE'S A BOOKLET ON CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS
NOW TO SEE ABOUT THIS RADIO. IT'S TUNED TO A GERMAN STATION. I'LL TRY TO CONTACT THEM!
HELLO, HELLO, CALLING BERLIN, VILL YOU COME IN PULEEZE!
YAH, DIS ISS BERLIN, WHERE HAFE YOU BEEN DUMBKOPF? WE WERE WAITINK FOR YOU. HOW DID YOU ZUCCEED TODAY HAH?
AH! IT WAZ BOOTIFUL. PEOPLE WERE DROPPINK DEAD LIKE FLIES!
GOOT! GOOT! DER FUEHRER WILL LIKE DAT!
BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE CRAZED VIOLINIST ENTERS ANOTHER ROOM...
ACH, WOT ISS DAT? SOMEONE ISS IN DER ODDER ROOM! HE WON'T BE FOR LONG! I'LL PLAY MY FIDDLE!
HA! DAT ONE ISS FINISHED!
YAHH-K!
HEH-HEH, WHAT KIND OF IDIOT WASS DIS? HEH-HEH-HEH!
SUDDENLY, THE PATRIOT SPRINGS TO LIFE...
GREETINGS, FROM AN AMERICAN!


AFTER SUBDUING THE MAD VIOLINIST, THE PATRIOT COMPELS THE MANIAC TO MAKE A FULL CONFESSION.
–IT WAS THREE YEARS AGO IN GERMANY. I WASS CONDUCTING EXPERIMENTS TO WRECK BUILDINGS BY MUZICAL VIBRATIONS–
"DURING ONE OF MY EXPERIMENTS I STRUCK A NOTE WHICH DISFIGURED MY FACE UND BODY. BUT IT WASS NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO KILL ME ......
"AFTER INVENTING A CHEMICAL WHICH I DRANK, I WASS ABLE TO KILL PEOPLE FOR TWO HOURS BEFORE DER BONE SOFTENING CHEMICAL WORE OFF.... DER FUEHRER HIMSELF SENT ME TO AMERICA TO SABOTAGE EVERYTINK."
SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD KILL ME TOO, EH? WELL, I DRANK SOME OF THAT CHEMICAL MYSELF. BUT WHY WEREN'T CHILDREN KILLED?
CHILDREN'S BONES ARE SOFT. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?
YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY INTO THIS RADIO AND KILL A FEW NAZIS ON THE OTHER END.
NO! NO! I WONT DO DAT!
TEARING HIMSELF LOOSE FROM THE PATRIOT, THE CRAZED NAZI JUMPS TO HIS DEATH.
A FEW MINUTES LATER THE PATRIOT CALLS CASEY ON THE TELEPHONE ....
CITY DESK? THIS IS THE PATRIOT. HERE'S THE WHOLE STORY ON THE BROADWAY MASSACRE.
WHAT? YEAH? YEAH?! NO KIDDIN'? WOW WHAT A STORY. THANKS, PATRIOT. THANKS! WOW!
THE NEXT NIGHT..
DARLING, MISCHA ELMAN IS AT CARNEGIE HALL TONIGHT, LET'S GO.
NO, MA'AM! AFTER READING THAT STORY THE PATRIOT GAVE CASEY, I DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO A VIOLIN FOR SIX MONTHS!
ANOTHER THRILLING PATRIOT ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE. DON'T MISS IT.



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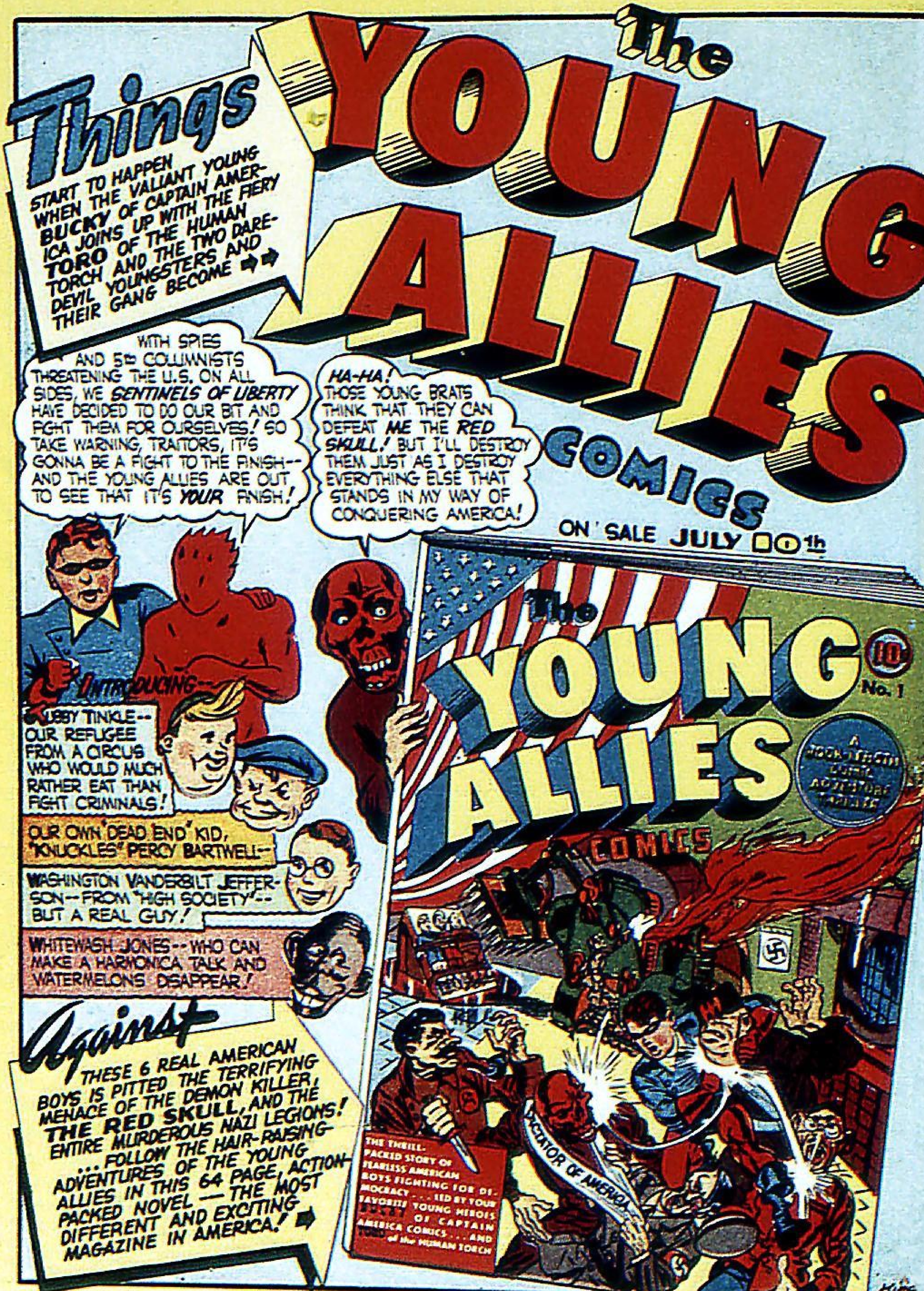
Things
START TO HAPPEN WHEN THE VALIANT YOUNG BUCKY OF CAPTAIN AMERICA JOINS UP WITH THE FIERY TORO OF THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE TWO DAREDEVIL YOUNGSTERS AND THEIR GANG BECOME
The YOUNG ALLIES COMICS
ON SALE JULY ☐☐th
WITH SPIES AND 5th COLUMNISTS THREATENING THE U.S. ON ALL SIDES, WE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY HAVE DECIDED TO DO OUR BIT AND FIGHT THEM FOR OURSELVES! SO TAKE WARNING, TRAITORS, IT'S GONNA BE A FIGHT TO THE FINISH-- AND THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE OUT TO SEE THAT IT'S YOUR FINISH!
HA-HA! THOSE YOUNG BRATS THINK THAT THEY CAN DEFEAT ME THE RED SKULL! BUT I'LL DESTROY THEM JUST AS I DESTROY EVERYTHING ELSE THAT STANDS IN MY WAY OF CONQUERING AMERICA!
INTRODUCING--
TUBBY TINKLE-- OUR REFUGEE FROM A CIRCUS WHO WOULD MUCH RATHER EAT THAN FIGHT CRIMINALS!
OUR OWN 'DEAD END' KID, "KNUCKLES" PERCY BARTWELL--
WASHINGTON VANDERBILT JEFFERSON--FROM "HIGH SOCIETY"-- BUT A REAL GUY!
WHITEWASH JONES-- WHO CAN MAKE A HARMONICA TALK AND WATERMELONS DISAPPEAR!
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